

truth behind the rumors that **JIMMY DEAN** committed suicide

# PHOTOPLAY

KIM  
NOVAK

from  
ando  
to Presley—

**HY THE  
EBEL" CRAZE IS  
ERE TO STAY**

*Beginning*  
**m Novak's Life Story**

**ME YOUR STARS CONTEST**  
**000 Cash Plus Many Exciting Prizes**

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Now you can shampoo, then comb or set and *you're* all set. No more first-day "wild" hair, drooping curls or flying wisps. With Shasta, your hair behaves the right way right away!



**Go to bed, Stubborn . . .**

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ANTISEPTIC**



**. . . stops bad breath**

**4 times better than any tooth paste**





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FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

# PHOTOPLAY

Your December issue will be on sale at your newsstand on November 6

November 1956

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# WHAT HAPPENED TO JULIE ON HER HONEYMOON?



It will keep you in a state of delirious tension as the kisses of courtship turn to violence and danger, and Julie flees from a honeymoon of terror.



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DORIS DAY  
LOUIS JOURDAN  
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FRANK LOVEJOY

IN

**"JULIE"**

An ARWIN Production

Written and Directed by ANDREW L. STONE

Produced by MARTIN MELCHER • An M-G-M Release



Treat your eyes to

# Color

new...



in 5 lovely, iridescent, jewel-tone shades \$1

Sapphire Blue ★ Amber Brown ★ Emerald Green ★ Blue Pearl Grey ★ Turquoise  
Beautiful Gold-Tone Swivel Case

Fashion dictates that your eyes should be your most important feature—and you can bring out the color and clear look of your eyes by giving them a flattering background of eye shadow. It's so easy with the new Maybelline Eye Shadow Stick. The shadow can be the merest whisper, if you so desire—but if you wish a more dramatic effect, especially for evening wear, simply intensify the color.

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Never needs sharpening—the only spring-locked crayon that can't fall out—gives soft feather-touch. Natural-tone shades: Velvet Black, Dark Brown, Light Brown, Dove Grey or Auburn. Exquisite turquoise and gold-tone case.

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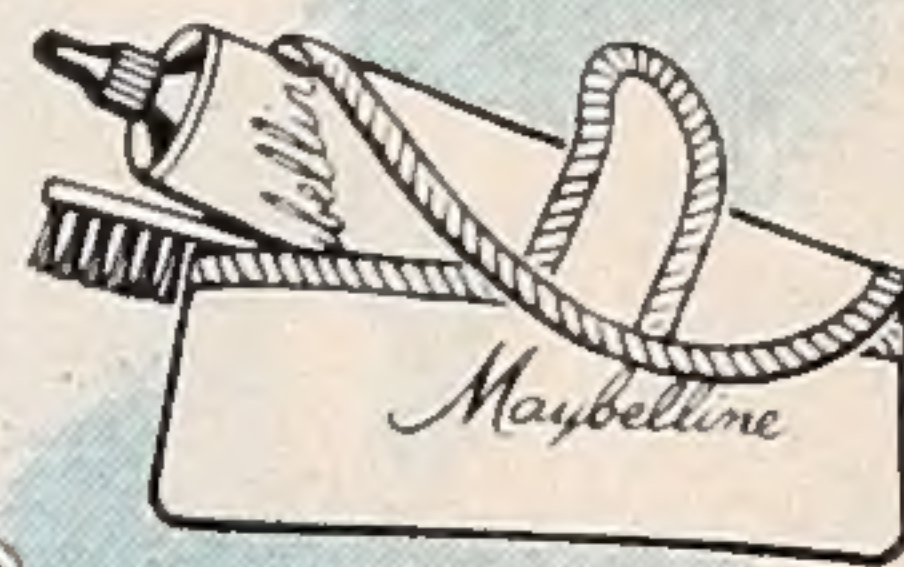
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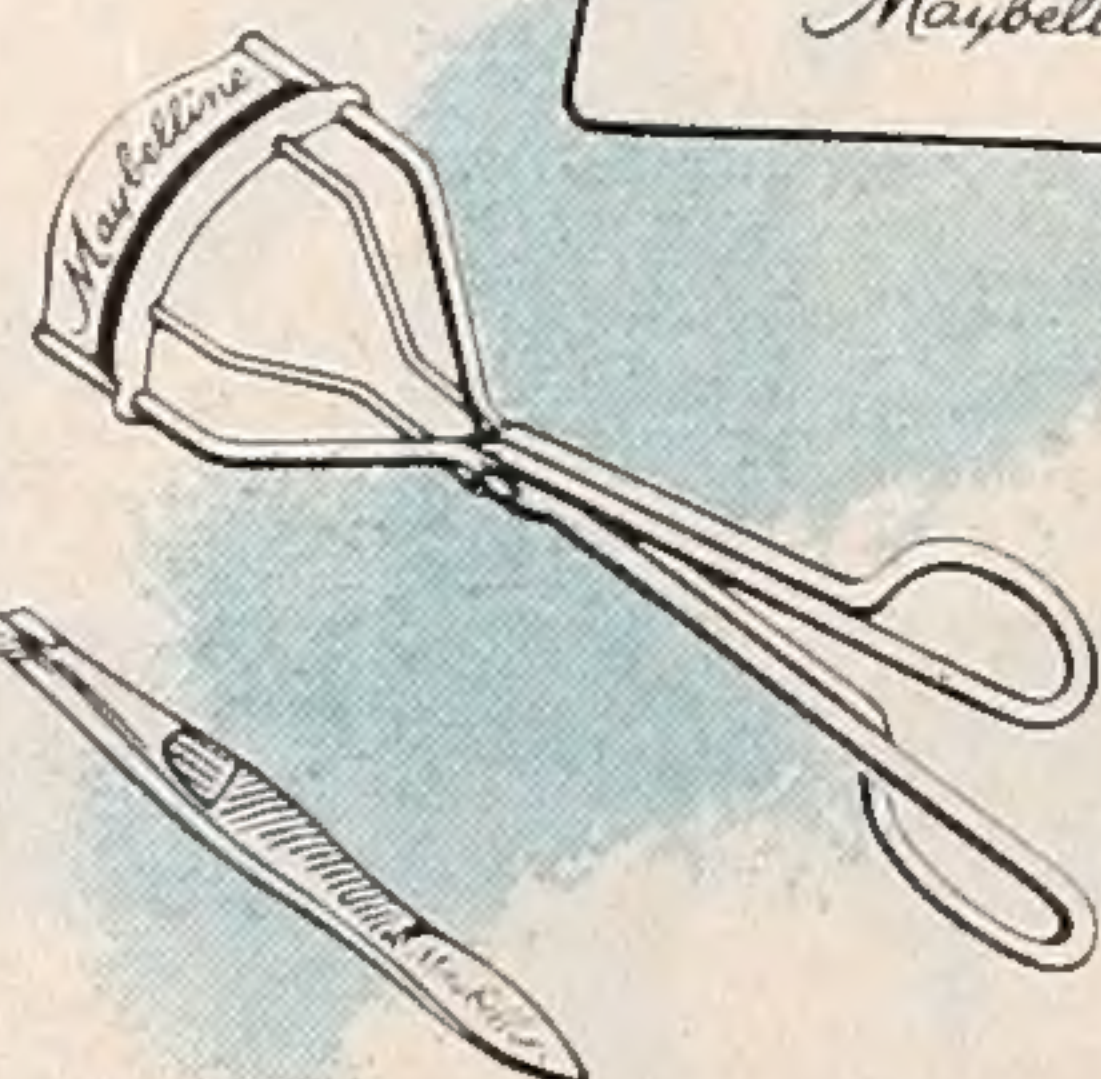
79¢



\$1.25



\$1.00



Choice of smart women the world over

## CASTS

### OF CURRENT PICTURES

**ATTACK!**—U.A. Directed by Robert Aldrich: Lt. Costa, Jack Palance; Capt. Cooney, Eddie Albert; Lt. Woodruff, William Smithers; Col. Bartlett, Lee Marvin; Pfc. Bernstein, Robert Strauss; Pfc. Snowden, Richard Jaeckel; Sgt. Tolliver, Buddy Ebsen; Short German, Steven Geray; Tall German, Peter Van Eyck.

**BACK FROM ETERNITY**—RKO. Directed by John Farrow: Bill, Robert Ryan; Rena, Anita Ekberg; Vasquez, Rod Steiger; Louise, Phyllis Kirk; Joe, Keith Andes; Ellis, Gene Barry; Crimp, Fred Clark; Martha, Beulah Bondi; Henry, Cameron Prud'homme; Pete, Jesse White; Maria, Adele Mara; Tommy, Jon Provost.

**BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE, THE**—20th. Directed by Michael Curtiz: De Sylva, Gordon MacRae; Henderson, Dan Dailey; Brown, Ernest Borgnine; Kitty, Sheree North; Carl, Tommy Noonan; Manny, Murvyn Vye; Maggie Henderson, Phyllis Avery; Sheehan, Larry Keating; Fingers, Tony Galento; Al Jolson, Norman Brooks; Specialty Dancer, Jacques d'Amboise; Perky Nichols, Roxanne Arlen; Hollywood Star, Byron Palmer.

**BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL**—20th. Directed by Richard Fleischer: Sam Gifford, Robert Wagner; Jenny, Terry Moore; Waco, Broderick Crawford; Willie, Buddy Ebsen; Col. Gozzens, Robert Keith; Joe Johnson, Brad Dexter; Terry, Mark Damon; Morgan, Ken Clark; Bernard Meleski, Harvey Lembeck; Swanson, Skip Homeier; Kenny, L. Q. Jones; Ray Mosby, Tod Andrews; Tom Thumb, Biff Elliot; Raker, Bart Burns; Col. Miles, Frank Gerstle.

**BEYOND A REASONABLE DOUBT**—RKO. Directed by Fritz Lang: Tom Garrett, Dana Andrews; Susan Spencer, Joan Fontaine; Austin Spencer, Sidney Blackmer; Thompson, Philip Bourneuf; Wilson, Shepperd Strudwick; Hale, Arthur Franz; Lieut. Kennedy, Edward Binns; Terry, Robin Raymond; Sally, Barbara Nichols.

**BUS STOP**—20th. Directed by Joshua Logan: Cherie, Marilyn Monroe; Bo, Don Murray; Virgil, Arthur O'Connell; Grace, Betty Field; Vera, Eileen Heckart; Carl, Robert Bray; Elma, Hope Lange; Photographer, Hans Conried; Reporter, Casey Adams.

**JOHNNY CONCHO**—U.A. Directed by Don McGuire: Johnny Concho, Frank Sinatra; Barney Clark, Keenan Wynn; Tallman, William Conrad; Mary Dark, Phyllis Kirk; Albert Dark, Wallace Ford; Sarah Dark, Dorothy Adams; Walker, Christopher Dark; Helgeson, Howard Petrie; Sam Green, Harry Bartell; Judge Tyler, Dan Russ; Sheriff Henderson, Willis Bouche; Duke Lang, Robert Osterloh; Pearl Lang, Jean Byron.

**MOUNTAIN, THE**—Paramount. Directed by Edward Dmytryk: Zachary Teller, Spencer Tracy; Chris Teller, Robert Wagner; Marie, Claire Trevor; Father Belacchi, William Demarest; Simone, Barbara Darrow; Rival, Richard Arlen; Solange, E. G. Marshall; Hindu Girl, Anna Kashfi; Goloz, Richard Garrick; Joseph, Harry Townes; Servoz, Stacy Harris; Andre, Yves Brainville.

**PILLARS OF THE SKY**—U.I. Directed by George Marshall: Sergeant Emmett Bell, Jeff Chandler; Calla Gaxton, Dorothy Malone; Doctor Joseph Holden, Ward Bond; Captain Tom Gaxton, Keith Andes; Sergeant Lloyd Carracart, Lee Marvin; Timothy, Sydney Chaplin; Colonel Edson Stedlow, Willis Bouche; Kamiakin, Michael Ansara; Mrs. Anne Avery, Olive Carey; Sergeant Dutch Williams, Charles Horvath; Malachi, Orlando Rodriguez; Lieutenant Winston, Glen Kramer.

**PORT AFRIQUE**—Columbia. Directed by Rudolph Maté: Ynez, Pier Angeli; Rip Reardon, Phil Carey; Robert Blackton, Dennis Price; Col. Moussac, Eugene Deckers; Nino, James Hayter; Georgette, Maria Hanson; Diane Blackton, Rachel Gurney.

**TEA AND SYMPATHY**—M-G-M. Directed by Vincente Minnelli: Laura Reynolds, Deborah Kerr; Tom Robinson Lee, John Kerr; Bill Reynolds, Leif Erickson; Herb Lee, Edward Andrews; Al, Darryl Hickman; Ellie Martin, Norma Crane; Ollie, Dean Jones; Lilly Sears, Jacqueline De Wit.

**TEENAGE REBEL**—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Edmund Goulding: Nancy Fallon, Ginger Rogers; Jay Fallon, Michael Rennie; Dorothy, Betty Lou Keim; Grace Hewitt, Mildred Natwick; Jan, Diane Jergens; Dick, Warren Berlinger; Willamay, Louise Beavers.

**WAR AND PEACE**—Paramount. Directed by King Vidor: Natasha, Audrey Hepburn; Pierre, Henry Fonda; Andrey, Mel Ferrer; Anatole, Vittorio Gassman; Platon, John Mills; Napoleon, Herbert Lom; General Kutuzov, Oscar Homolka; Helene, Anita Ekberg; Dolokhov, Helmut Dantine; Count Rostov, Barry Jones; Mary Bolkonsky, Anna Maria Ferrero; Lise, Milly Vitale; Nicholas Rostov, Jeremy Brett; Countess Rostov, Lea Seidl; Prince Bolkonsky, Wilfred Lawson; Petya Rostov, Sean Barrett; Kuragine, Tullio Carminati; Sonya, May Britt; Denisov, Patrick Crean; Peronskaya, Gertrude Flynn.



*S*omewhere at  
a secluded U.S.  
Air Force Base  
lives a picked  
handful of  
very special  
men—the  
rocket pilots  
of outer  
space....

THIS IS THE  
STORY OF  
A ROCKET  
PILOT, U.S.A.  
—AS PLAYED BY  
WILLIAM HOLDEN



*"So they call  
you a coward  
— and pure yellow!  
So you're going to  
show the world  
by flying right—  
out of it!"*

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

**WILLIAM HOLDEN**

IN

**"TOWARD THE  
UNKNOWN"**

WARNERCOLOR

CO-STARRING

**LLOYD NOLAN  
VIRGINIA LEITH  
CHARLES MCGRAW**

WRITTEN BY BEIRNE LAY, JR., ASSOCIATE PRODUCER - A TOLUCA PRODUCTION  
PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY **MERVYN LEROY** PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.





THE PRETTY TEACHER ...

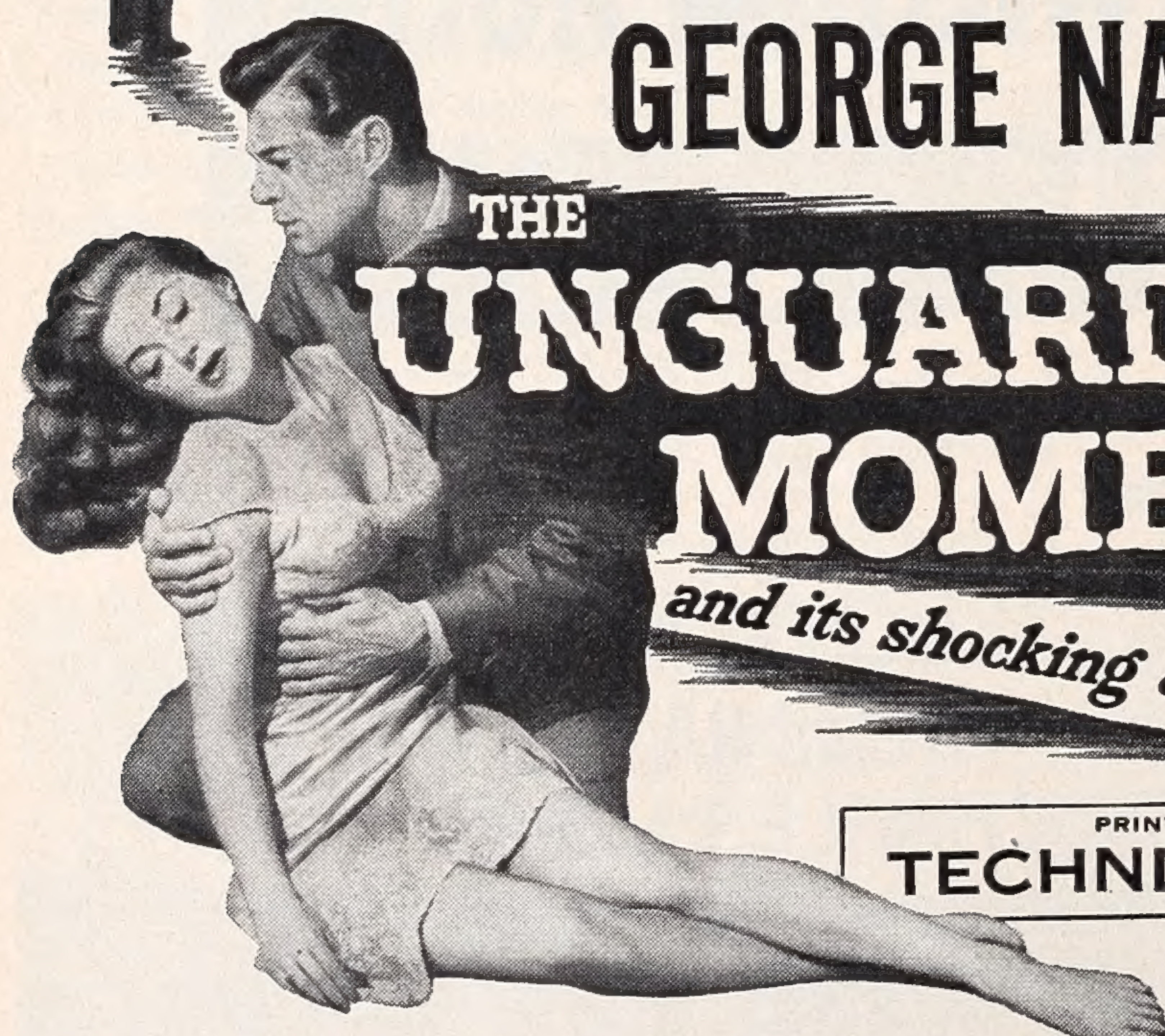
AND THE  
BOY WHO  
GREW UP  
TOO FAST!

... now—  
after school—  
in the  
deserted halls,  
they faced  
each other!



*Universal-International presents*

**ESTHER WILLIAMS  
GEORGE NADER**



THE  
**UNGUARDED  
MOMENT**

*and its shocking aftermath!*

PRINT BY  
**TECHNICOLOR**

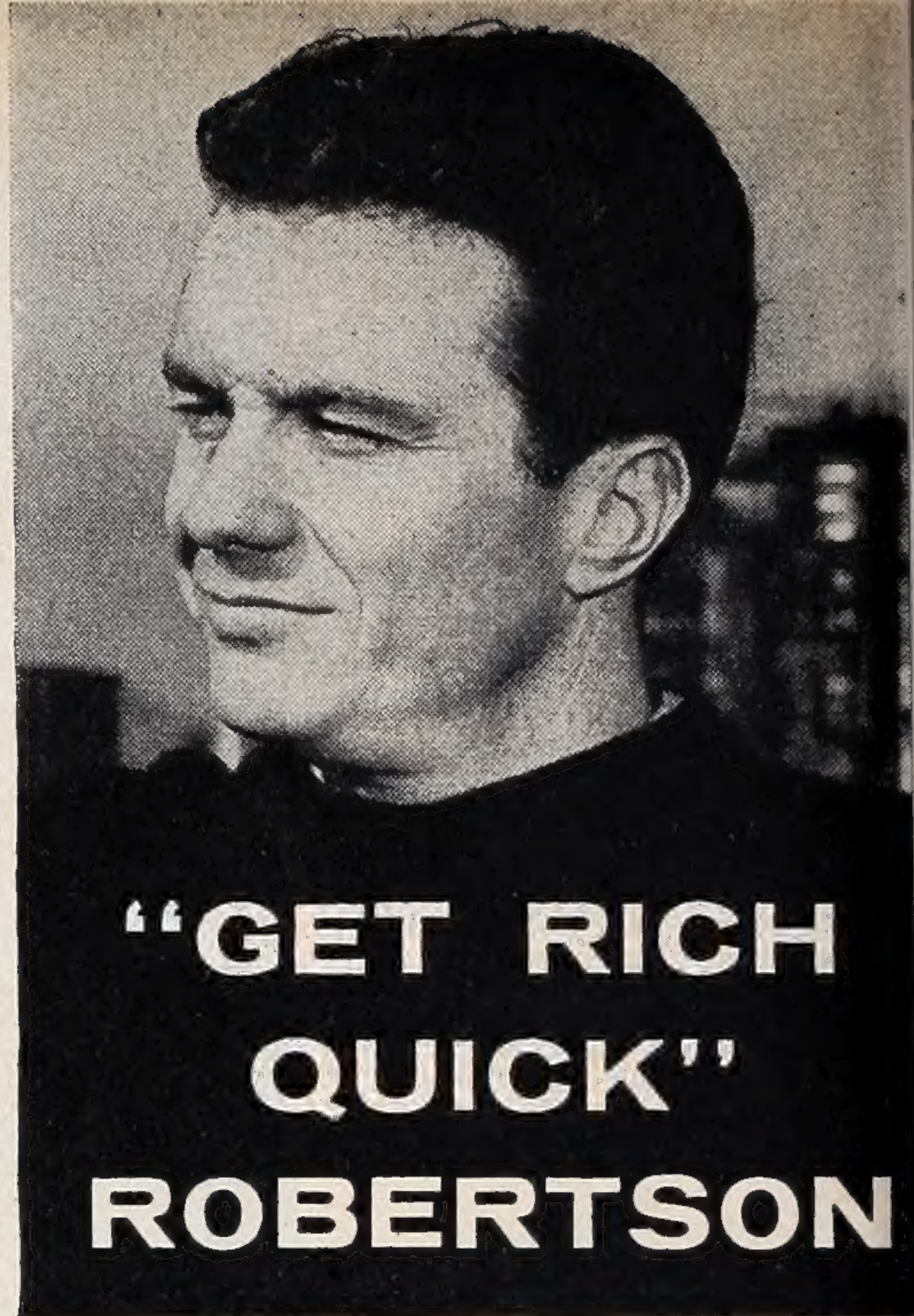


Co-starring the exciting new personality **JOHN SAXON**

with **EDWARD ANDREWS · LES TREMAYNE**

Directed by HARRY KELLER · Screenplay by HERB MEADOW and LARRY MARCUS · Produced by GORDON KAY

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE



**"GET RICH  
QUICK"  
ROBERTSON**

Them as has gets, Cliff learn

Like most artistic people, Cliff Robertson is singularly unaware of money. He never knows whether or not he has any with him and often finds he's left his wallet at home. Which is how he happened to find himself in a taxi outside the Columbia Pictures building, trying to explain to a skeptical driver that he was good for the 75c fare if the man would wait.

While the taxi meter clicked away, Cliff hurried into the building and took the elevator to the office of the vice president. Sticking his head in the door, Cliff found not one but five executives of varying rank impatiently awaiting him. "Look," he said embarrassedly, "I'm sorry, but could one of you gentlemen lend me a dollar?"

Five faces expressed five degrees of bewildered incredulity. A star so broke? He needed a dollar? Five hands extracted five wallets. From each came a bill.

One said, "Here, Cliff, take twenty. You might run short—" Another embarrassed executive insisted that he take ten. No one could think of offering him a dollar.

"Never mind," Cliff said, a little desperately. "My agent is meeting me here. Maybe she'll have a dollar."

He turned and raced back. In the lobby, his agent met his request for a dollar with a lecture on extravagance. And she had only a ten-dollar bill. The Columbia publicity representative arrived. No dollar. But she did have a five.

Cliff said desperately, "Thanks. I'll split it if he has change—"

He did. By that time the meter registered two dollars. With tip, it came to two fifty. Cliff tried to return the balance but no one would accept it.

"I couldn't convince those people that I really had left my wallet home," Cliff said later, and then he added, musingly, "You know, it's a funny thing—I've been broke lots of times in my life, as you haven't, and I couldn't borrow a dime. But the minute you don't need it, it just comes showering down. It's a lesson, isn't it?"



One *S-S-S-S-S-t*  
 does more for your hair  
 than brushing  
 100 strokes a day!



*Helene Curtis*  
**Lanolin Discovery®**

THE NEW **HAIRDRESSING** IN SPRAY FORM

No jars  
 no bottles  
 no messy  
 hands



**Spray on this greaseless hairdressing  
 after shampoos—after permanents—  
 and whenever your hair is dull or dry**

You know what brushing does. Now give your hair the same beautiful results a quicker, easier way. Spray on **LANOLIN DISCOVERY**—a few quick brush strokes, and this new kind of hairdressing conditions every hair right down to the scalp. Instantly your hair looks youthfully alive with bright sparkling highlights.

**Makes your hair naturally soft**

**—naturally easy-to-manage**

**—naturally shiny... **TODAY****



Available wherever cosmetics are sold

large size \$1.25

giant economy size \$1.89 plus tax

Used and recommended by  
 professional beauticians everywhere





**OUR LITTLE CHICK  
WENT TO MARKET**  
(The stock market, that is)



**OUR LITTLE CHICK STAYED HOME**  
(Remember, we didn't say  
whose home!)



**OUR LITTLE CHICK  
HAD ROAST BEEF**  
(at the Stork Club, yet!)



**THIS LITTLE CHICK HAD NONE**  
(this isn't our chick. Don't  
know why she's in the ad at all)



**BUT OUR LITTLE CHICK WENT  
WHEE! WHEE! WHEE!**  
**ALL THE WAY HOME IN**

**THE SOLID GOLD  
CADILLAC**

A COLUMBIA PICTURE starring

**JUDY HOLLIDAY • PAUL DOUGLAS**

with FRED CLARK • JOHN WILLIAMS • HIRAM SHERMAN  
NEVA PATTERSON • RAY COLLINS • ARTHUR O'CONNELL

Screen Play by ABE BURROWS

From the play by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & HOWARD TEICHMANN

Produced on the stage by MAX GORDON

Produced by FRED KOHLMAR • Directed by RICHARD QUINE

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205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We

regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters  
not published in this column. If you want to start a fan  
club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios  
For list of studio addresses, see page 97.—Ed.

# READERS INC...

## SOAP BOX:

I would like to get up on my soap box and sing the praises of Hollywood in general and Twentieth Century-Fox in particular. I have just spent two and a half hours viewing what the advertising men call "a rich entertainment experience"—"The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit." I read the novel, and feared that the picture might not come up to the book, but was very pleased to see that the casting, the script and production were beautifully done.

I have been most happy to note that there is a growing trend in the motion-picture industry toward producing more intelligent pictures of good quality. I do not know who deserves the credit for this improvement. Perhaps it is because the quality of the stories is better; perhaps because there is a new group of serious actors and actresses, with the integrity and talent to turn in good performances; or perhaps the producers have finally realized that the public will not accept second-rate pictures, but are discerning men and women, who will pick and choose the pictures they want to see.

I do not really know what has caused this revolution, but I like it—I like it! As an inveterate movie fan, I am pleased to see that movies in the United States are coming into their own as a form of art. I see the dawn of a new Golden Age in Hollywood. Gone forever are the Garbos and Barrymores, but here to replace them are Marlon Brando and Marisa Pavan and many more of the new breed.

A couple of years ago, when Hollywood was in a slump, the slogan was "Movies

been associated with him closely in any way has ever had an unkind remark, but only praise for him as a great man and entertainer. That is why the name of Frank Sinatra will always be a household word with us and why we will remain his fans "From Here to Eternity."

SUNNY ROSE  
Venice, California

I'd like to see how many readers agree with my thoughts on Ingrid Bergman. When Ingrid left this country a few years ago, it seems everyone was glad to see her go. But don't they realize that people are human—including Hollywood stars—and Miss Bergman? At least she had the courage to face people, but it was heartbreaking to hear that her own country, Sweden, criticized her so much. Now that she has made a movie, and is thinking of coming back to America, will we welcome her or treat her as Sweden did? People of America, let's forgive Ingrid; let's make her feel at home when she gets here; let's make her feel as if she belongs!

RITA HOOD  
Spring Green, Wisconsin

I have never written to a movie magazine before, but I would like to give credit where credit is due to a man who certainly hasn't gotten his share. That man is Marlon Lanza.

I first saw Mario six years ago, and I've liked him ever since. I feel bad about the way certain Hollywood columnists belittled him for his so-called "conceit and temperament." Mario certainly has a right to be a little conceited—his gift is a wonderful thing. His voice has brought joy to millions of people throughout the world, and I believe that many of PHOTOPLAY's readers will agree with me.

NANCY CRONIN  
Hartford, Connecticut

Ernest won the Oscar, it's true,  
And so have Marlon and William, too.  
But my enthusiasm is starting to sour.  
Hasn't someone overlooked Tyrone Power?

Oh, to be as smug as Clift  
Would give my ego such a lift.  
His name in gold some day they'll carve  
For turning down roles in order to starve

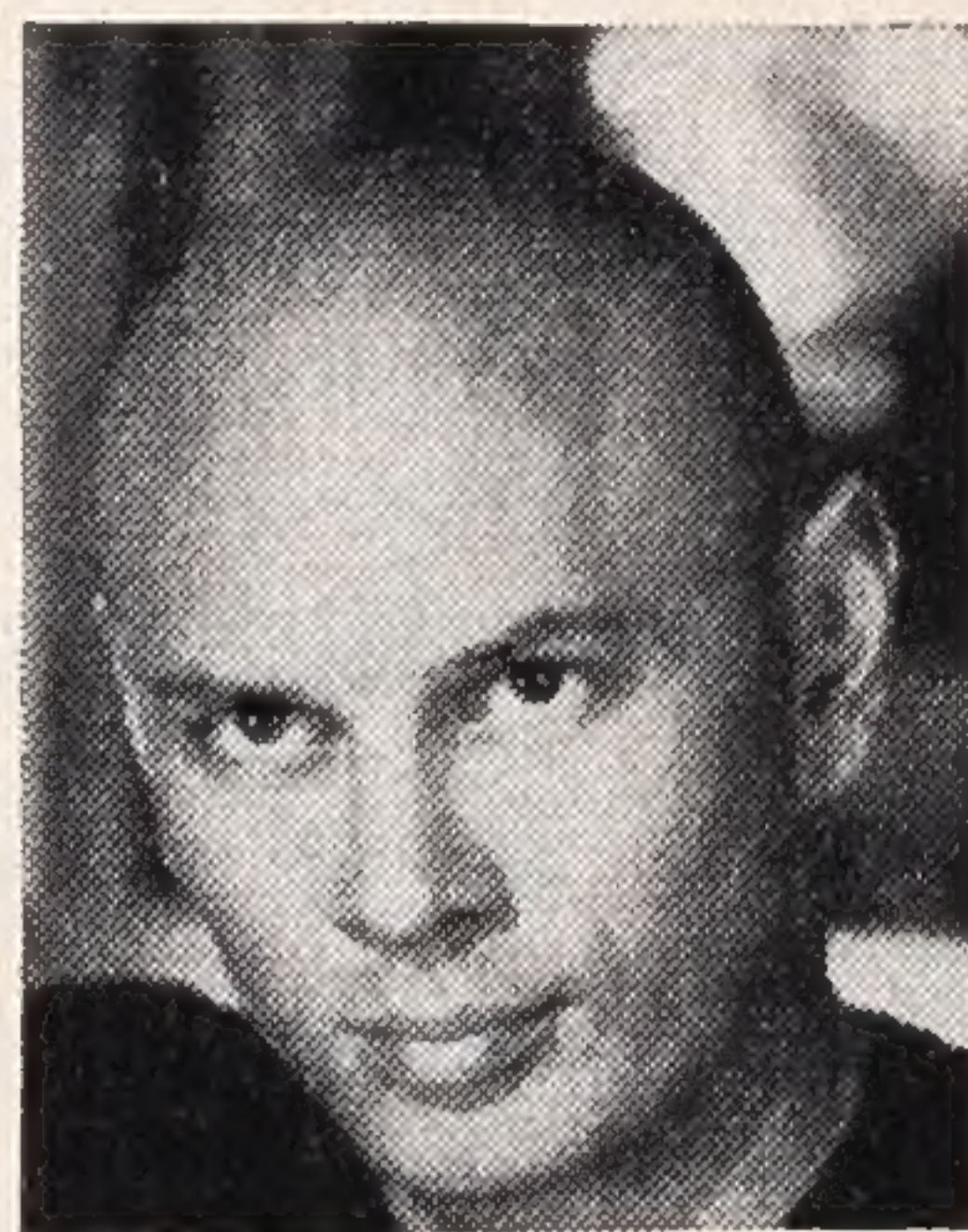
YVONNE M. FRIDAY  
Kansas City, Missouri

I have this very day seen the most glorious picture ever to come out of Hollywood. I refer to "The King and I." Although I am just a teenager, I have never enjoyed myself more nor have I ever seen a movie compare with this one—the cast, the color, the music and the story.

Deborah Kerr, as always, was wonderful and the supporting roles were beautifully done—but the outstanding character was Yul Brynner. I cannot praise him enough. Hollywood has found a treasure in him and I hope he makes many more movies.

The magic of Siam was captured in the

Continued



Yul Brynner and Deb Kerr—wonderful!

are better than ever!" Well, it wasn't true then, but it is today.

PAMELA PURDY  
Pikesville, Maryland

I wish to thank you very much for your wonderful article on Frank Sinatra, "The Truth about Frank Sinatra's Gang," in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY. It's about time someone came out with the truth. Frank is not only respected and supported by some of the most loyal and faithful fans on record, but he is also loved and respected and admired by the industry of which he is a part. This last statement is emphasized by the fact that no one who has worked or





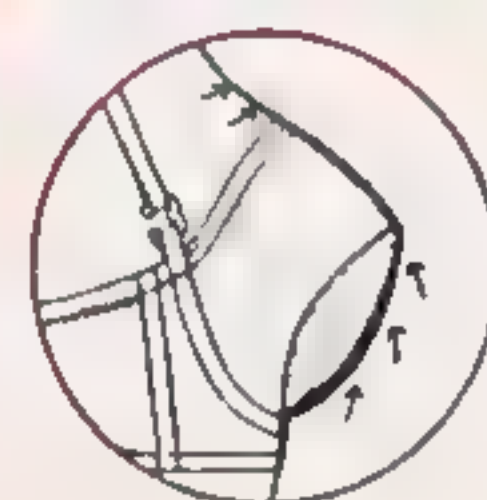
## this is instant glamour...directoire style

this is the season's best miracle... a bra that gives you a high-rounded bustline with fullness above the bra, itself and glamour beyond your wildest dreams thanks to a magic and revolutionary featherlight insert\* that lifts you, yourself, to natural loveliness. The name is "curvallure"... only Jantzen makes it... white, pink, blue, black... bandeau 639 with three-way straps... 5.95, bra-lette 679... 15.00, daytime bra 619 with conventional straps (far left), white only... 3.95... at most stores. (prices in U.S.A.)

# curvallure

by

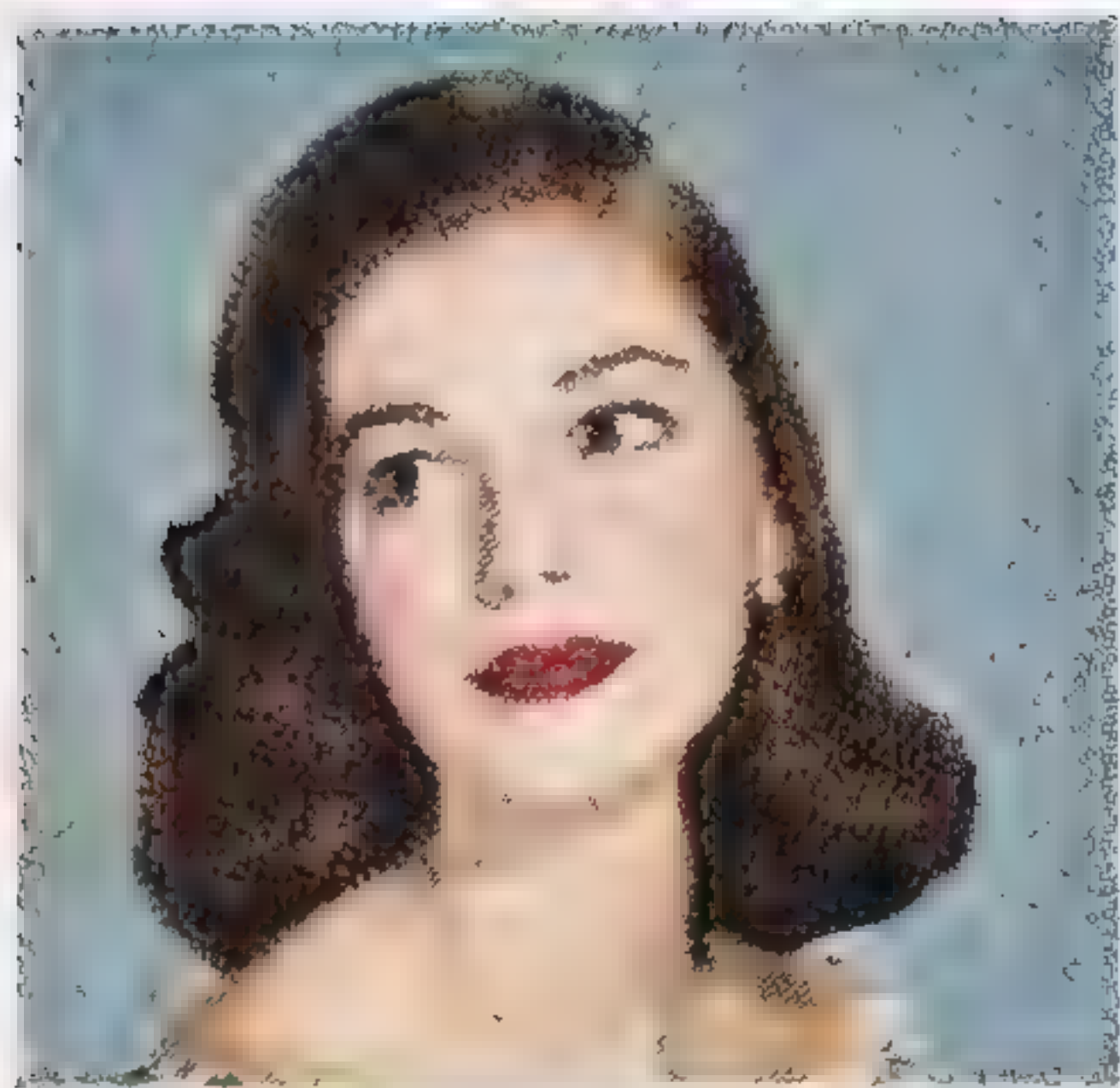
**Jantzen**<sup>®</sup>



this  
magic insert  
does it!



# Greatest Movie Season Ever



**PIER ANGELI**, co-starring in M-G-M's "Somebody Up There Likes Me"



**VIVIAN BLAINE**, co-starring in "Public Pigeon Number One" An RKO-Radio Picture. Color by Technicolor.



**CYD CHARISSE**, co-starring in M-G-M's "Silk Stockings"



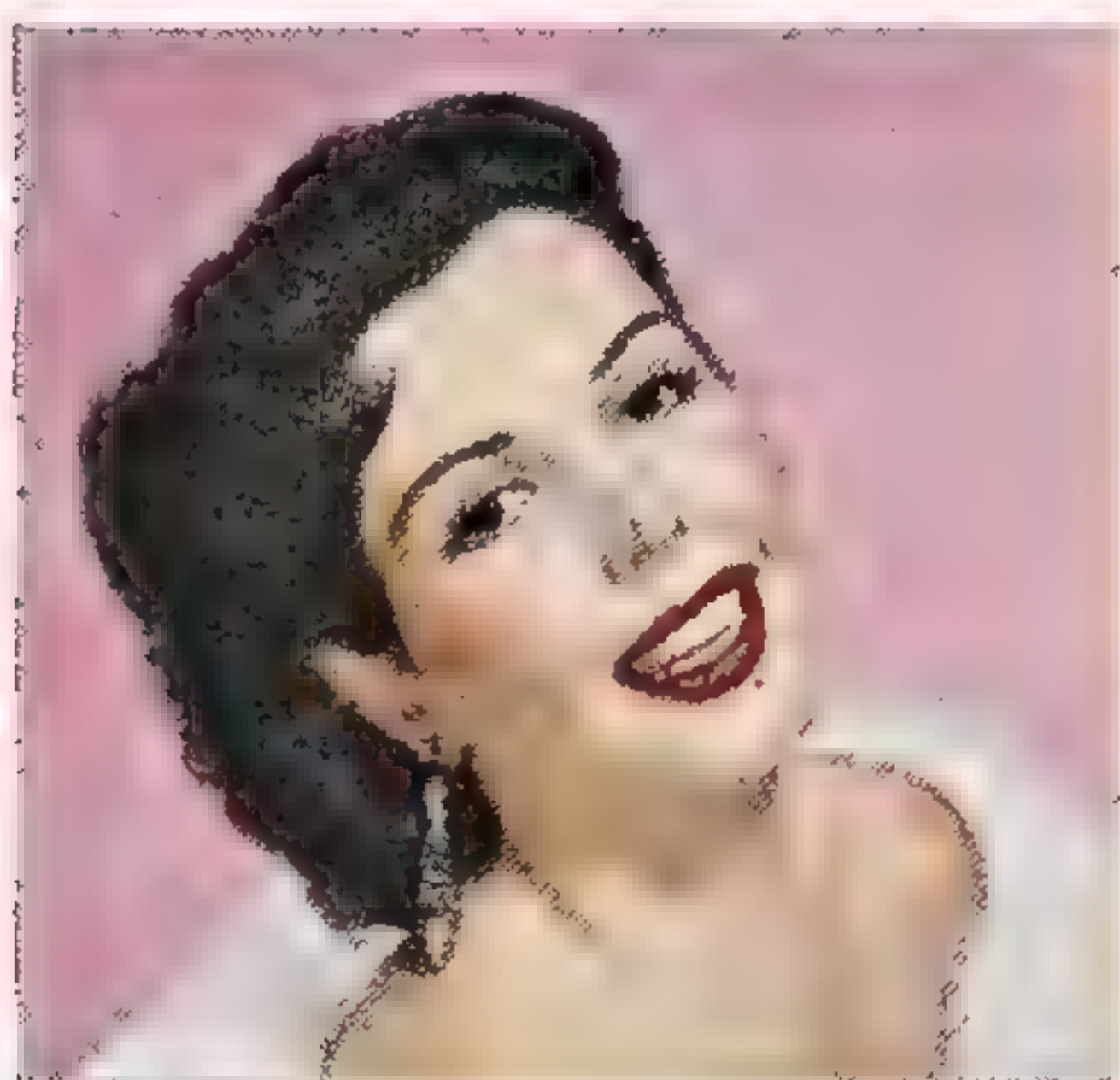
**JEANNE CRAIN**, co-starring in M-G-M's "The Fastest Gun Alive"



**DORIS DAY**, co-starring in "Julie"—An Arwin Product for M-G-M Release.

Name your favorite-and you may win  
**Lustre-Creme \$35,000**

*No skill required! Nothing to buy! No jingles! No sentences to complete!*



**ANN MILLER**, co-starring in M-G-M's "The Opposite Sex" In CinemaScope and Metrocolor.



**SHEREE NORTH**, starring in "The Best Things In Life Are Free" A 20th Century-Fox Production. In CinemaScope. Color by DeLuxe.



**MAUREEN O'HARA**, starring in "Everything But The Truth" A Universal-International Picture In Eastman Color.



**DEBRA PAGET**, co-starring in Cecil B. DeMille's Production of "The Ten Commandments" A Paramount Picture in VistaVision. Color by Technicolor



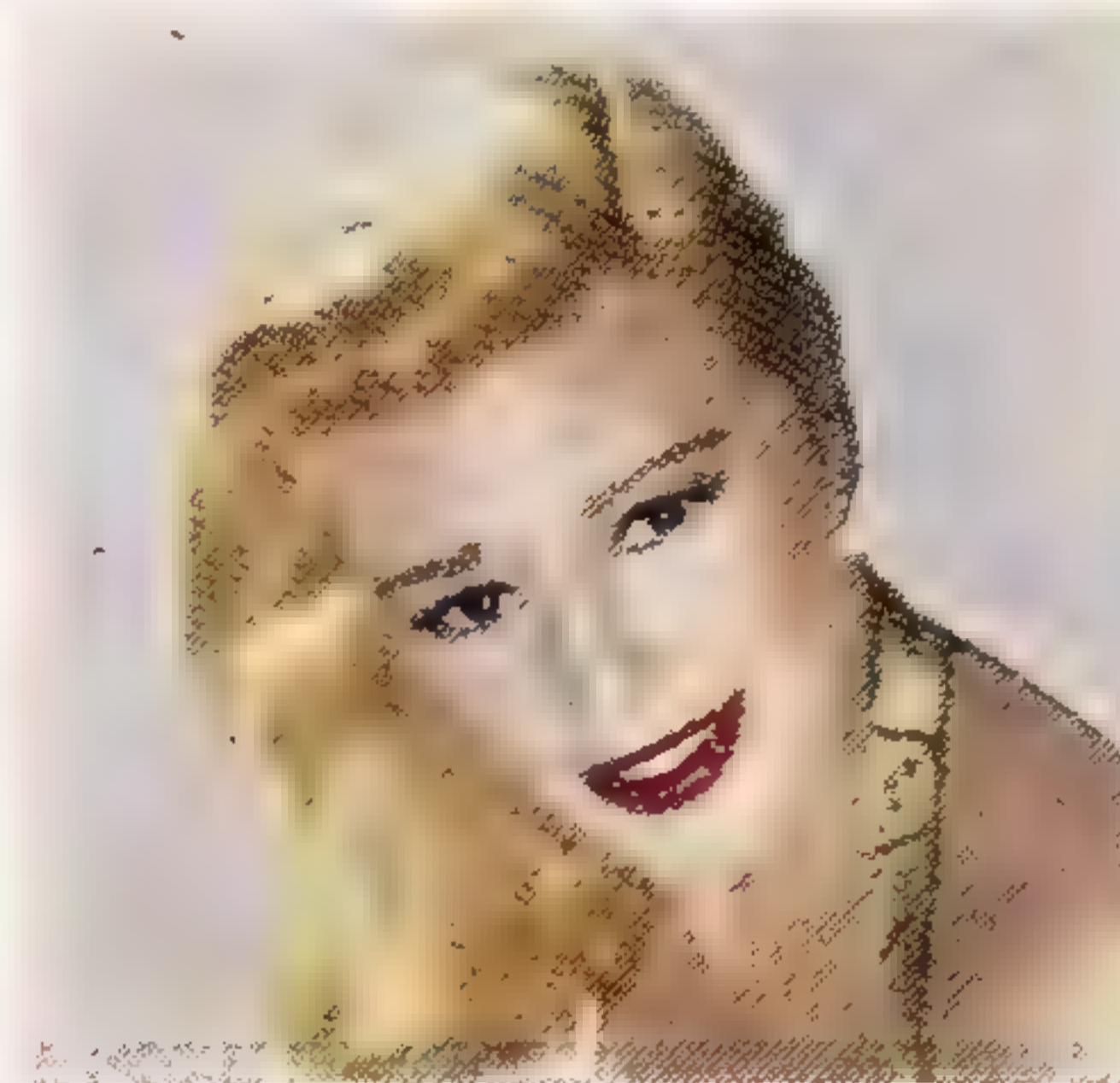
**ELEANOR PARKER**, co-starring in M-G-M's "The Painted Veil"



**JANE POWELL**, starring in "The Girl Most Likely" An RKO-Radio Picture. Print by Technicolor



**DEBBIE REYNOLDS**, starring in "Tammy" A Universal-International Picture. Print by Technicolor in CinemaScope



**GINGER ROGERS**, starring in "The First Traveling Saleslady"—An RKO-Radio Picture. Print by Technicolor



**JANE RUSSELL**, starring in "The Revolt of Mamie Stover" A 20th Century-Fox Production in CinemaScope. Color by DeLuxe



**ELIZABETH TAYLOR**, co-starring in M-G-M's "Raintree Country" Filmed in M-G-M Camera 65



**NATALIE WOOD**, co-starring in "A Cry in The Night". A Jaguar Production presented by Warner Bros.



**DANA WYNTER**, starring in "The Sixth of June" A 20th Century-Fox Production. In CinemaScope. Color by DeLuxe.



If your favorite is a star not pictured, send in her name on entry form.

## \*What are the ANNUAL FAME POLL

The FAME POLL was originated 25 years ago by the Quip Publishing Company, a leading publisher of newspapers and magazines relating to the motion picture world.

Each year, FAME magazine conducts a poll among theater owners and managers from coast-to-coast to determine top Hollywood box office stars.

Last year Grace Kelly was Top Screen Actress of the Year in the Fame Poll. Who will get the honor this year? Will it be the star whose name you send in on the form on the next page? If so, you may win \$20,000! Details on opposite page.



Presents Many Top Stars!



BITA EKBERG, co-starring in "Back from Eternity" An RKO-Radio Picture.



RHONDA FLEMING, co-starring in HAL WALLIS' "Gunfight At The O.K. Corral". A Paramount Picture in VistaVision. Color by Technicolor.



GRACE KELLY, co-starring in "High Society"—A Sol C. Siegel Production. An M-G-M Release in VistaVision. Color by Technicolor.



DEBORAH KERR, co-starring in M-G-M's "Tea and Sympathy" In CinemaScope and Metrocolor.



VIRGINIA MAYO, co-starring in "Buffalo Grass". A Jaguar Production. Presented by Warner Bros.

# Great Big Cash Prize in the Movie-Star Sweepstakes!

What's all you do to enter: Study the faces of Lustre-Creme Girls pictured here. Decide on one of these stars (or another of your own choice) you would like to see win the Twenty-Annual FAME POLL\*

☆☆☆☆

Write in her name on the entry form at lower right.

Choose the actress you would like to see win the 25th Annual FAME Poll. Simply write the star's name, her name and address, on the Entry Blank in the lower right corner. Nothing to buy, nothing to pay for... and you can win the first prize of \$20,000—the many other cash prizes.

Send in as many entries as you want. Use a different entry blank for each. (Ask for extra entry blanks when you buy Lustre-Creme, or

send in your entry on a postcard, or use a plain piece of paper—mailing each entry form separately.)

Each of the stars shown here uses Lustre-Creme, Hollywood's favorite shampoo. And there's a good reason why 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars prefer it. Because Lustre-Creme never dries—it beautifies. It's blessed with lanolin—always leaves your hair star-bright, satin-soft, a joy to manage. Use it once—and Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo will be your favorite, too!

Hollywood's Favorite  
Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never dries  
It Beautifies!



Cream  
or Lotion

**FIRST PRIZE . . . . . \$20,000**  
**SECOND PRIZE . . . . . 5,000**  
**5 THIRD PRIZES OF . . . . . 1,000 each**  
**500 FOURTH PRIZES OF . . . . . 10 each**

Here's all you do:—

**1. PRINT** on the entry form (or on plain paper or postcard) your name and address plus name of movie star whom you would like to see named "Top Screen Actress of the Year" in the 25th Annual FAME Poll.

**2. MAIL YOUR ENTRY TO** Lustre-Creme Sweepstakes, P. O. Box 9, New York 46, New York.

**3. SEND AS MANY ENTRIES AS YOU WANT**—but mail each one separately.

**4. ENTRIES MUST BE POSTMARKED** on or before November 10, 1956, and received not later than November 17, 1956.

If your entry carries the name of the star who is designated "Top Screen Actress of the Year" by FAME Magazine, your entry will be eligible for the Sweepstakes Drawing.

All prize-winners will be selected by blindfold drawing by executives of Advertising Distributors of America. Only one prize to a winner. Judges' decisions final.

Top winner will be announced on Colgate-Palmolive TV program, "Strike It Rich," December 14. (See local TV listings for time and station.)

This sweepstakes is open to all residents of the continental United States, Hawaii and Alaska, except employees and their immediate families of Colgate-Palmolive Co., its advertising agencies and the Quigley Publishing Co. Void in the State of New Jersey. Subject to all other Federal and State regulations.

(Note: If FAME's "Top Screen Actress of the Year" is named by fewer persons than there are prizes, all entries will be eligible to participate in the Lustre-Creme Sweepstakes.)

**USE THIS HANDY ENTRY FORM**  
(Additional forms at your Lustre-Creme dealer.)  
LUSTRE-CREME \$35,000 MOVIE-STAR SWEEPSTAKES

Mail to: LUSTRE-CREME SWEEPSTAKES T  
P. O. Box 9, New York 46, N. Y.  
I would like to see Movie Star

(print in star's name clearly)

named as the "Top Screen Actress of the Year" in the 25th Annual FAME Poll.

My Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ P.O. Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



color of De Luxe, the size of CinemaScope 55, and the music of Rodgers and Hammerstein.

In short, I would like to say that "The King and I" has never been equalled on the screen, in my opinion, and as long as Hollywood will produce movies of this caliber, the moviegoing public will see perfection in Hollywood.

MARY BETH EDGLEY  
Troutdale, Oregon

I feel I cannot allow Lina Farley (Readers Inc., August issue) to go unchallenged. In my opinion, as well as the opinion of my friends, "Not as a Stranger" was one of the best movies ever made. The acting was superb, I thought.

As for the fitness of certain movies for children, I have noticed that children become bored with a "too sophisticated" picture, but I don't think it does them any harm.

I am afraid that Miss Farley just "missed the point" of "The Man from Laramie," which she called "pointless and unenterprising." For me, it was a movie I'll always remember.

Her complaint about "The Last Hunt" is really the "straw that broke the camel's back." The so-called slaughter of countless buffalo was the annual culling of the herd. The movie company was allowed to use them for specimens. Had the movie not been made, these animals would still have been killed (and—I might add—in much the same way as it was done in the movie!).

NORANN LABETE  
Sandpoint, Idaho

I just can't get my mind off a motion picture I saw recently—"Gaby" with Lesli Caron and John Kerr. I think Leslie Caron outdid herself in her part of Gaby. She carried out her emotional scenes with more finesse than most actors and actresses work years and years to accomplish. She was excellent in the cast, too, because she actually went through some of those years, didn't she? John Kerr also has bright future ahead of him. He is young and new and seems to "catch your eye" like so many of the newcomers are unable to do. He isn't just "another" actor—he has that quality of touching the people's hearts and minds.

ANON.  
Raleigh, North Carolina

I have just read the latest issue of PHOTOPLAY and it has reaffirmed my belief in its being the best film magazine on the newsstands today. I say this because since I first began reading the stories, column reviews, etc. in this magazine, I have never come across anything of a malicious or derogatory nature about anyone in Hollywood.

I am a teenager who is not "wild," who does not smoke, drink or use narcotics. Neither do my friends. Neither do the vast majority of teens. Yet because a few people in our age group find an outlet for their problems by these methods, the public is led to believe (usually by sensation news stories) that we are all delinquents in one way or several. I feel that the same is true of film personalities.

Of course, we know that no one is perfect, that marriage sometimes fails, that few stars have pasts they would like to forget. We also know that anyone with enough talent, ambition and a certain indefinable something besides, and who makes the top and stays up there, must have a toughness and (Continued on page 1)

LIPS, LIPS  
HOORAY!



**Lipstick Charm Bracelet**... so pretty to wear! And such a charming conversation piece! 5 miniature Cutex Lipsticks in different colors, complete with bracelet, \$1.50.

## SO CREAMY, SO LASTING— YOUR OWN LIPS WILL CHEER!

**Creamiest!** Cutex Lipstick is so extra rich in Sheer Lanolin, it feels far smoother on your lips. Protects against chapping. Keeps lips always soft!

**Color stays on for hours.** Superior new Cutex formula is so non-smearing, color stays on you—off him—even after a kiss!

**In a radiant variety** of beautiful colors, each in a luxurious golden case, 59¢ and 29¢.

**New! 24-hour-type lipstick—Cutex Satin Cling.** For girls who want 24-hour color with no drying after-effect, 79¢.

Why Pay More?

CUTEX

SHEER LANOLIN LIPSTICK



Matching CUTEX NAIL POLISH,  
proven longest-wearing of all!  
29¢ and 15¢.



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# Breck Hair Set Mist

A GENTLE, FRAGRANT SPRAY THAT HOLDS HAIR  
SOFTLY, BEAUTIFULLY IN PLACE FOR HOURS



Breck Hair Set Mist is a fragrant spray which delicately holds your hair softly in place for hours. After combing, a few brief sprays keep the hair beautifully arranged. When freshening, a damp comb renews your waves — no respraying is necessary. Breck Hair Set Mist also provides a quick, easy way to make lasting pin curls. Fragrant as a bouquet, Breck Hair Set Mist contains lanolin, which leaves the hair soft to touch and brings out the natural lustre and beauty of your hair.

*Beautiful Hair*

B

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Available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores and wherever cosmetics are sold. 4½ oz. \$1.25; 11 oz. \$2.00. Plus tax.



*Now...at the price of ordinary lipstick...Revlon*





*gives you the magnificent luxury of 'Futurama'!*

# Revlon's new fabulous 'Futurama' case with lipstick refill—only 1<sup>25</sup>\*!



LOOK! JUST CLICK OUT OLD REFILL...CLICK IN THE NEW...SWIVEL UP AND USE

*Your jeweler-designed 'Futurama' case goes on forever—all you ever buy again are Revlon refills! You save 35¢ on every lipstick!*

Now Revlon makes every other way to buy lipstick old-fashioned! *Now* you can have the richness of a Van Cleef & Arpels jeweler-designed 'Futurama' case *complete with lipstick* for the price of a lipstick alone! But that's only the beginning!

Since 'Futurama' is a *permanent* case, you don't pay the cost of an old-fashioned brass case every time you buy lipstick. Instead, Revlon passes a real saving along to you—35¢ on every lipstick refill. (Click-in refills cost only 90¢.)

'Futurama' holds *any* of the three types of Revlon Lipstick: Lanolite, the non-drying, non-smear type; Lustrous, the extra-creamy type for sensitive lips; or Revlon Living Lipstick, the twenty-four-hour type.

Today, start buying your lipstick this new 'Futurama' way. Remember! For just 1.25, you get this magnificent jeweler-designed gold-tone 'Futurama' *complete* with your choice of *any* Revlon Lipstick—in 28 fashion-genius shades. Other styles in 'Futurama' from 2.50 to 37.50.

\*ALL PRICES SUBJECT TO TAX

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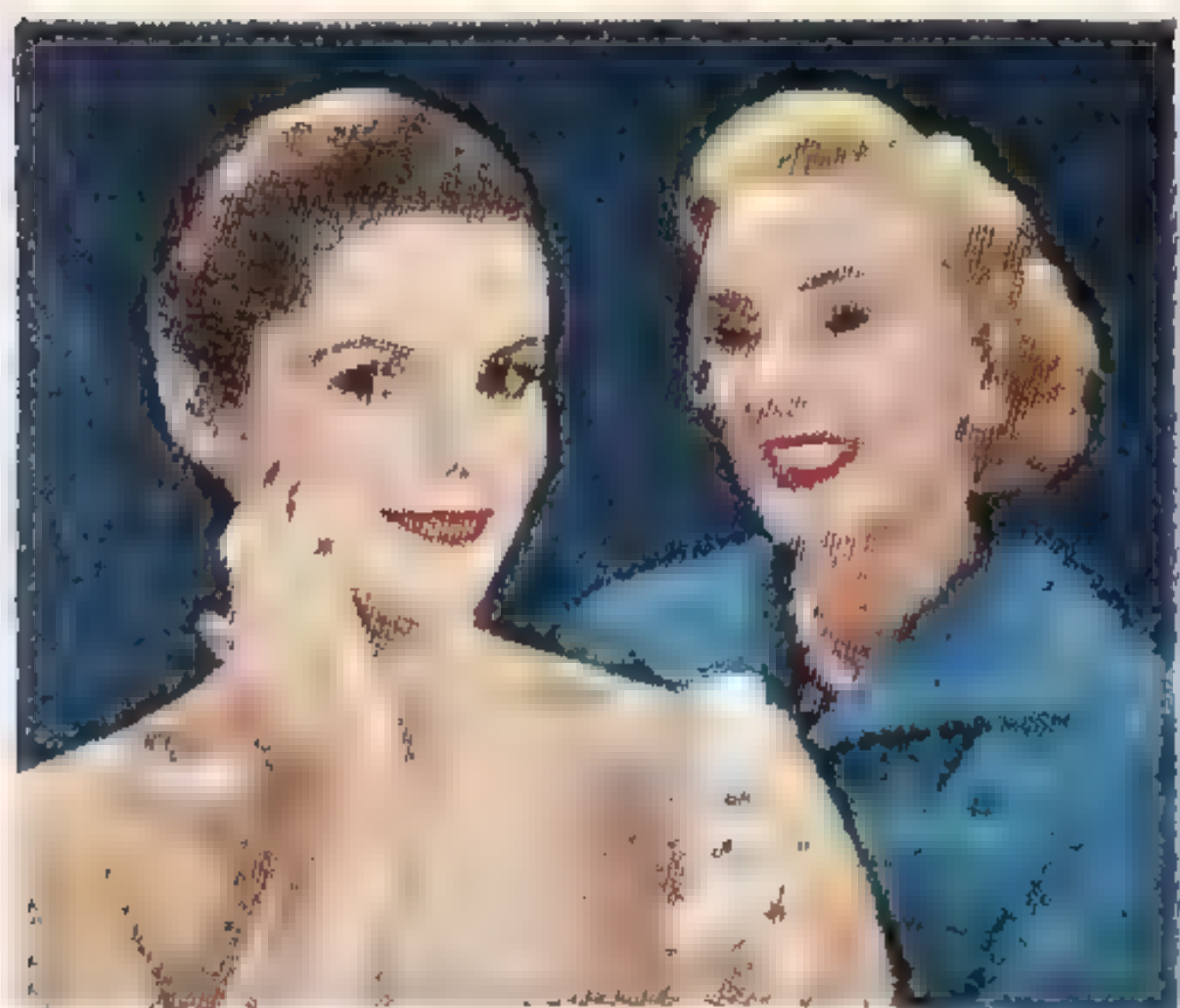


*Candy Jones*  
BEAUTY DIRECTOR,  
CONOVER SCHOOL, NEW YORK *says*

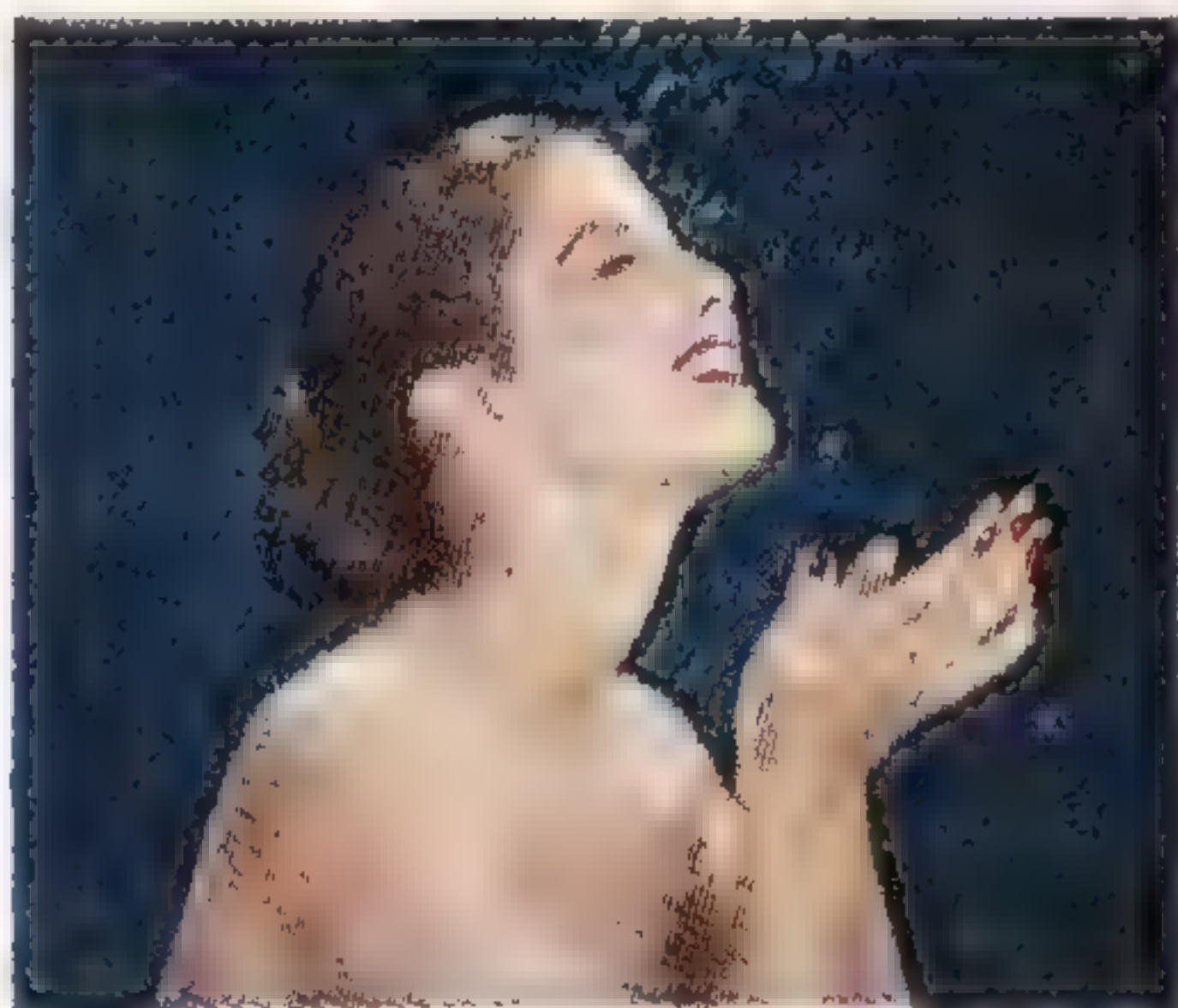
# "Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"



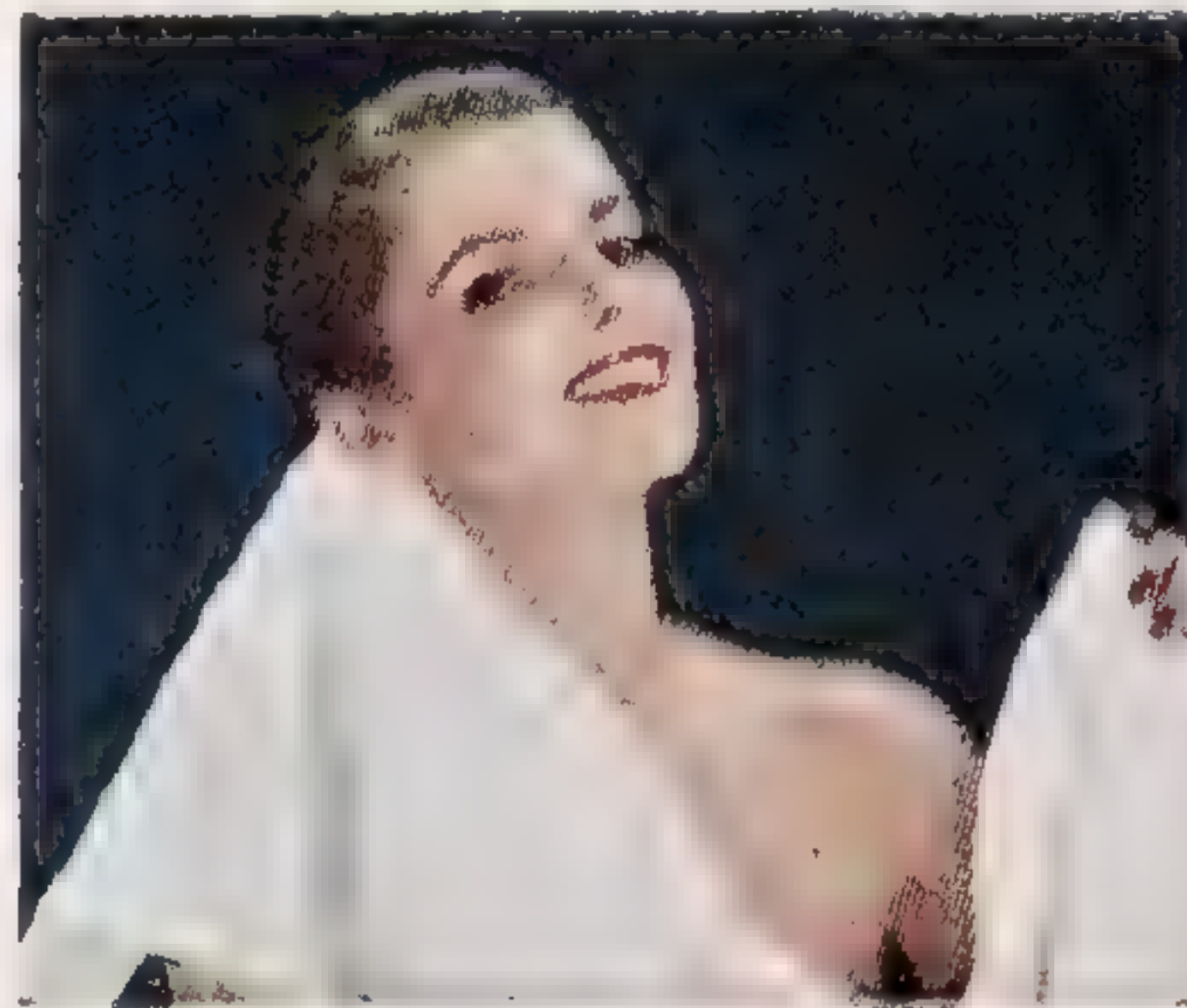
**Who's winning all the attention?** "It can be *you* . . . if you give your skin 3-way beauty care with Cashmere Bouquet Soap," says Candy Jones.



**Cleans cleaner than creams.** Your skin is so much cleaner when you use Cashmere Bouquet! No cream film!



**Stimulates** with no astringent sting, as you stroke Cashmere Bouquet's mild lather over your skin.



**Softens** without lotion stickiness. Leaves normal, dry or oily skin naturally softer, smoother! No sticky feel!

## Give your skin this 3-way beauty care!

No more bother with greasy cleansing creams, sticky lotions and stinging astringents! Now, with just a cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap, you can give your skin the beauty care of famous Conover students. This wonderful 3-way beauty care actually *cleans cleaner than creams . . . stimulates gently . . . softens and smooths your skin, too.* Just like using a whole row

of beauty products . . . but so much quicker and easier. Start today, and watch *your skin thrive!*



REGULAR  
OR BIG BATH SIZE

## READERS INC.

plenty of wonderful qualities. This is what we like to read about. It makes famous personalities seem like individuals whom we would like to know and have as friends; no longer are they just faces on a movie screen. I know I am telling you something you already know because to me this is the essence of your entire magazine. So I would like to thank you for the wonderful work you are doing.

(Miss) TONI FORSYTH  
Hollywood, California

### QUESTION BOX:

**Correction:** In the September issue of *Readers Inc.*, we erroneously stated that the music in the picture "East of Eden" was composed by Victor Young. It was composed by Leonard Rosenman.

I saw "Crime in the Streets" a few weeks ago and I can't understand why Sal Mineo is getting all the credit. He had so little to say, and I think a good deal of credit belongs to John Cassavetes. He was terrific. Please let us have some information on him.

BETTY ANDERSON  
Northampton, Massachusetts

John Cassavetes, one of the nation's most rapidly rising young actors, has been seen on the Broadway stage, in motion pictures and on television. He is twenty-five years old, a native New Yorker, and married to a young actress, Gena Rowlands. Cassavetes had the role in "Crime in the Streets" that he first created for television.

I recently had an argument about Glenn Ford with my mother and aunt. They say that he is dead, and I say he isn't. Who is right?

RICHARD NORTH  
Gallipolis, Ohio

You are. Mr. Ford is very much alive, we're happy to say.

I want to hear something about Steve Cochran. I saw him in "Come Next Spring," and he was great!

ELSA HUBBARD  
Mantua, Ohio

Steve Cochran has been everything from a lumberman to a welder since he first became interested in dramatics in junior high school. He was born in Eureka, California, is six feet one inch tall, dark, handsome—and an individualist!

### CASTING:

I have just finished a book that kept me on the edge of my seat all the time I was reading it. It is *Storm Fury* by Richard Holden. I think it would make a great movie with John Agar as *David Storm*; Joan Collins as *Karen*; Raymond Massey as *Professor Cruikshank*; Joel McCrea as *Dwight Heron*; and Frank Lovejoy as *Dr. Nicolls*. I believe it would be a real thriller!

LOU TRENT  
Deer Park, New York

One of the best stories about prehistoric monsters is Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Lost World*. I think it would make a thrilling movie with Clifton Webb as *Professor Challenger*, Boris Karloff as *Professor Summerlee*, Gilbert Roland as *Lord John Roxton*, Robert Wagner as *Edward Malone* and Mara Corday as *Gladys*.

ARTHUR STOCKMAN  
Longmont, Colorado

Veteran moviegoers may recall the silent version of this thriller, with the late Wallace Beery as *Professor Challenger*. But today's science-fiction cycle suggests a remake is well in order.



## LOOK ALIKES:

While going through a 1955 Yearbook, I ran across an article entitled "Poignant and Brutally Honest." The story was about a young actress, Irene Kane. I've never seen this girl in a film, but she looks enough like Grace Kelly, I think, to be her sister. If Hollywood is still looking for another Grace Kelly, I think Irene would fill the bill. What has become of Miss Kane? Does she look *too* much like Miss Kelly, and is that why she wasn't brought to light?

SANDI ALLEN  
Laguna Beach, California

In looking through a little booklet, I saw a picture of Arleen Whelan. She looks so much like Jane Russell. Do any of your other readers think so?

LEON SHUMAKE  
Hartsville, South Carolina

I am a faithful reader of PHOTOPLAY, and would like to submit a picture of Robert Koopman. Some people think he looks like John Derek and some think he closely resembles Guy Madison. I would love to get the opinion of your readers—whom do they think he looks like?

JOYCE KOOPMAN  
Baltimore, Maryland

I have been reading PHOTOPLAY for years. In your August issue, you published picture of "Rock Hudson's double." I think my son not only looks like Rock, but



Robert



Jerry

he is built like him, and has the same disposition (from what I have read about him). My son's name is Stephen, but we call him Jerry, and I would be so interested in hearing if your readers agree with me.

MRS. STEPHEN ARCHER  
Croyden, New Hampshire

## IN MEMORIAM:

On July 31, 1956, the young actor Robert Francis had been dead one year. I'll never forget the hot summer day when I was thumbing through the Indianapolis *Times* and ran across an article saying, "Actor Francis Killed in Plane." At first I couldn't believe it was the same blond-headed kid I had seen in "Mister Roberts."

ANON.  
Indianapolis, Indiana

I think the wonderful young actor, Robert Francis, who died July 31, 1955, deserves mention in your column. All his many fans would appreciate it.

MERLE BOZARD  
Orangeburg, South Carolina

Here in Hawaii, there are many people who admired the late Robert Francis very much, and his death was a severe shock to all. We even wrote to his sister, Mrs. Alexander F. Robins, to express our sympathy, and asked her to send us a photo of her brother. We'll never forget him.

ARLENE TANAKA  
Kahului, Maui, Hawaii

\*  
"it's a woman's privilege



to change her mind...



AND THE COLOR OF HER HAIR"

says Lilly Dache'

It's smart to be fickle—about the color of your hair! Be a blonde, be a redhead, be brunette to suit your whim or the occasion. Simply rinse in exciting new temporary color, safely, quickly, easily. Shampoo it out when you please. Leaves your hair colorfully lustrous, truly manageable. Let Lilly Dache's personally trained experts at leading department and drug stores help you choose the color that's really *you*...from 12 exciting shades!



135  
plus tax



Lilly Dache'

SAYS "A new hair color,  
like a new hat  
does something  
for you!"



# Angel Skin

"keep-it-handy"

## Offer



**One for the KITCHEN!** Reach for Angel Skin after every dishwashing. Stops chapping—before it starts!



**One for the BATHROOM!** Reach for Angel Skin after every shower. Sinks in instantly. Softens skin all over.

Save 19¢  
on two



**Regular 98¢ value**  
for a limited time

**Only 79¢** plus tax

Or—choose  
**Angel Skin Hand Cream**  
...same miracle formula!



# over the Editor's shoulder...

Stories you'll want to read—about stars you'd like to meet

## Author, Author!

We really feel that George Scullin, who's writing Kim Novak's life story exclusively for **PHOTOPLAY**, should take a bow. Mr. Scullin, who also authored the Gary Cooper life story for a national weekly, admitted to us—very privately—that doing the Kim Novak story was—well, shall we say "more fun"? At any rate, Mr. Scullin is one of the few men for whom Kim has cooked luncheon with her very own hands, and hers is the first lavender apartment our author ever visited. For your own glimpse of Kim's lavender apartment, be sure to buy the December issue of **PHOTOPLAY**.

## Young Man in a Hurry

That describes him, all right. It was less than a year ago that a young actor named Tony Perkins dropped by our office to be introduced. At that time no one had ever heard of this tall, intense and very likable young man. Eight months later, when he paid us a second visit, Tony's debut picture, "Friendly Persuasion," was to open at Radio City Music Hall and he was being hailed as a full-fledged star. We're delighted to have got in on the ground floor with Tony, who assured us he'd give **PHOTOPLAY** anything we want in the way of stories and interviews, but begged off posing for

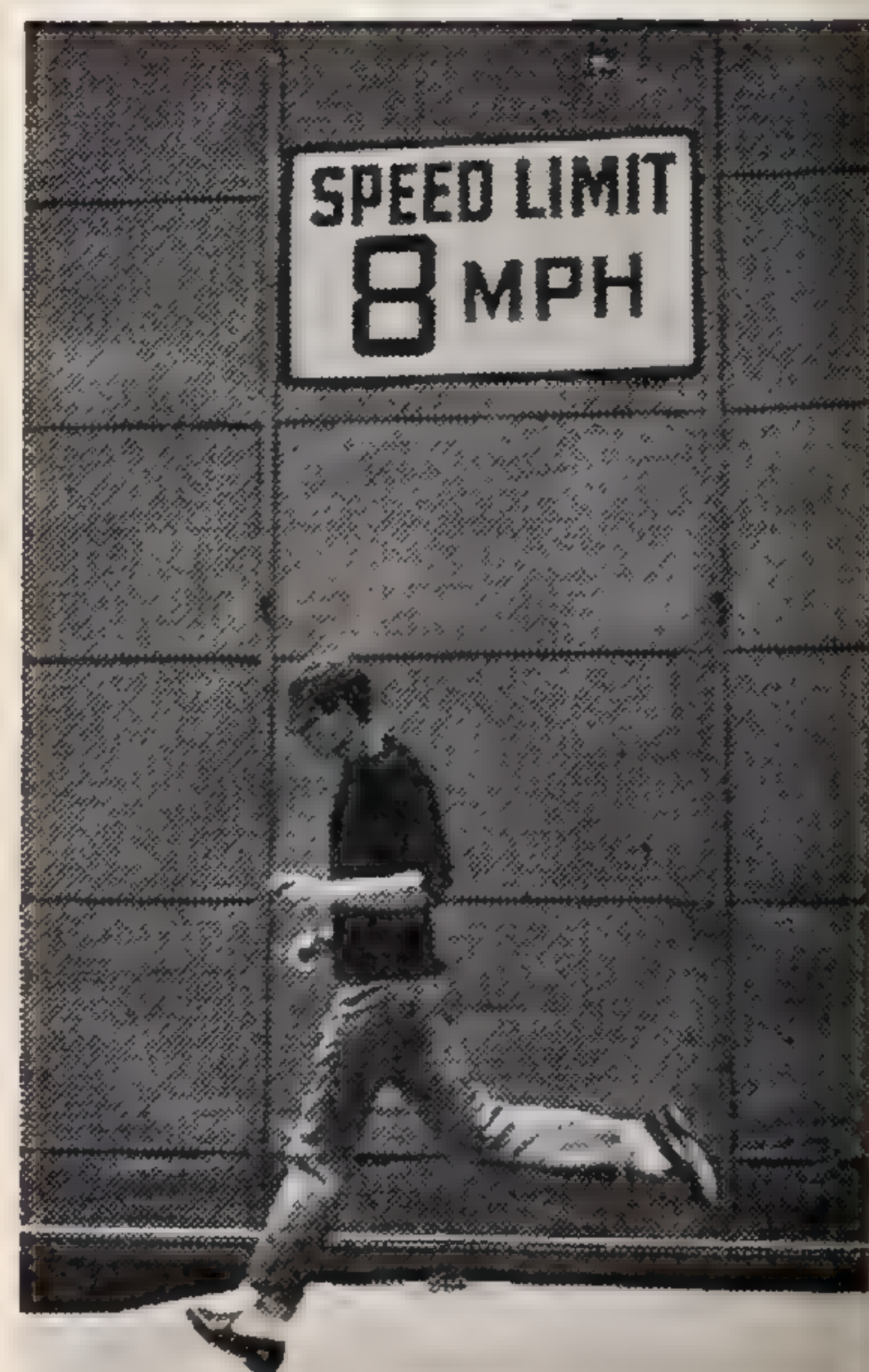
one in Natalie Wood and Tab Hunter. We talked to Natalie about this when she was in New York. Curled up on a sofa in her suite at the Plaza, Natalie thought it over and then said, "I guess it's all right—if the part happens to call for it. But team or no team, it's got to be a *good* part." This brown-haired, brown-eyed pixie is really all out for her career. Not even marriage, when it happens, is going to interfere. We found that out, among other things, when we put our spies on her trail to get hold of Natalie's diary of her first unchaperoned trip—which comes to you in December.

## Rebels, Arise!

That certainly seems to be the cry to young actors these days, with more and more of the "rebel" type moving to center front, led, of course, by the king of the rebels, Elvis Presley. That's why we did a little research on the subject and came up with some reassuring words for the older generation in "Why the Rebel Craze Is Here to Stay." Now we have some reassuring words for the younger generation. In December, **PHOTOPLAY** brings you the first, exclusive interview with Elvis in Hollywood where he's making his first movie, "Love Me Tender," plus pictures of your favorite rebel in **FULL COLOR**. Be sure to look for it!



In Hollywood for his first movie, Elvis took the town and autograph fans by storm and liked it "just fine"



Tony Perkins doesn't believe in signs unless they say, "Go, boy!"

"beefcake." "I'm just not the type," said he modestly. That's one man's opinion!

## Lovers, Come Back . . .

A generation ago, the "love team" was always a sure success at the boxoffice. Janet Gaynor and Charley Farrell started it in "Seventh Heaven." Now, dozens of love teams later, Warner Brothers have decided that they have

## Coming Events

Would you like to win a date with Sal Mineo? The December issue of **PHOTOPLAY** will give you your chance. This is a complete-in-one-issue contest, so don't miss getting your copy of this star-filled, story-filled, picture-filled issue, on sale November sixth! And be sure to tell us what stars you'd like to read about. That's all 'til next time.—I.M.



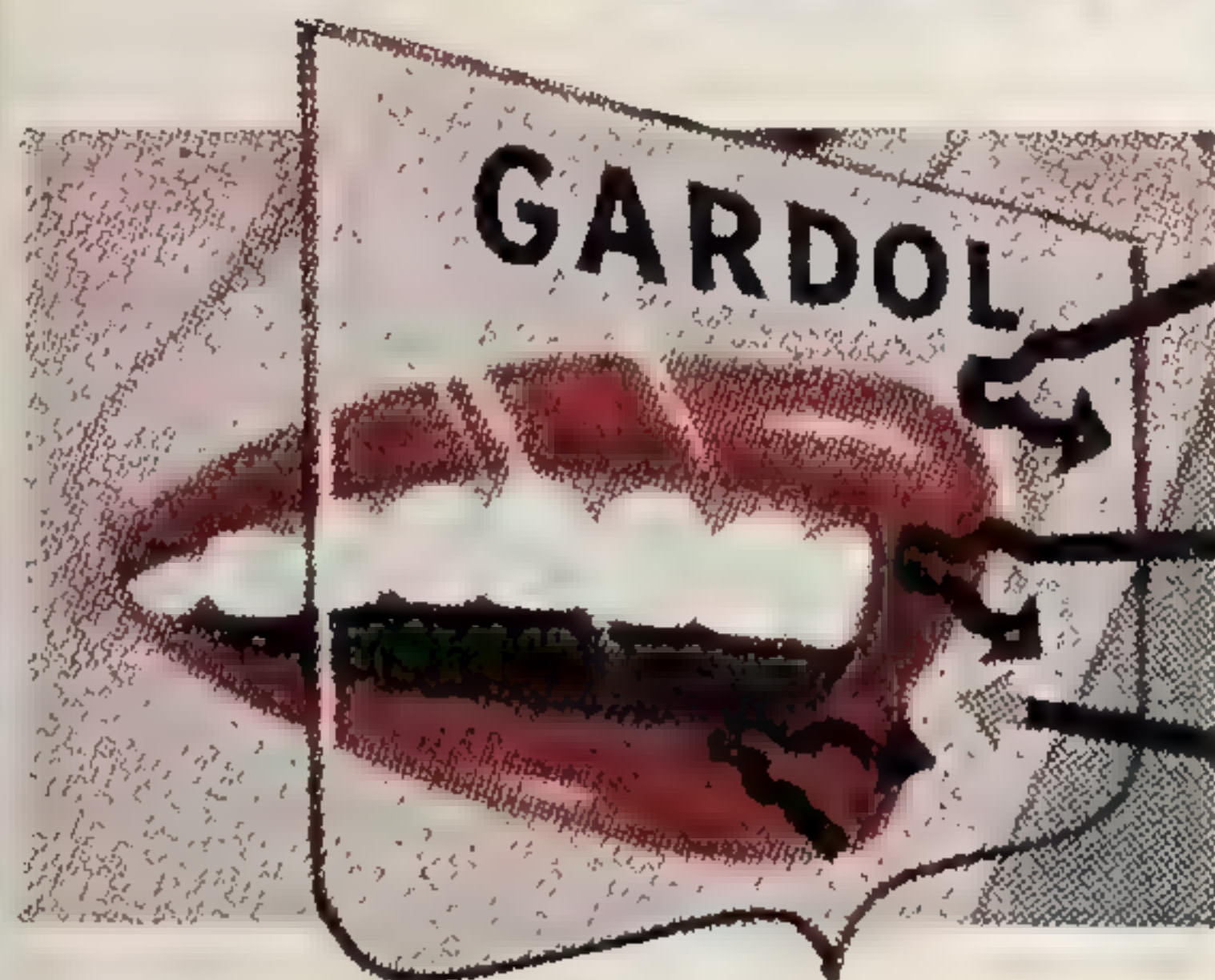
No Other Leading Toothpaste

**CLEANS · CLEANS · CLEANS** YOUR BREATH

**WHILE IT GUARDS · GUARDS · GUARDS** YOUR TEETH

**Like Colgate Dental Cream!**

Because  
No Other Leading Toothpaste  
Contains **GARDOL**  
TO GIVE YOU LONG-LASTING  
PROTECTION AGAINST BOTH  
BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY  
...With Just One Brushing!



Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . with just one brushing! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours—or more!



Colgate's with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! Instantly sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth! No other leading toothpaste\* cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

**SAFE** for Children of All Ages!  
to Use in All Water Areas!

MAKES TEETH WHITER — CANNOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!



GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK  
FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

\*THE TOP THREE BRANDS  
AFTER COLGATE'S.



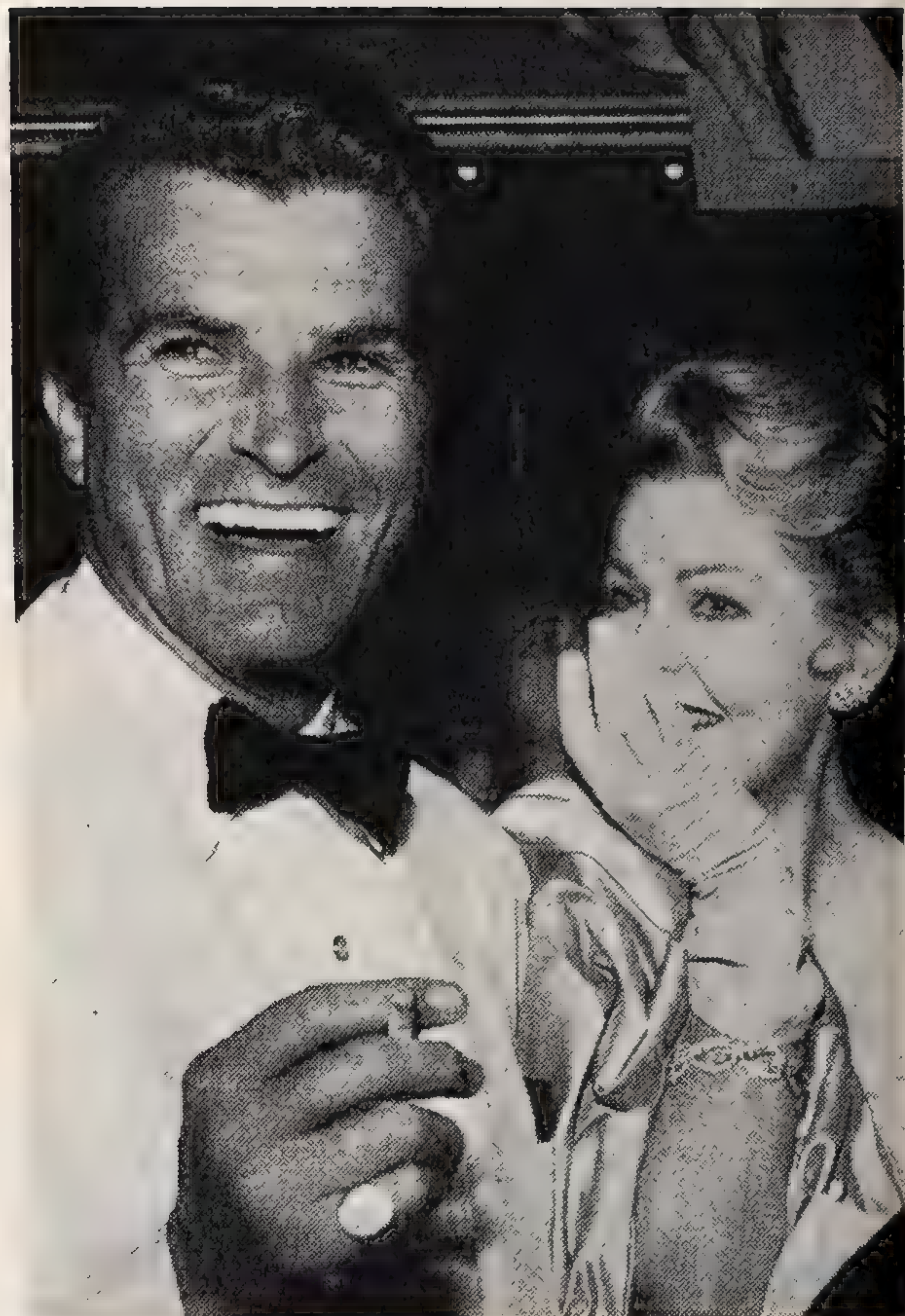
**Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth**





*Close whispers for two who are close in heart. Lana Turner Barker is risking all that a woman can to give Lex the child he wants, and Hollywood admires her courage*

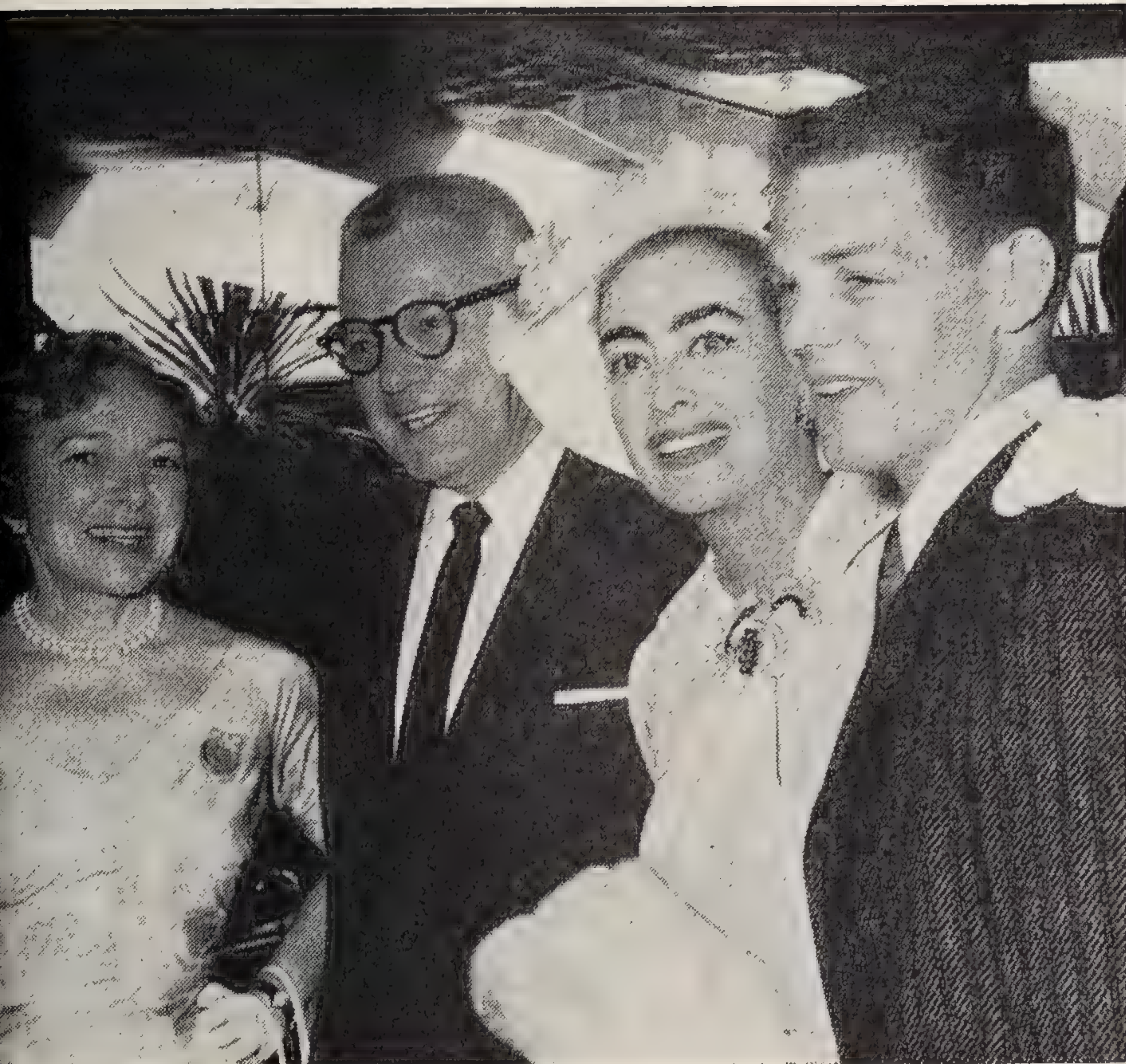
*Already the Tony Curtis-Janet Leigh baby has stirred a ruckus in the moviemaking world. Kelly actually got herself chased off her dad's set for disturbing production!*



*It couldn't be, they said. The marriage of Fernando Lamas and Arlene Dahl was doomed, they said. That was umpteen years ago—and see how happy they look now!*







James MacArthur, son of Helen Hayes, was taken to Hollywood's heart as few youngsters are. Joan Crawford and her husband, L. Steele, were among the welcomers



Big news: Betty Hutton's back before the cameras! The gal who's been down so many times in the recent past is up again, and Alan, everyone in town are cheering her on

## INSIDE STUFF

**Bedside Manner:** Marlon Brando proved to be that proverbial friend in need during Anna Kashfi's recent bout with pleurisy. Although medicos posted a "No Visitors" sign, it did not keep out the volatile actor, whose flowers, phone calls and daily visits helped to hasten dark-eyed Anna's recovery. That hillside house formerly occupied by Marlon was vacant again. So he checked out of his Chateau Marmont apartment, and the Don Murrys, who expect Sir Stork, checked in. . . . Still weeping over her broken marriage, Elizabeth Taylor departed for "Raintree County" location in Danville, Kentucky. Hard to say whether it was the heat or the emotional pressure set off by her separation from Mike, but Liz collapsed and had to be ordered to bed for several days. This seems to happen to Liz

every time she makes a picture. Could it be some deep-seated dislike of picture-making? Hard to believe. Co-star Montgomery Clift lavished care and concern on her, and still-devoted Michael Wilding cabled red roses from his own picture-making in Europe.

**Memory Lane:** Driven by desire to see James Dean again, Natalie Wood and Scott Marlowe motored all the way to Bakersfield when "Giant" was previewed. During the 112-mile trip back to Hollywood they sat in silence, too choked to talk. . . . And hearts went out to inconsolable Fred Astaire, who had his toughest line to speak in "Funny Face." He had to say, "I have to meet my wife and kids." Still suffering the loss of his real-life wife, Fred broke up during the first three takes.

**Pretty Babies:** When Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher finished "Bundle of Joy," they rested for a full week before giving their first party. Debbie modeled a maternity bathing suit she designed herself, and everyone urged her to manufacture them. Eddie, who usually smokes a pipe, puffed away on cigars. "Just rehearsing for November first!" he grinned. . . . A tip from Jean Simmons to expectant mothers: "To conquer hair-do problems, wear your hair in a bun crowned with little wreaths of artificial flowers. I buy my flowers in the five-and-ten and make the wreaths myself. They're practical, they're fun and you always look neat." Jean's in "Protection for a Tough Racket."

"So This Is Hollywood" mused English import Diana Dors the next morning  
*Continued*



# Sally's BLUE



## PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring faster, more complete relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues". Sally now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

**"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"**  
a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't B-116, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

# Sally's GAY WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores  
have Midol



*Will it be like this again' between Jack Lemmon and his Cynthia? Martha Hyer and other friends are betting on a reconciliation*



*Splash! went the water in the Diana Dors and Dennis Hamilton pool, and Splash! went the headlines across nation when Dennis blew up*



*Eva Marie Saint and her husband, Jeffrey Hayden, are just one more piece of evidence that a couple of careers don't ruin marriage*



## INSIDE STUFF *Continued*

after her husband had "ruffled up" a photographer for having reportedly pushed Miss Dors, her agent, Louis Schurr and dress designer Howard Shoup into a swimming pool. It seems that Miss Dors' husband, Dennis Hamilton, doesn't like to see his wife pushed around, much less dunked fully clothed into water. Mr. Hamilton insists the photographer, Stuart Sawyer, did the pushing in the hope of getting a good picture of Miss Dors emerging, soaking wet. Mr. Hamilton felt that this was extremely poor behavior on the part of Mr. Sawyer, considering that the lad had eaten of the Dors-Hamilton food, drunk of their liquor and generally enjoyed their hospitality. Mr. Sawyer was taken to the hospital with fairly severe bruises and injuries, Miss Dors took to her bed with a sprained back, Mr. Hamilton took to the telephone to defend his action, and their guests, generally, took to the hills, preferring not

to be quoted. But, as someone remarked, picking fights—with or without provocation—with newspapermen is something older and wiser stars avoid sometimes even accepting insults rather than permit themselves to be provoked into making headlines.

**More Bounce to the Ounce:** That's Betty Hutton, these happy days. Making "Spring Reunion" for United Artists. Betty's walking on air over the fact that she's been given a strong, dramatic role that really calls for acting as well as enthusiasm. After her TV spectacular was slightly less than spectacular, Betty's spirits took a nosedive, but the girl has too much courage and too much talent to be defeated for very long.

**There's a Long, Long Trail:** Remember all the people who said the Arlene Dahl Fernando Lamas marriage couldn't possibly last? You'll need a long men

*Continue*



"What have you done to your hair?  
It's Lovely!"



"I discovered  
New Palmolive Soft Shampoo"

**The difference is almost startling—**

because Palmolive Soft Shampoo is 100%  
non-alkaline, agrees with the normal  
healthy condition of hair and scalp.

Removes alkaline film that makes  
hair look dull and lifeless.

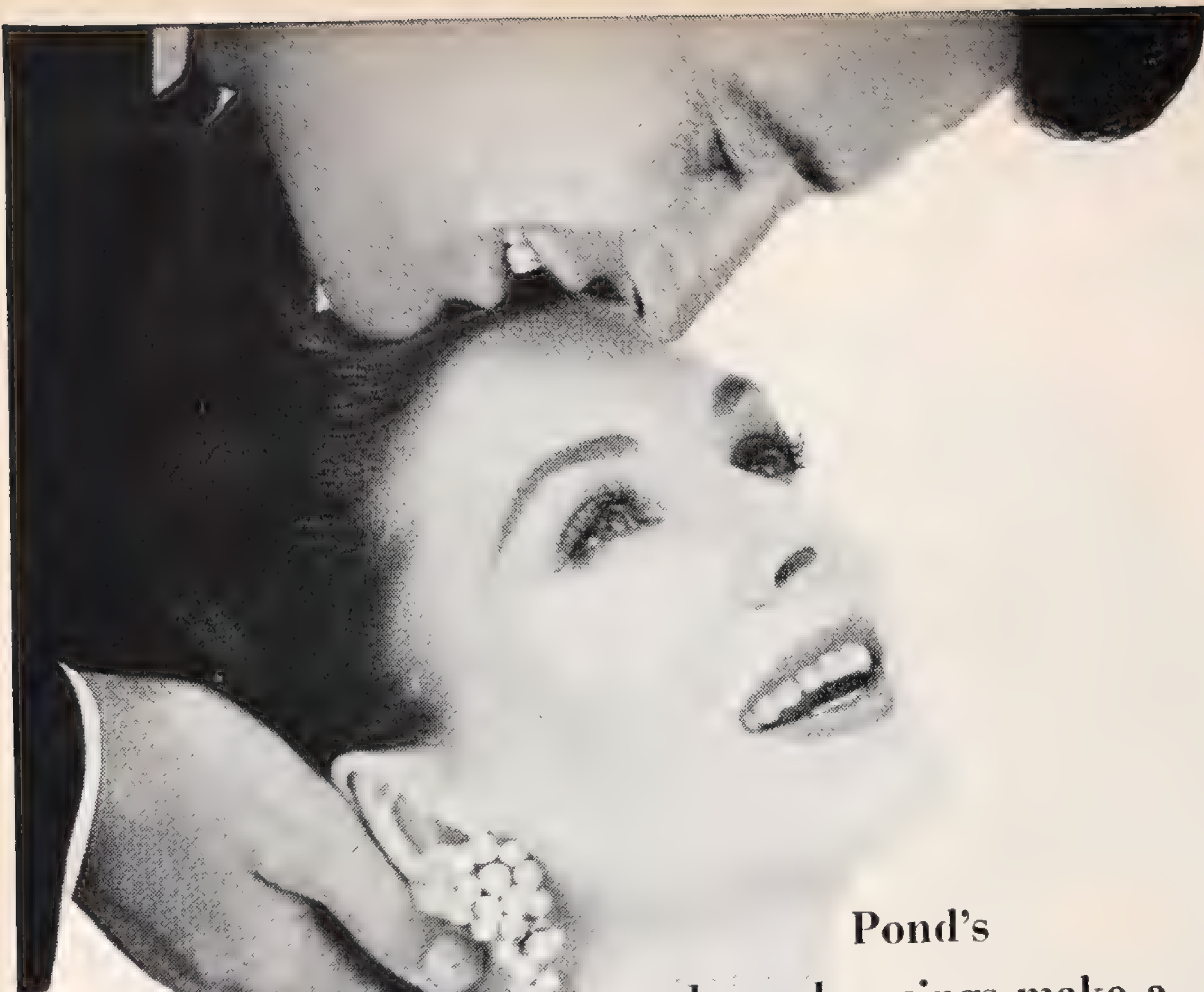
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ON GIANT 12-OZ. SIZE





Pond's  
deep cleansings make a  
lovely difference...

...when you're  
close enough to kiss!

New ultraviolet  
photographs prove  
Pond's Cold Cream  
removes dirt that other cleansing  
only "skims over"



1. A test patch of dirt and make-up is applied. In photo taken in ultraviolet light, patch shows up *white*.



2. Then patch is vigorously washed. She *thinks* her skin is clean, but...



3. Even after brisk washing, ultraviolet light shows stubborn dirt *still there!*



4. Proof Pond's cleanses *deep*. Right through imbedded dirt, Pond's cleanses a clear path!



Sheer, non-greasy powder base  
—Pond's Vanishing Cream

No other cleanser  
removes make-up and dirt  
more completely,  
leaves your skin so fresh!  
**POND'S Cold Cream**

## INSIDE STUFF



Robert Taylor looks so relaxed and at peace these days, so happy with his Ursula, a wise wife and a good mother.

ory, because Fernando and Arlene have weathered plenty of marital storms and they're still very much together, very much in love, and very, very happy.

**Baptism by Fire:** Eighteen-year-old son of Helen Hayes, James MacArthur, who screen debuts in RKO's "The Young Stranger," was invited to his first Hollywood party his first night in town. Elaine Aiken instructed her guests to appear at her hilltop home in dungarees, with bare feet. Bongo drums bongoed until dawn. Natalie Wood, Tom Tryon, Scott Marlowe, Lori Nelson and Sal Mineo were just a few of the famous guests who shook the welkin, if not the neighbors' nerves. New York now seems like a quiet little village to young James, no doubt.

**The Saints Be Praised:** Eva Marie, certainly, deserved all the praise she got for her fine work in "That Certain Feeling," which co-starred Bob Hope and was her first fling at comedy. She enjoyed every minute of it, and she's also enjoying living in Hollywood with her producer-husband Jeffrey Hayden and her young son Darrell—so named that no one could tack a nickname onto him. Currently making "Rainbow County" with Elizabeth Taylor and Montgomery Clift, Eva Marie Saint, another actress who has proved that careers and marriage can be happily combined when people are old enough to know what they want.

**Flash!:** Or is it just a flash-in-the-pot? Anyway, 20th Century-Fox has announced that Elvis Presley will star in "Love Me Tender" along with Richard Egan, Debra Paget and Neva Brand. For a complete report on how Presley likes Hollywood and vice versa, see the December issue of PHOTOPLAY with his first interview as a film star.



**Intimate Scoop:** We hasten to bring you the first fashion tip from the wardrobe of Hollywood's newest glamour girl, Miss Kelly Lee (*not* spelled Leigh) Curtis. When Janet Leigh, whose figure is better than ever, if that's possible, brought her to the set of "The Eyes of Father Tomasino," Missy Kelly stopped production, much to Tony's relief, since he was being "choked" by Gilbert Roland. Tony's first-born was the epitome of female daintiness in a pink organdy frock with white piping. Also she is definitely carrying out the Gussie Moran influence. Kelly's panties were lace-trimmed! There was so much oohing and ahing that finally the assistant director pleaded, "Would you put your baby away, Mr. Curtis, please!"

**Sunny Side Up:** Donald O'Connor should have a new bride to go with his new house before you read this. To keep Gloria Noble's tootsies warm he had the bricks in the patio heated with infra-red rays. His garden is also wired for sound. Donald deserves lasting happiness. Here's hoping this time is *it*!

**Flag of Truce:** Hollywood may have its faults but the town is quick to forgive and forget. No one was less cooperative than Rita Hayworth, and she hurt many people along the way. Now she's making "Fire Down Below" with Robert Mitchum in Trinidad, and they're shouting her praises. Maybe at this late stage she's seen the light. For Rita's sake we hope it's true.

**One Man's Family:** Robert Taylor is a very fortunate man—and a smart one too! His wife, Ursula Thiess, loves to do her own marketing. She also does all her own cooking and takes care of the children herself. Bob married because he wanted a home and a wife not dedicated to a career, but he never told Ursula not to make pictures. She will make her own decisions. Nice going.

**Green Light:** Lana Turner is an Rh negative blood type, which makes it difficult and dangerous for her to have children. But doctors assure the Lex Barkers there will be no complications when their baby is born in January. Now if they could just unload that huge house, their happiness would be complete. British Diana Dors, who adores Hollywood, decided it's too expensive.

**Where There's Smoke:** Everything and everyone (including a pixie blond) was blamed for Jack Lemmon's marital breakup. But according to a pal who dates back to college: "The real villain, I think, is success. Jack settled down too soon, before he got certain things out of his system. I predict that they'll reconcile."

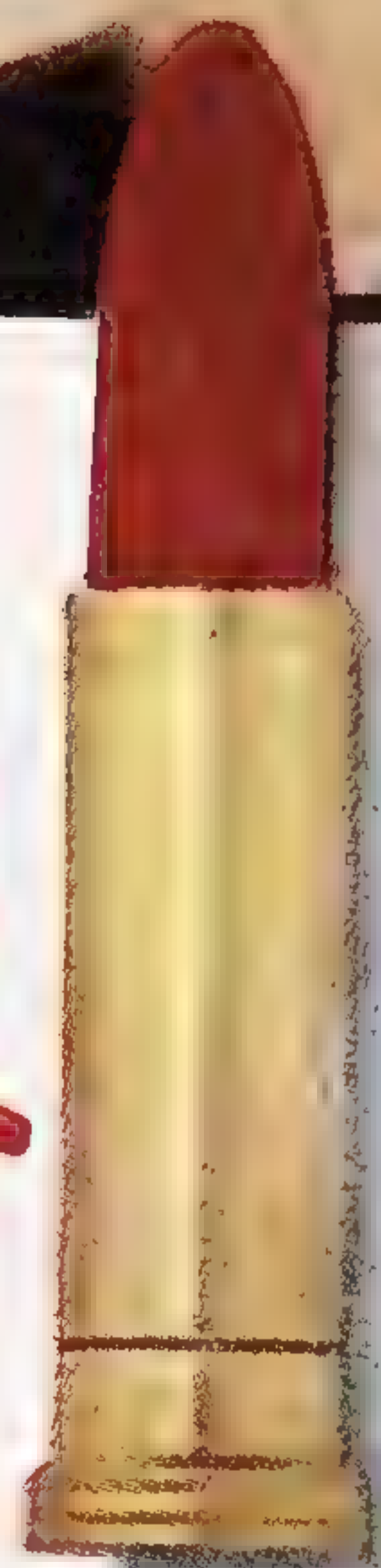
(Continued on page 33)

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WON'T GO FLAT



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Lipstick

gives you a GLOW THAT LASTS

At last an all-day lipstick that just won't get that flat look—a lipstick that stays fresh and glowing even when it's been on all day. Fabulous new INNER GLOW lipstick glows on and on—with soft, shimmering color!

INNER GLOW actually puts a dew-soft, transparent color-guard on your lips! It's the new secret of lips that stay velvety-soft and moist—of radiance that lasts without a letdown all the livelong day! **79¢ PLUS TAX**

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CASHMERE BOUQUET COSMETICS... *for all your beauty needs* P

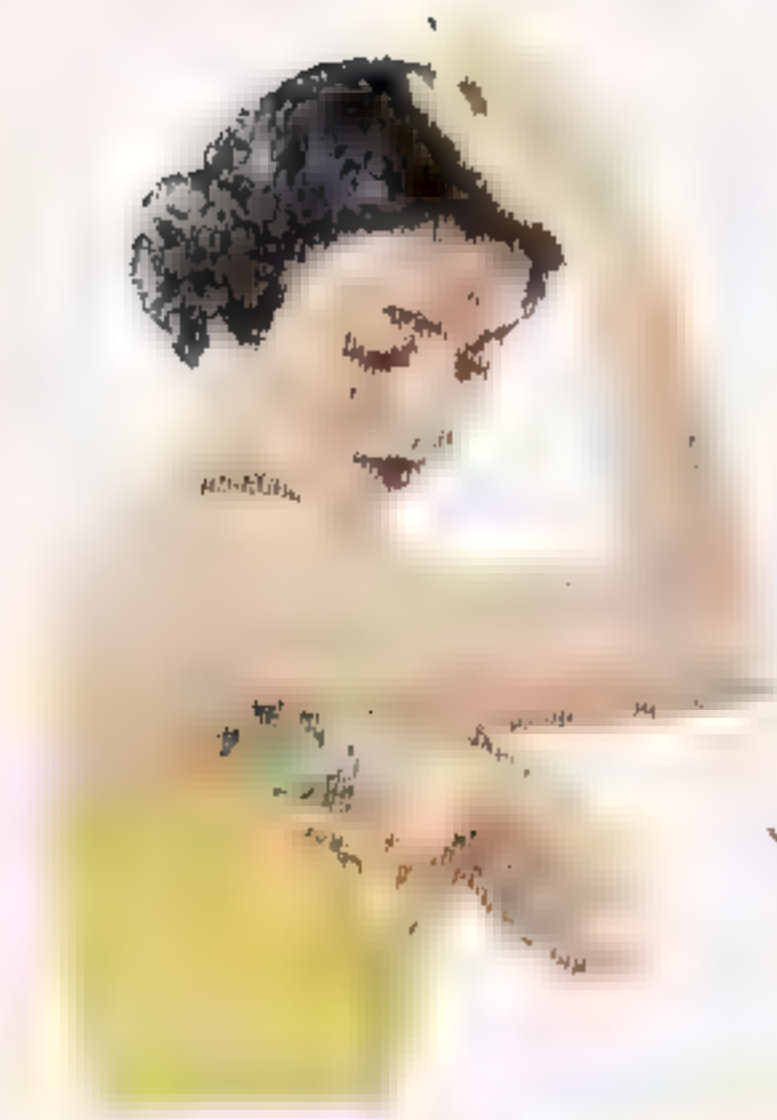


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Only the

# Lady Sunbeam®

has the "compact" shape  
and the exclusive **MICRO-TWIN** Head



This side for  
shaving  
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This side for  
shaving legs  
close, clean  
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Enjoy new freedom  
from nicks and cuts this safe,  
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ONLY the Lady Sunbeam has the "compact" shape and the shaving head with one edge especially honed to shave the legs, and the other edge especially honed for underarm use. Ends muss and fuss, nicks and cuts of soap and blade. The Lady Sunbeam's gentle, sure performance eliminates underarm irritation caused by blade shaving and gives you a new easy way to keep neat, fresh, dainty. Your choice of 6 lovely colors.

Small as a compact—and  
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*Sunbeam*  
THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE

Famous for Sunbeam TOASTER, MIXMASTER, etc.



Also available in Deluxe  
white leather zipper  
case—slightly higher.



Your letters answered by  
Spring Byington

## WHAT SHOULD I DO?

**Q** I am a schoolteacher, not yet thirty. Recently I inherited a thousand dollars from a kind soul with whom I lived when I was going to college.

I have received so much "good advice" since my friends and relatives have heard about the bequest that I am thoroughly confused. There are always the level heads who feel that a windfall should be invested; there are some who think it should be put in insurance, and some think it would pay weekend dividends if it became a down payment for a car.

Personally, I'd like to use it for travel. My special interests are art and the theatre (although I teach Latin and Spanish). I wondered if you could tell me how and where I could get the most for my money if I decided to use it for a trip.

SELINA ANN D.

**A** I enjoyed your letter very much, Miss D., because—brief as it was—it revealed a sense of the world's riches and an eagerness to enjoy some of them. I've always agreed with Somerset Maugham, who once said (I can't quote him exactly, I'm sorry to say) that money is like a sixth sense without which one cannot make the greatest use of the other five.

I wonder if you couldn't solve your own dilemma by a file card system. Why not write on each of as many cards as necessary, one thing you would like to do or see

*Continued*

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deep cleans!  
suppresses bacteria!  
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all in 1  
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# New Sheer Velvet Cleanser

Sheer Velvet's modern, marvelous multi-purpose formula goes deep down to clean away every speck of city grime, make-up, and hardened skin secretions which, if neglected, cause blackheads.

Then works scientifically with miraculous Bithionol to suppress skin bacteria that could invade and aggravate blemishes. Big extra bonus! Sheer Velvet doesn't dry... it velvetizes your skin as it cleans. Leaves an invisible velvety film as a base for fresh make-up. Try it. See if you've ever had such a complete beauty treatment... so fast. You'll love Sheer Velvet Cleanser! 6 ounces, \$1.

You can also get Dorothy Gray products in Canada.

For beauty the modern way **Dorothy Gray**



**all-new Angel Face has**

# "Stay-Fresh" Color!



**Ordinary dry pressed powder**  
"soaks up" moisture from your skin and changes color—just as it "soaks up" these water drops—and discolors.

**New "Stay-Fresh" Angel Face**  
won't "soak up" moisture and darken because Angel Face is triple creamed—proofed against moisture discoloration!

**Won't streak... won't discolor  
from skin moisture!**



**POND'S**

## Angel Face

**IS TRIPLE CREAMED**

**Newest, most flattering  
powder and foundation in-one—**

So radiantly fresh! Hours after you apply new triple creamed Angel Face, your complexion still has a smooth, delicate, almost pore-less look. There's no dry caking. No discoloring in the "damp pore" areas of your face. In just 5 seconds, Angel Face gives you a complete "Stay-Fresh" make-up. Perfect to carry—it can't spill.

**New! The "Date" Case—**the very feminine new pink compact with mirror and puff, 79¢\*. Other distinctive Angel Face cases—\$1\*... 59¢\*. All in

**WHAT SHOULD I DO?**

*Continued*

in your lifetime. Since your particular interests are art and the theatre, some of your cards would undoubtedly read, "New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art," "Helen Hayes in her current play," "The Lunts in their current play," "Venice," "Florence's Uffizi Gallery," and "Shakespearean plays at Stratford-on-Avon."

Some of the cards will belong in one geographical section, some in another. Naturally, at this time, it is likely that you will want to do those things nearest at hand and it shouldn't be necessary for you to use up all your inheritance to accomplish what should prove to be the first step in a series of wonderful experiences.

Sometimes a windfall like that you have described can be used to open many doors not just one.

**Q** I don't mind telling you I had to blow my stack before I got up enough steam to sit down like this and write to a lady wailing wall, if you'll excuse the expression.

I blew my stack because my dear little wife came home late tonight with the explanation that she had been backtracking through shops all afternoon, trying to find a blouse that she had bought (price \$12.95) and had lost somewhere. She told me, "I didn't really need the blouse, but I bought it because Ruth had bought one and I wanted to show her I could buy anything she could buy."

I showed her a past-due notice that had arrived in the mail that day and asked her what she had done with the money I had given her to pay the light bill. She opened those beautiful big blue eyes and said "Gosh, I'll just bet that's the money I used for the bridge prize. I thought I seemed flush in my household account last week."

Then she said, "By the way, I bought a meerschaum pipe for my dad for his birthday and had it shipped and charged, so we'll have to put that in the budget. He always wanted a really good pipe, so I know he'll be tickled."

The three things, all happening the same night, were too much. I yelled and said she was bankrupting me and that she couldn't count her own fingers and get a right answer, and I don't know what all. She went into the bedroom, having hysterics and locked the door. But something has got to be done. How do you teach a wife to help a guy stay solvent? She worked before we were married—she ought to know the score. I just don't know what to do.

BOB T

**A** Any mother of several children could diagnose your problem instantly: Unfortunately, Mr. T., your "little wife" is irresponsible and immature, and not to be trusted with your financial welfare.

I don't intend these words to be harsh. The truth is that the world is full of people who never grow up to understand the connection between arithmetic and their own happiness.

I gather that you are the sole source of income at this time, and that you have no family. Why wouldn't it be a good idea for your wife to seek employment again, since you say she worked before you were married? It's amazing how wise some people can be with their own money, and how spendthrift with that of someone else.

In any case, it would seem sensible for you to pay all the household bills, take full financial responsibility, and then dole out a minimum sum for your wife's pin money. I realize that such a suggestion may be labeled "old-fashioned," but so is you.



**DUBARRY** makes your lips *look born beautiful!*

# Light Up Red



the fire-light color that  
leaves all other reds in the dark!

Costume by Tina Leser

• Smile and all other smiles flicker out of focus. Nothing can hold a candle to lips aglow with LIGHT UP RED! This mysterious new lipstick color by DuBarry does uncanny things to your eyes, your skin, your hair—makes your face light up with a soft, dreamy glow!

LIGHT UP RED gives your lips everything! A rare winter-miracle ingredient that keeps your lips soft, moist and smooth when other mouths are chapped and dry. A staying power that keeps the color put day and night.

Smile with this fire-light color on your lips—and set a man's heart ablaze! DuBarry Moisturized Lipstick, \$1.10,\* in Lucite Case, \$1.50.\*  
Also Continental Color-Glide Lipstick, \$1.25.\*



**DuBarry Flatter-Face**, powder  
plus foundation, \$1.50\*

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STILL ONLY 15¢ IRIDESCENTS ONLY 20¢

AT YOUR FAVORITE VARIETY OR DRUG STORE

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NAIL POLISH and LIPSTICK

## WHAT SHOULD I DO?

wife's irresponsibility. Modern women—unless they are absolute dopes—have learned to run their homes along factory lines, making every penny and every ounce of energy and every moment of time contribute to the welfare of the home.

**Q** I don't recall reading a problem exactly like mine in any of your letters, yet I feel that it must be universal. Men today are afraid of marriage. Take my case: I have dated this boy for eight years. We started to go steady during our junior year in high school, and continued through my second year of college, then he went into service.

We agreed at that time that we would be "just friends," but he soon wrote to say that he missed me so much he wanted to have an understanding that I was his girl and that we would get married as soon as he was out of uniform.

He is now twenty-five and I am twenty-four. Both of us are launched on our life careers, but now he says he can't face the responsibility of marriage, he wants to go on as we did in high school.

I enjoyed your answer to a girl who said she was available. I realize that this boy knows I am "most available," and I realize that I represent no challenge. However, prospects of meeting men in my work are nil, and in general I question the wisdom of trying to "keep a man guessing," because you certainly can't do that once you are married—you really *have* to be "most available."

I have taken my beau to the homes of married friends; but he doesn't seem to see the contentment and apparent love in the home; he sees only the responsibility, the sick children and the TV payments.

I don't feel that I have done justice to this problem because eight years cannot be squeezed into a few lines, but can you think of any way in which all this time can be made to have real meaning to this man?

DRUCIE N.

**A** Your eloquent statement that "eight years cannot be squeezed into a few lines" touched my heart. How well I know that even a book might not do justice to your quandary, Miss N.

Well, then, let's say there is nothing we can do about those years. But isn't there quite a bit to be done from this day forward? First of all, why not acquire a fresh viewpoint? Why not study yourself as a person, a free and intelligent woman, who has not met the man she is to marry, but who wants to prepare for that man? Naturally, you will want to be as attractive, physically, as possible. Let an expert do something new and challenging about your hair. Invest in a dress or a suit in a color and a design which you haven't had in your wardrobe. Whatever you do, don't be guided by your idea of what appeals to the old love. Remember, you are preparing for a new experience, not an old one warmed over.

Take an interest in a new hobby. Go to night school, or spend your weekends in some fresh pursuit. Make yourself more interesting to yourself. Don't look specifically for romance; rather, see value in human relations in general so that you find ways of meeting men in their capacities as working individuals, and women, too.

Remember, too, that love can be a habit. But once you are married to your long-time sweetheart you might discover that the instant he stopped being a challenge to you, he became a bore. There is no law which says that just because you have been in love with a man for eight years, you must marry him. You don't owe him any-



Continued

thing, but you do owe yourself a sweet-heart who is man enough to want you.

**Q** I hope you will be able to help me. My situation is this: I am a divorcée with two small children, daughters aged four and six. The man in the case—there's always a man, isn't there?—was married to one of my very best friends. When I was married, this other couple used to make up a foursome with us, and when I was going through divorce (at my husband's request), they were wonderful to me.

About a year ago this couple separated. I heard the girl's side, and I heard the man's side, and I must say that my sympathies were with the man. Even though there was a baby on the way (which the wife did not want, as she told me candidly), they decided to divorce. I began to spend a great deal of time with the husband, and there came a time when we agreed that we must have been in love for a long, long time without realizing it fully.

When the baby was born it proved to be a handsome boy who is the image of his father. The parents reconciled and are now trying to work out their difficulties. The trouble is that the girl still regards me as one of her best friends and keeps in close touch. Every time there is trouble between them I hear her side of it, and then a few hours later I hear his side of it.

Between keeping up a home, working, being hopelessly in love with this man and trying to arbitrate his matrimonial disputes, I am almost beside myself. Can you see any way in which I can find some sort of peace of mind?

HARRIET G.

**A** Yours is a desperately serious problem, Mrs. G. I can't minimize it in any way. Certainly what happened was the fault of no one individual, but rather the result of tangled emotional needs.

It would be so easy to moralize in this case, to suggest that you refuse to see this man, even as your friend's husband, or that you take up your two small daughters and live elsewhere.

However, life is never so simple. Since you work, it is obvious that you have found both a job and a dependable person to care for your children during the day—a boon not to be found in every city.

To refuse to see the man might give your friendship a status that would cause all three adults even more pain than the present situation does. Finally, let's not overlook the fact that—no matter how difficult your situation—you have the daily thrill and excitement of being a heroine in a story such as one might witness on television. I think it might cause as much misery to give up your central position in this drama as to give up the man.

However, for your own ultimate peace of mind, it seems to me that you should relinquish your role in the play and take a front seat in the theatre where you can be a spectator. What you want is a companion beside you in the audience, a man of your own, whom you may never find unless you become the heroine of your own drama in place of serving as antagonist in the hectic marriage of two other people.

Do you have a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the advice of Spring Byington? If so, address your letters to her, Box 3095, Beverly Hills, California. If your problem is of general interest, Miss Byington will try to answer it in this column. All names will be held strictly confidential.

DEBORAH KERR co-starring in M-G-M's "TEA AND SYMPATHY" in CinemaScope and Metrocolor



the Deborah Kerr look! Yours with...

## Woodbury Dream Stuff

powder-and-foundation in compact form

Puff on this complete make-up in a split minute and get compliments all day. Woodbury Dream Stuff gives your complexion the radiance of living color . . . the smoothness of flawless skin like Deborah Kerr's! Flatters like a powder . . . clings because of its fabulous built-in foundation ingredient. And never, never dries skin. Five dreamy new shades that stay color-true. Neat, too — no loose powder to spill!



In enchanting blue-and-gold box, sweet for your dressing table, only 49c.

In elegant ivory-and-gold mirrored case—to take with you in your purse, \$1. (Prices plus tax)





**SHE:** Audrey Hepburn looks lovelier than ever, doesn't she?

**HE:** Yes, she does—and so do you!

**To him  
you're just as  
lovely  
as a movie star**

... he's *your* special audience ... he loves to look *at you*. That's a wonderful thought! And here's another one. Daily Lux care can do as much to keep *your* skin fresh and glowing, as it does for Audrey Hepburn. Like 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars, lovely Audrey always uses Lux.

**Cosmetic lather  
is the secret**

New Lux lather has a beneficial *cosmetic* action on skin. It actually helps maintain the proper moisture balance so essential to a radiant complexion.

**New Lux is sealed  
in Gold Foil**

... to protect its *cosmetic* lather, dazzling whiteness, wonderful fragrance. You don't have to be a movie star to have a movie star's complexion—that's the beauty of new Lux in Gold Foil!

**9 out of 10  
Hollywood Stars  
use —**



*Audrey Hepburn*

... dark hair, dark eyes, womanly grace and gamin charm ... all part of lovely Audrey's appeal. Then there's her complexion—fresh, glowing—and cared for with new Lux!





Now that Bing's Kathy has become a Catholic convert, friends expect wedding bells



Bob Hope cracked a new Kelly joke but Van Johnson never even cracked a smile

**Winning Number:** Now that Grace Kelly is officially a "lady in waiting," she can all go back to work. Her heir will leave Monaco from reverting to French possession, and the people are ecstatic. Give Bob Hope's crack: "It'll be the first time the stork dropped a bundle at Monte Carlo!"

**Al Bow:** Embarrassing moment for enthusiastic Van Johnson, who always drops his knees and salaams the "great" ones. In the great Shirley Booth's dressing room, following her performance in "The Desk Set," poor Van got a crick in his back and couldn't get up again. Incidentally, his role in "Slander" nets him three times what G-M shelled out when he was under contract to the studio! He's worth every hard-earned penny of it.

**He and Old Blues:** Soon after twenty-year-old Kathy Grant was converted to the fifty-two-year-old Bing Crosby's church, he walked into a Beverly Hills

jewelry store. Naturally, every columnist reported he had bought *the* ring. Bing did buy *a* ring—which was a birthday present for his mother. He'll undoubtedly become a bridegroom soon. He's mad about the girl and vice versa.

**That Certain Party:** Spencer Tracy, making "The Old Man and the Sea" in Cuba, was burnt to a crisp over those articles appearing in Cuban newspapers. Unlike the discreet American press, they weren't so subtle in referring to Spence's long-time friendship with Katharine Hepburn. Katie happened to be in Havana visiting friends, at the same time they were shooting the picture!

**We Wonder:** If Guy Madison will ever have anything more to say than "Hello!" . . . If Dorothy Malone has forgotten that an actress is expected to look like an actress, especially in front of the public. On the other hand, Debra Paget never forgets for a second and overdoes the bangles bit.

## AN OPEN LETTER TO OUR READERS—OUR ADVERTISERS

PHOTOPLAY magazine is proud to be a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations, which, this month, is celebrating its forty-second year of service to our readers and to our advertisers. The Audit Bureau of Circulations, better known as the ABC, contributes to your enjoyment of PHOTOPLAY. By studying ABC figures, we have a guide for the type of material you prefer—thus can bring you what you want to read, when you want to read it. Too, the Audit Bureau of Circulations makes it possi-

ble for us to measure our circulation growth, bringing a sound picture to our advertisers of PHOTOPLAY's tremendous audience. By studying our circulation figures, the advertiser can know that he is delivering a message to you through PHOTOPLAY's pages—a message which, in turn, will have been profitable for him to tell. PHOTOPLAY joins with the other 3700 Audit Bureau of Circulations members in saluting the forty-two years of self-regulation of our publishing industry.

THE EDITORS

# Baths won't do it!



## but regular douching will!

Never risk embarrassing odor! The sure, feminine way to stay certain of your charms is to douche regularly with new, mild formula "Lysol" brand disinfectant. Then you're really internally fresh and clean! "Lysol" kills on contact the very cause of odor—bacteria. "Lysol" gets into folds and crevices . . . assuring you of complete, thorough internal cleanliness. And you stay dainty and nice—because the "Lysol" action lasts!

### FABULOUS OFFER!

Feminine Hygiene "Tinykit," only 50¢ with front panel of "Lysol" carton. Kit includes latex douche bag; scientifically designed, doctor-approved nozzle; waterproof case. Dainty, discreet, compact. It's no bigger than your hand! Excellent for home or travel. Use coupon below.

**Lysol**  
BRAND DISINFECTANT



"Lysol", P.O. Box 57-C, Mount Vernon, N. Y. Please send me "Tinykit" in plain wrapper; enclosed is 50¢ and front panel of "Lysol" carton.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ Zone: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_



✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

✓✓ GOOD

✓ FAIR

# LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES



BEST ACTING: JOHN KERR

Older than John, Deborah brings to this tender moment the wisdom, warmth and womanly compassion he so desperately needs.

## *Tea and Sympathy*

M-G-M;  
CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Fine acting and subtle presentation distinguish this study of the generally interesting subject of sex. As a sensitive college student who's accused of being a sissy—just because he's different from his fellows—John Kerr does a triumphant job, making it clear that this boy is in truth strongly, humorously and sweetly normal. Deborah Kerr matches him as his one reliable ally, a mature and lovely woman who is troubled about her marriage. She's the wife of instructor Leif Erickson, a hearty, bone-headed type who slights her to spend time with his young male charges. Edward Andrews makes the role of John's father pathetically convincing. Darryl Hickman's likable as John's roommate, and Norma Crane's the blowzy girl with whom John tries to prove his manhood. ADULT

## *War and Peace*

PARAMOUNT;  
VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Tolstoy's novel centers on Russian aristocrats' reactions to Napoleon's invasion. But Audrey Hepburn and Henry Fonda, leading a splendid cast, show that war has the same impact on people anywhere, any time. Beginning as a care-free teenager, Audrey falls in love with chilly nobleman Mel Ferrer and is swayed by the woman-chaser, Vittorio Gassman. Fonda's a dreamy intellectual who drifts into a loveless marriage with voluptuous Anita Ekberg. But both he and Audrey grow up under the ravages of war. The vast battle scenes, with Herbert Lom's Napoleon and Oscar Homolka's stubborn old Russian general opposing each other, create some of the most impressive and beautiful pictures ever seen on the screen. It's a rich filmgoing treat. FAMILY



BEST ACTING: AUDREY HEPBURN

Sunny days draw to a close for Henry and Audrey, as war shadows loom ahead.

Continued



600 CHANCES TO WIN  
**\$55,000.00**

**\$18,000.00 GRAND AWARD**

**SEND \$2 DONATION**

WITH PUZZLE ANSWER AND QUALIFY TO WIN

**\$3,500.00**

LETTER VALUES

A-5  
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C-6  
D-7  
E-5  
F-8  
G-5  
H-9  
I-5  
J-8  
K-6  
L-9  
M-6  
N-6  
O-6  
P-7  
Q-8  
R-4  
S-6  
T-8  
U-4  
V-9  
W-4  
X-9  
Y-9  
Z-9

## IN THIS NEWEST GEMEROY-MANAGED PUZZLE CONTEST

re's tops in entertainment... as well as a chance to win up to \$18,000.00! 600 fabulous prizes in all! the best part is that everything you need to work this exciting puzzle is right before you! You don't d a dictionary or reference books. The words to use and how to spell them are right on this page! u don't depend on the whim of judges; you don't identify weird pictures; you don't write any jingles essays. Skill and skill alone will determine the winners. All cash awards are paid promptly and in full 95,000 in cash awards have been given by G. F. Gemeroy within the past 10 years! So, if you've been rning to increase your earning power, here is your big chance! Enter novel and exciting NEW puzzle contest right now. Remember, 600 cash rds in all. The first prize will not be less than \$3,500.00... and this can be increased to \$18,000.00 at the grand prize winner's option!

### WHY THIS AMAZING OFFER?

s important campaign is sponsored by the Greek Community of Seattle, for the purpose of enlisting your financial support for its newly anced Building Program. Organized in 1921 by Greek-American Veterans n their return home after serving in the Armed Forces of their adopted ntry, a Community Center was established in Seattle to serve social and ral needs. Since that time, the younger element of the Seattle Greek munity has increased 400-fold! The trustees of this Community Center, rprising the most widely known Greek-American citizens of Seattle, find mpossible to maintain progress with the outdated facilities of 35 years A new Community Center to meet the demands of the younger genera- is an urgent necessity.

G. F. Gemeroy, America's foremost Contest man, has been appointed by Committee as director of this Fund-Raising Campaign. The Greek Com- munity of Seattle, Inc., invites your support for this ambitious project h has for its fundamental purpose the making of American Greeks of y into better citizens of tomorrow.

### HERE'S HOW TO WORK THE PUZZLE

e letters to spell suitable words in each name section in such a manner obtain the highest possible Grand Total. All blank squares must be with letters to spell interlocking words which must be selected from Master List of 30 words. No word may be used twice, and only one to each square. All words must interlock one with another. Spell cal (upright) words from top to bottom, and horizontal words from left ight. The "key" word SOCRATES and the 8 "key" letters "spotted" ne chart, must remain in the positions shown. To begin, select a 7-letter al word that will interlock with the "O" in SOCRATES in which the etter will be "A." Look over the Master List and you will discover ESTONIA must be the word. Your next step is to choose a 5-letter ontal word in which the 3rd letter will be "A" to interlock with the in ESTONIA. Likewise, in this same manner, select a vertical 6-letter whose second letter will interlock with the "E" in SOCRATES. nue this easy procedure to find the remaining 17 interlocking words to l blank squares in the puzzle chart.

### W TO ADD UP YOUR GRAND TOTAL SCORE

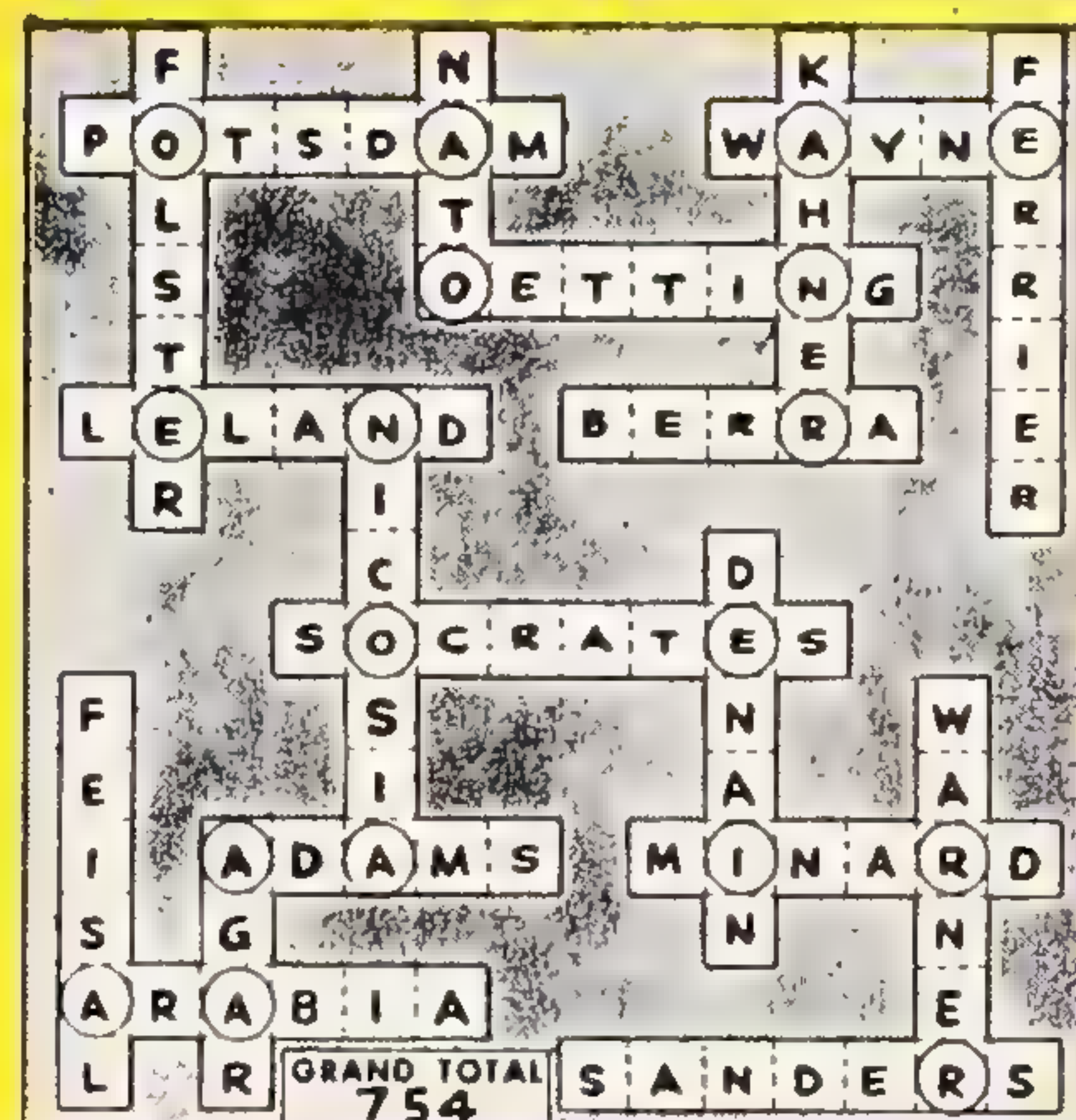
letter used in the puzzle has a point value (see letter value chart puzzle). The 18 interlocking circled letters are given triple (3 times) After using suitable connecting words to fill all the squares, add up and Total value of all the letters used in your entire puzzle solution, ling the key word "SOCRATES" and the 8 key letters spotted on the Show this Grand Total in the space provided at the bottom of the e. The object is to use words, the total value of whose letters will ce the highest possible grand total when all are added together as h they were in one long single column. Observe specimen chart above ficial Puzzle. Different words are used to illustrate the method to . When puzzle is finished, fill in your name and address neatly in the n, and mail it with a \$2 donation to G. F. GEMEROY, Contest or, Mutual Life Bldg., Seattle, Wash. Residents of United States, la, Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico are eligible to enter this contest east 17 years old.

### TIEBREAKERS MAILED IMMEDIATELY

contestant who submits a Grand Total to this puzzle within 25 points highest score is eligible to "move along" to the Semi-Final Tie- er. The day we receive your solution (if qualified under the 25-point your Tiebreaker with rules and Master Word List will be sent you. Tiebreaker will be similar to the initial puzzle, but will require more sections and a larger Word List. With this Tiebreaker, you receive a Optional Offer whereby you may increase your \$2 donation, and up" your First Prize from \$3,500.00 to as much as \$18,000.00! All ants who achieve Qualifying Scores in the initial and Semi-Final aker Puzzles are eligible to the "Run-off" finals. Such ants will not be required to send any added donation unless they o do so. It is possible to win a First Prize of \$3,500.00 without add- penny to your original \$2 donation. The popular "Qualifying Score (a feature of Gemeroy-supervised contests) will continue in the Semi-Tiebreaker. By this plan, if you achieve a score within 60 points of aximum High for the Semi-Final Tiebreaker, you are eligible to ve to the "Run-off" Tiebreaker. In the event of ties, consecutive off's" (not to exceed 2 more) will be used to determine the 600 Prize rs. Please mail all letters and donations to G. F. GEMEROY, Contest , Mutual Life Bldg., Seattle 4, Washington.

**\$18,000.00 GIVEN TO PUZZLE HOBBYISTS  
 G. F. GEMEROY IN PAST 10 YEARS!**

### EXAMPLE SOLUTION



### MASTER WORD LIST

|         |         |         |
|---------|---------|---------|
| Berlin  | Jakarta | Pineau  |
| Clark   | Jenner  | Saar    |
| Clay    | Johnson | Salk    |
| Donovan | Kimbro  | Skagit  |
| Estonia | Lausche | Slavsky |
| Gandhi  | Lhasa   | Sukarno |
| Graham  | Mollet  | Vienna  |
| Hays    | Naples  | Wagner  |
| Hearst  | Nehru   | Yamul   |
| Italy   | Paris   | Zurich  |

(Extra puzzle charts sent free on request)

### NAMES-IN-THE-NEWS CROSSWORD PUZZLE

SEND \$2 DONATION TODAY

GRAND TOTAL

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY OR P.O..... STATE OR PROV.....

Send cash, M.O. or personal check to  
**G. F. GEMEROY**  
 MUTUAL LIFE BLDG., SEATTLE, WASH.

DEADLINE for entries is Jan. 31, 1957. We reserve the option of extending this deadline by not more than 90 days.

Above is my score for this Crossword Puzzle, and enclosed is my \$2 donation for the Greek Community Building Fund. I understand that my Semi-Final Tiebreaker is to be mailed to me at once provided my answer is within 25 points of the correct total.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY OR P.O..... STATE OR PROV.....

Send cash, M.O. or personal check to  
**G. F. GEMEROY**  
 MUTUAL LIFE BLDG., SEATTLE, WASH.

DEADLINE for entries is Jan. 31, 1957. We reserve the option of extending this deadline by not more than 90 days.



# New sunshine yellow shampoo puts sunny sparkle in hair!



silkier...softer...easier to manage

**Brunette? Blonde? Redhead?**  
You'll thrill when you see how your hair responds to the conditioning benefits of new SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! It's just what *your* hair needs—for new life and luster, for rich silky softness. You'll love the "feel" of your hair—the way it manages.

That's the magic *conditioning* touch of SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! This new kind of shampoo cleans cleaner, rinses super fast. It's the one really *different* shampoo . . . from its sunshine yellow color to the lilting sunny sparkle it puts in your hair! Try it once, you'll use it always.

Economical 29c, 59c, \$1.

*Helene Curtis*  
**shampoo  
plus egg**<sup>2%</sup>

**SUPER FAST RINSING!**

## MOVIES *Continued*

### *The Mountain*

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

Startling in its impact, this splendidly forthright story pits Spencer Tracy against Robert Wagner in a duel of character. Spencer is an unsophisticated mountaineer of the French Alps. He has raised kid brother Bob with too much devotion, so that the boy is spoiled and greedy. After others have tried vainly to reach the wreckage of a transport plane high on a forbidding peak, Bob insists that the two of them must make the climb in secret. He is intent on stealing valuables aboard the plane, but his scheme strikes an obstacle when a survivor is found. Over Bob's objections, Spencer is determined to save the seriously injured Indian woman (Anna Kashfi), though she will be living evidence that the two reached the wreck. With Spencer setting a rugged pace, Bob also turns in an admirable performance. Claire Trevor lends support as an amiable widow.

FAMILY

### *The Best Things in Life Are Free*

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

A big, rambling, likable musical teams four appealing stars in a successful saga of the 1920's. It's based on the association of the composing trio De Sylva, Brown and Henderson. Gordon MacRae is De Sylva, the ambitious go-getter whose drive occasionally leads him to neglect his partners and loyal girl friend Sheree North. Ernest Borgnine is the hotheaded goodhearted Brown. Dan Dailey is the easygoing Henderson, domestically content with wife Phyllis Avery and their children. Lively with all the excitement of the flapper era, the plot also brings in a gangster angle, as big shot Murvyn Vye tries to move in on the composers' earnings. The score's full of pop classics such as "Birth of the Blues," danced in sexy style by Sheree and Jacques d'Arboise.

FAMILY

### *Bus Stop*

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

Marilyn Monroe drops most of her familiar mannerisms to create a real and endearing character in this touching comedy of love. Don Murray, a welcome new face, also scores as a husky young rancher who comes to town to compete in a rodeo and to look for his dream girl. Knowing nothing about women, he decides that Marilyn, a honky-tonk "entertainer," is an angel. And he sets about courting her with all the subtlety of cowhand roping a calf. Though her way of life has been pretty disreputable, she has retained an innocent heart and hopeful spirit, and she resents Don's aggressive approach. Arthur O'Connell is sympathetic as the boy's long-time friend and fatherly adviser. So is Betty Field as owner of a roadside restaurant where the principals are stranded by a snow storm.

ADULT

*Continue*





# DISCOVERED

a new, down-deep-in-the-skin clean feeling

**This is a new,** never-before kind of feeling. It could come only from a new, never-before kind of cleanser. Not from any soap . . . too drying. Not from any cream . . . too thick and slow and greasy. Not likely even from other *liquid* cleansers.

**Proof?** New Jergens Deep Cleanser was preferred 2 to 1 in a recent hidden-name test among hundreds of women.

**The fact is** that this new Deep Cleanser, by the makers of Jergens Lotion, has up to 4 times as many cleansing ingredients as traditional cleansing creams . . . to help it search *deeper* for clogging dirt and make-up . . . to help you tissue them away more quickly, more gently, more thoroughly.

**And because** every single cleansing ingredient in Jergens Deep Cleanser is also a recognized skin softener, it leaves your face softer, smoother, clearer. Agree . . . or *double your money back*. Just **39c** and **69c** plus tax.







1. How much protection can you expect of a deodorant ?



2. Do you know how to "keep cool" in a crisis ?



3. Can perspiration stains be removed from clothes ?



4. When is one bath a day more effective than two ?

## Girls: When in doubt use Arrid—to be sure!

You're a smart young miss if you know all the answers. Even smarter if you realize that they add up to the daily use of Arrid—the most effective deodorant you can buy!

Arrid now is fortified with the magic new ingredient, Perstop.\* That's why Arrid is 1½ times as effective as all leading deodorants tested, and the most popular deodorant, too!

**1. Be sweet and approachable** any hour, day or night. Just rub Arrid in—you rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes, you're safe.

**2. It's never too hot for comfort** with Arrid. It protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. Keeps you dry and comfortable even in

a crisis when your glands tend to gush perspiration.

**3. Protect your clothes with Arrid.** Perspiration *rots* fabric, *bleaches* color out. Even expert dry-cleaners can't remove these stains. Arrid controls moisture so effectively that your dresses stay sweet as new.

**4. A second bath isn't necessary** with Arrid. One a day will do. Just towel yourself dry, rub in Arrid, and you'll stay soap-and-water fragrant up to 24 hours. You can count on it!



Don't be half safe.  
Be completely safe.  
Use Arrid . . .  
to be sure.

43¢ plus tax.

\* Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

## LET'S GO TO THE

### Attack!

U.A.

✓✓✓ In a slashing, sometimes horrifying drama of World War II, Jack Palance and Eddie Albert dominate a strong all-male cast. Palance is a fighting man who quickly recognizes the yellow streak beneath the braggart manner of his commanding officer. Obviously incompetent, Albert is protected by his superior, Lee Marvin, who hopes to profit by Albert's influence back in their home town. A situation similar to "The Caine Mutiny" arises when the officer's mental breakdown puts all his men in danger, and a young lieutenant (William Smithers, an able newcomer) must take action. The film's acting power is further built up by Robert Strauss, the perennial GI, and Buddy Ebsen, a reliable noncom. ADULT

### Teenage Rebel

20TH, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓ Here's a fresh and heart-catching treatment of a parent-teenager relationship, with Ginger Rogers and Betty Lou Keim as long-estranged mother and daughter. Now happily married to Michael Rennie, Ginger is anxious to revive affection during a visit from Betty Lou, child of her first marriage. The young girl puts on worldly airs, and the teenagers next door (Warren Berlinger and Diane Jergens, also new and promising) assume at first that she's just snooty. Actually, she is a searching, unhappy person, neglected by her adored father, who now wants to unload her. The problem is worked out in heartening, if rather talky fashion. FAMILY

### Back from Eternity

RKO

✓✓✓ A personable cast livens the standard situation of a motley group isolated in dangerous circumstances. When a plane is forced down in the South American jungle, the heat's on for passengers and crew, including: Bob Ryan, disillusioned pilot; Keith Andes, inexperienced co-pilot; shady lady Anita Ekberg; egotist Gene Barry and his doubting fiancée, Phyllis Kirk; political assassin Rod Steiger and his captor, Fred Clark; gunman Jesse White and his gangster boss's little son, Jon Provost; professor Cameron Prud'homme and his wife, Beulah Bondi. Headhunters' threats add to the suspense. FAMILY

### Between Heaven and Hell

20TH: CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ Bob Wagner draws a second juicy assignment as an Army misfit in the Pacific war. In a brief flashback, with Terry Moore as his wife, the reason for his trouble is shown: His sheltered life as a plantation owner made him arrogant and careless of others' interests. But Bob is forced to grow up when, for disciplinary reasons, he's sent to a remote, Jap-ravaged outpost run by eccentric Broderick Crawford. Friendship and understanding are given to him by Buddy Ebsen. FAMILY



**Port Afrique**

COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ The vivid locales of French Morocco add color to a picturesque whodunit co-starring Pier Angeli and Phil Carey. As a world-weary war vet, Phil returns to Port Afrique just before his wife is murdered. He finds, too, that his partner (Dennis Price) has let their importing business fall apart. As a refugee singing in a night club run by black-marketeer James Hayter, Pier is involved in the mystery—and, eventually, in Phil's affections. Usually ethereal, she's enticing in song numbers.

ADULT

**Johnny Concho**

U.A.

✓✓✓ For his Western debut, Frank Sinatra has chosen an unusual story, with a "hero" of unexpected complexity. In the title role, Frank's a no-good type who uses the awesome reputation of his gun-fighter brother to bully the people of a prairie town, where he lives lazily and well on credit. He's despised by one and all, except Phyllis Kirk, who loves him and keeps urging him to play the man. Frank's reign ends when his brother is killed and outlaw William Conrad arrives to take over the town. Tension mounts from that point on, with preacher Keenan Wynn, an ex-gunslinger, taking a hand in Frank's fate. The movie's generally well done, though extra-fancy talk at times slows the pace.

FAMILY

**Pillars of the Sky**

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Often seen as a movie Indian, Jeff Chandler's a paleface cavalryman in an outdoor action tale of the old Northwest. He believes in conciliating the local tribes, but his superiors order more aggressive measures, which put the Indians back on the warpath. Romantically, Jeff also has a problem: He's in love with Dorothy Malone, wife of one of his officers, Keith Andes. The story rises to a climax as the troopers and some civilians are surrounded, under siege. Ward Bond plays a missionary, a courageous man of peace; Sydney Chaplin's an Indian.

FAMILY

**Beyond a Reasonable Doubt**

RKO

✓✓ Trying hard for a new plot twist, this thriller puts its writer hero, Dana Andrews, on a terrible spot. Publisher Sidney Blackmer, father of Dana's fiancée (Joan Fontaine), is opposed to capital punishment and suggests a daring scheme to dramatize his conviction. To prove that an innocent man *can* be convicted of murder, Sidney and Dana plant clues that lead to Dana's arrest for the mystery slaying of a burlesque queen. Though the publisher keeps careful records of the frame-up, to be revealed at the strategic moment, a tragedy disrupts the plan and leaves Dana stranded in the death house. It's an ingenious idea, but as the plot clicks along its mechanical course, all semblance of reality is crushed out of the story's people.

FAMILY

**HOLLYWOOD DISCOVERY!**

**A non-drying spray-set with**

*no Lacquer at all!*

*Sets hair to stay  
—the softest way!*



**"Lustre-Net always keeps  
my hair in place!"**

says **JANE POWELL,**

starring in

**"THE GIRL  
MOST LIKELY"**

An RKO-Radio Picture.  
Print by Technicolor.

**New SUPER-SOFT**

*Lustre-Net*

**the spray-set with lanolin esters!**

Keeps hair in place the Hollywood way—without stiffness or stickiness, contains no lacquer. Leaves hair soft, shining! Actually helps prevent dryness—helps preserve softness with lanolin esters! Quick-sets pin-curls in damp or dry hair . . . ends sleeping on pins!

Any pin-curl style  
sets faster, manages  
easier, lasts longer!



*get new Lustre-Net*

**recommended by Top Hollywood Movie Stars**

**THERE ARE  
2  
LUSTRE-NETS**



**SUPER-SOFT**—gentle control for loose, casual hair-do's. Spray on after combing.

**REGULAR**—extra control for hard-to-manage hair, or curly hair-do's.

5½ oz.—a full ounce more . . . Only \$1.25 plus tax. By the makers of Lustre-Creme Shampoo



# She was fashionable and absolutely natural

THIS BEAUTY posed for the great Botticelli who painted her as Venus for all the centuries to envy. She was a lady of the Renaissance who wore her hair flowing naturally because **that** was fashion. And Botticelli put her on canvas just that way because he knew that a beautiful woman is **always** more beautiful in fashion than out of it.

TODAY'S BEAUTY is no beauty if she ignores the fashion for bright hair because the woman who lives fully in the present knows that drab hair is dated. So Noreen makes you the colors that gently catch and hold the light, that gleam without glare, are utterly convincing.

With no trouble at all you can put Noreen on in just three minutes and, if you care to, wash it off in the same time. Only Noreen has the



basic quality of naturalness that has **always** charmed and the brightness that is so excitingly **now**. You should try it now.

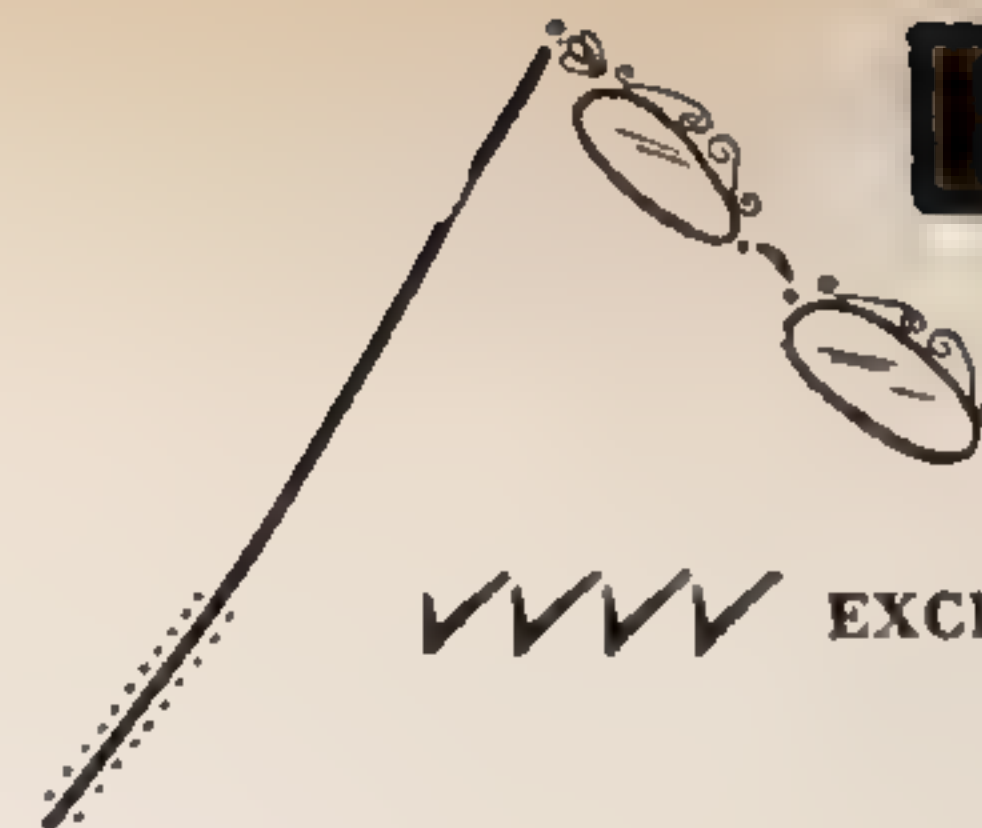
Send for free literature "What Noreen can do for me." Address postcard to Noreen, 450 Lincoln Street, Denver 3, Colorado. Dept T-2



## COLOR HAIR RINSE

at cosmetic counters every where, also professionally applied in Beauty Salons.

## BRIEF



✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for the months indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 34.

✓✓✓✓ **AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER, THE—**U.A.; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Delicious romantic comedy, shot in Paris. GI John Forsythe falls in love with Olivia de Havilland. She's daughter of the U. S. ambassador; he thinks she's a French model. (F) October

✓✓ **AUTUMN LEAVES—**Columbia: Psychiatric drama with some punch. Spinster Joan Crawford marries young Cliff Robertson, only to find he's on the verge of mental breakdown. (A) September

✓✓✓✓ **AWAY ALL BOATS—**U-I; VistaVision, Technicolor: Imposing action movie of World War II. Jeff Chandler's the lonely skipper of a Pacific attack transport, with George Nader and Keith Andes as officers. (F) September

✓✓✓ **BANDIDO—**U.A.; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Vigorous adventure yarn about Mexico's 1916 revolution. Soldier of fortune Bob Mitchum sides with rebel leader Gilbert Roland; so does Ursula Thiess. (F) October

✓✓✓ **BURNING HILLS, THE—**Warners, Warnercolor: Tab Hunter and Natalie Wood team appealingly in a suspenseful Western, as victims of a land-hungry cattle baron. (F) October

✓✓✓ **CONFIDENTIAL REPORT—**T & V: Wildly mixed-up but delightfully grotesque melodrama, filmed by Orson Welles in Europe. Adventurer Robert Arden and girlfriend Pat Medina learn of tycoon Welles' mysterious past. (A) September

✓✓✓✓ **EDDY DUCHIN STORY, THE—**Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Affecting and graceful musical biography casts Ty Power as the pianist and bandleader; Kim Novak, his first wife; Victoria Shaw, his second. (F) August

✓✓✓ **FIRST TRAVELING SALESLADY, THE—**RKO, Technicolor: Featherweight farce, set at the turn of the century. With Carol Channing, Ginger Rogers tries to sell barbed wire in Texas. Ginger's courted by auto pioneer Barry Nelson and rancher James Arness. (F) October

✓✓ **FRANCIS IN THE HAUNTED HOUSE—**U-I: Taking over as the talking mule's dopey pal, Mickey Rooney gets into a murder mystery and winningly old-style slapstick. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ **HIGH SOCIETY—**M-G-M; VistaVision, Technicolor: Sparkling musical remake of "The Philadelphia Story," with Grace Kelly as the perfection-demanding society babe, Bing Crosby as her ex, Frank Sinatra as a reporter. (F) September

✓✓✓ **HUK!—**U.A., Eastman Color: Real Philippine backgrounds add interest to the excitement of the fight against guerrillas. George Montgomery's persuaded to join former sweetheart Mona Freeman in the battle. (F) September

✓✓✓ **INVITATION TO THE DANCE—**M-G-M, Technicolor: Wordless, charming, all-dance film. Gene Kelly leads a gifted troupe in three tales—wistful, comic, and whimsical. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ **KING AND I, THE—**20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Solid story, exquisite music, splendid acting by Yul Brynner as the Siamese king and Deborah Kerr as the English instructress to his kids and wives. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ **LAST WAGON, THE—**20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: In a cracking good frontier



# REVIEWS

✓✓ GOOD    ✓ FAIR    A—ADULTS    F—FAMILY

drama, killer Richard Widmark shepherds a group of orphaned teenagers (including Felicia Farr, Nick Adams, Stephanie Griffin) through an Apache-haunted wilderness. (F)    October

✓✓✓ LISBON—Republic; Naturama, Tru-Color: Gay tongue-in-cheek melodrama, with picturesque Portuguese backgrounds. Ray Milland's hired by mystery man Claude Rains to rescue Maureen O'Hara's rich husband. (A)    October

✓✓✓✓ LUST FOR LIFE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Beautiful film about the painter Van Gogh's turbulent life. Kirk Douglas gives an impassioned performance in the lead; Tony Quinn's excellent as Gauguin. (A)    October

✓✓✓✓ MOBY DICK—Warners, Technicolor: Impressive version of Melville's classic. Gregory Peck is the whaling-ship captain on a crazy search for the whale that crippled him. Richard Basehart, Leo Genn are also fine. (F)    August

✓✓✓ PARDNERS—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Martin and Lewis give horse operas a ribbing as they battle outlaws together. Dean is a cowboy; Jerry, a rich boy; Lori Nelson and Jackie Loughery are their gals. (F)    September

✓✓✓ PRIVATE'S PROGRESS—DCA: The British poke hilarious fun at their own wartime Army, with Ian Carmichael as a gentle, bumbling soldier trapped in a wacky plot. (F)    October

✓✓✓✓ SECRETS OF THE REEF—Marine, Tri-Art Color: Poetic, exciting close-up of undersea creatures' actual lives. (F)    October

✓✓✓ SEVEN MEN FROM NOW—Warners, Warnercolor: Crisp Randolph Scott Western. Trailing outlaws who killed his wife, he meets tough Lee Marvin, pioneer Gail Russell. (F)    September

✓✓✓✓ SOLID GOLD CADILLAC, THE—Columbia: Laugh-loaded spoof of big business. Small stockholder Judy Holliday snoops into the directors' dealings (they're crooked); pursues Paul Douglas, the firm's ex-boss. (F)    October

✓✓✓✓ SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME—M-G-M: In a rowdy, sympathetic, humorous movie biography, Paul Newman's first-rate as scapegrace fighter Rocky Graziano, helped to reform by Pier Angeli. Sal Mineo's a slum pal. (F)    August

✓✓✓ STORM CENTER—Columbia: Well-acted but too obviously rigged topical drama. Librarian Bette Davis upsets her town by refusing to throw out a pro-Red book. (F)    October

✓✓✓✓ STRADA, LA ("The Road")—Trans-Lux: Beautiful Italian film (titles in English), with Anthony Quinn as a traveling strong man; Giulietta Masina, his gentle partner; Richard Basehart, a wise clown. (A)    September

✓✓✓ THESE WILDER YEARS—M-G-M: An emotional film casts James Cagney as a tycoon seeking the illegitimate son he once disowned. Barbara Stanwyck runs a home where teenager Betty Lou Keim awaits a child. (A)    October

✓✓✓✓ TRAPEZE—U.A.; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Brilliant, absorbing circus drama. As a has-been "flyer," Burt Lancaster returns to be Tony Curtis' catcher. Gina Lollobrigida uses her wiles to get into their act. (F)    August

✓✓✓ WALK THE PROUD LAND—U-I; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Pleasant, fact-based Western. Indian agent Audie Murphy tries to treat Apaches fairly. Pat Crowley's his Eastern bride; Anne Bancroft, an Apache. (F)    October



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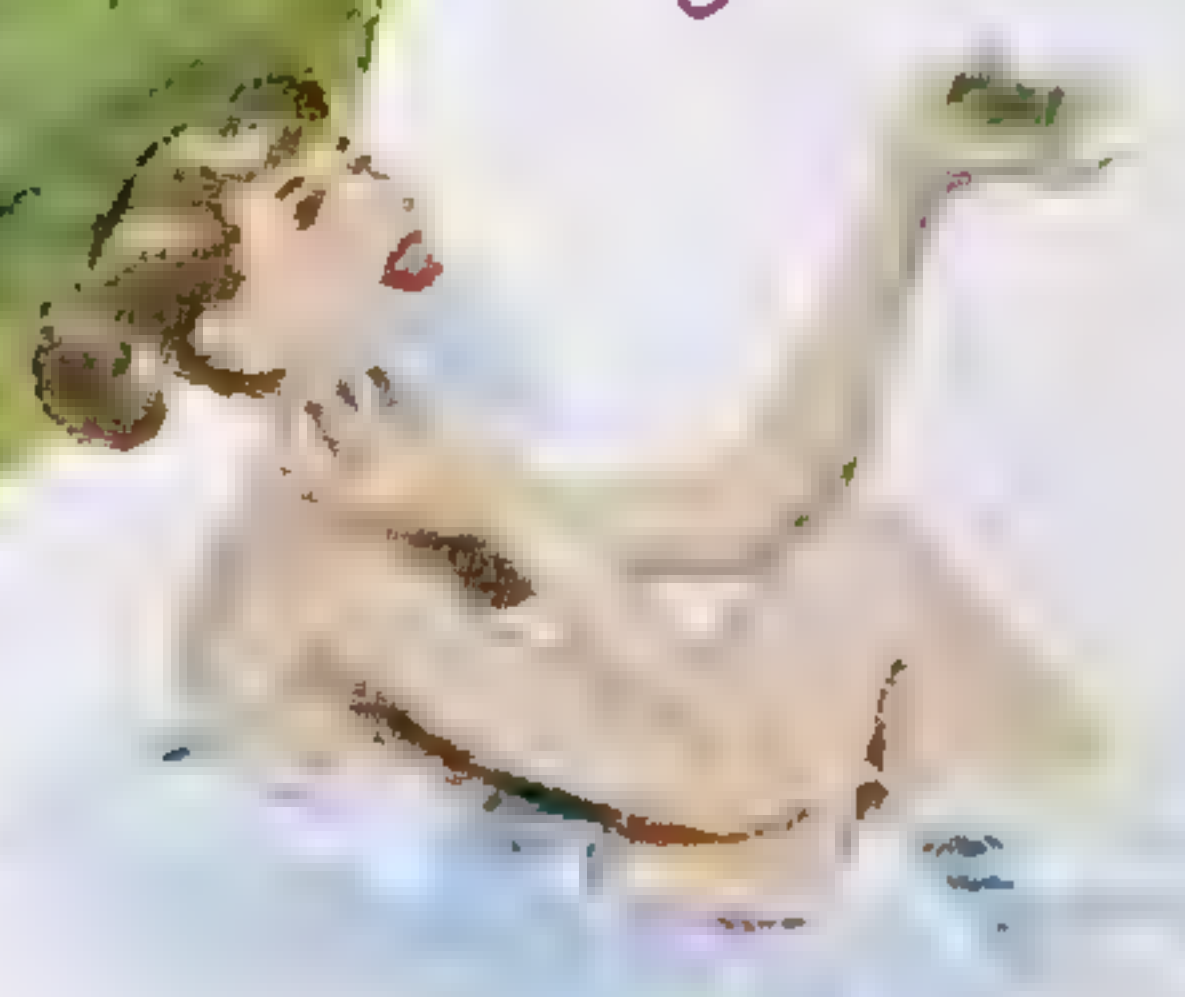
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# The Girl with the Lavender Life



*Lavender, love and  
black lace—the Kim  
Novak story, as  
unbelievable as fiction*

BY GEORGE SCULLIN

● The girl between the lavender sheets with her ash-blond head on a lavender pillow was not sleeping as well as she had been led to expect. There were noises. She sat up in bed, trying to draw what comfort she could from familiar lavender objects in unfamiliar surroundings, but in the darkness all lavender looked gray. There came a startling rustle from the dry palm fronds outside her window. "Man," she exclaimed, clutching a sheet to her chin,

*Continued*



## Wealth, fame, love, all came easily. Maybe too easily

"if this is fame and its so-called rewards, get me out of here."

It was Kim Novak's first night in her new apartment; her first night completely alone in her life.

The next morning the sun came through lavender curtains to glint on lavender walls, and all was right with the world. And the more Miss Novak thought about it, the more spectacularly right it was. This was her day, this morning of July 26th (automatically she noted that 26 was a double 13) and it marked an auspicious turning-point in her life. It was the day in which the girl who had become a movie star in spite of herself was to become a motion picture actress because of herself. There was a difference, and if to others it would not be strikingly noticeable, to Miss Novak it was enormous.

"I felt free, and I felt relaxed," she recalls. "Why, I even felt grown-up, and about time, too. I'd say. I was twenty-three—there's that number three again—I'd had a wonderful vacation in Europe, and now I was back in Hollywood in my own apartment. I don't know how to describe it, but I wasn't confused any more. I knew now that I wanted to be an actress."

That Miss Novak should thus belatedly recognize her destiny was not so much a matter of indecisiveness on her part as it was an indication of the speed in which she had rocketed to the top. Not even Hollywood, grown accustomed to strange things, had ever seen anything like it. Contrary to all the rules of success as she or anyone else knew them, she had started at the top and gone up from there. Starring in six big pictures in two years, she had become a reigning Hollywood queen, an internationally famed beauty and the darling of the Cannes Film Festival

while still thinking of herself as a misplaced fashion model.

Now she was the girl with the lavender life. Ahead of her were three more big pictures in sight, starting with the one in which she would play the role of Jeanne Eagels, the famed Broadway star of "Rain." Around her were all her lavender possessions, some of which she could display for the first time. Even if the nights were lonesome and filled with strange noises, there was still one nice thing about having her own apartment. At least she had room to spread out.

In Miss Novak's life lavender has become an all-important morale-builder, lavender being her word to describe rather inclusively all shades ranging from rich purple to pale lilac. For the most part, her small objects like vases, Italian glassware, ashtrays, candlesticks, and even the candles are a deep purple, as richly hued as Malaga wine. The larger objects like curtains, sheets, table cloths, napkins, slip covers, porcelain fixtures and the walls themselves are of lighter hues, the somberness of the blue in purple yielding to the cheerful uplift of lilac and pink tones.

The same applies to her personal attire. Deep purple for her costume jewelry, of which she uses very little, often doing without even earrings. A purple sweater and gloves, a lighter purple scarf, and possibly a pale lavender parasol. On formal occasions, when she might sheath her regal figure in severe black, she will still give her spirits an added fillip by tinting her blond tresses with lavender or by sprinkling her hair with a few grains of crushed purple rhinestones.

Just when and how Miss Novak first discovered her pronounced preference for purple she does not know, (Continued on page 99)

From Fred MacMurray's blond "Pushover", Kim became Guy Madison's girl in "Five Against the House", then complicated Jack Lemmon's life in "Phffft"

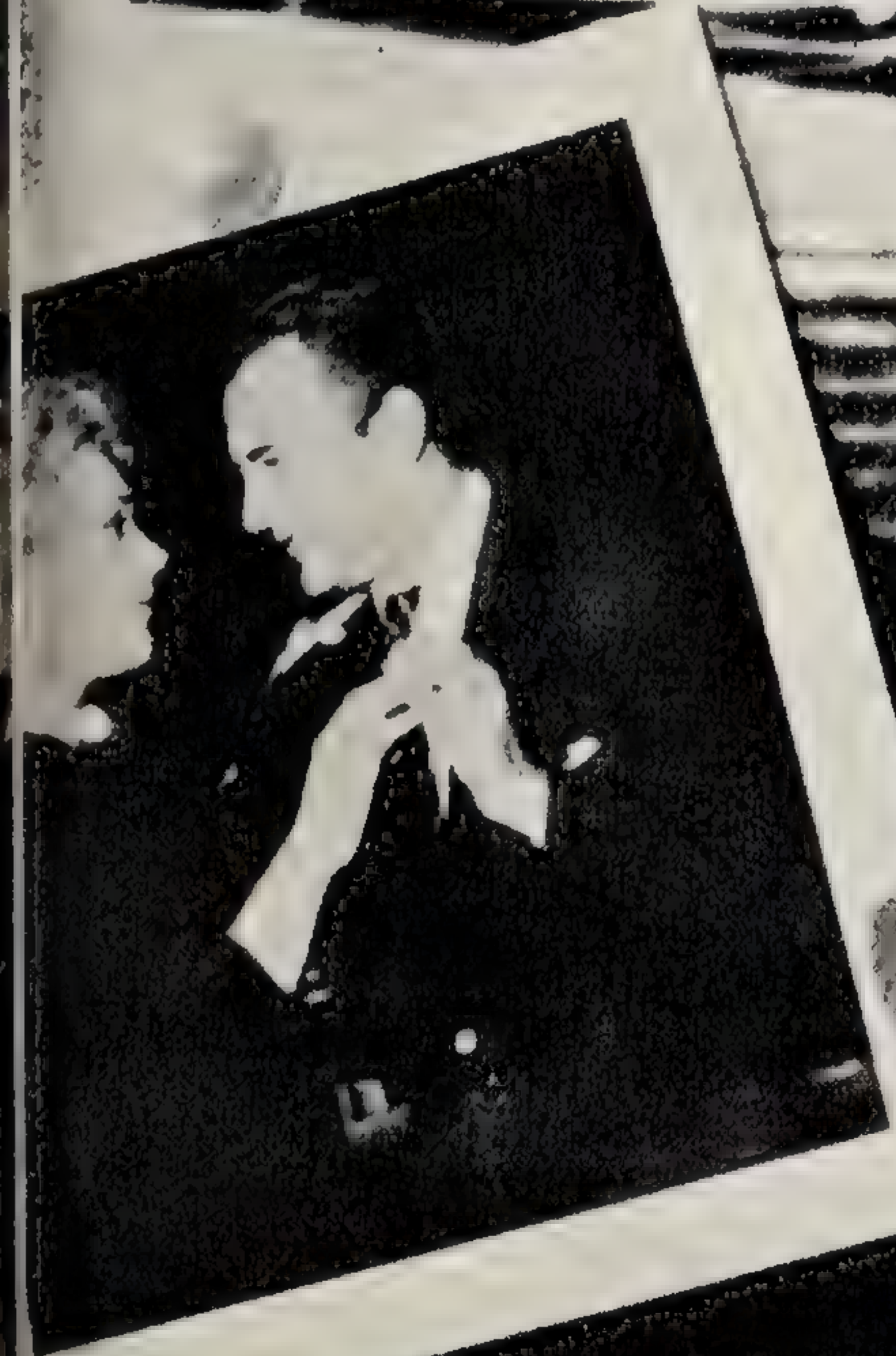


Then (left to right) she yearned with Bill Holden in "Picnic", soared with Ty Power in "Eddy Duchin Story", ached with Sinatra in "Man with Golden Arm"





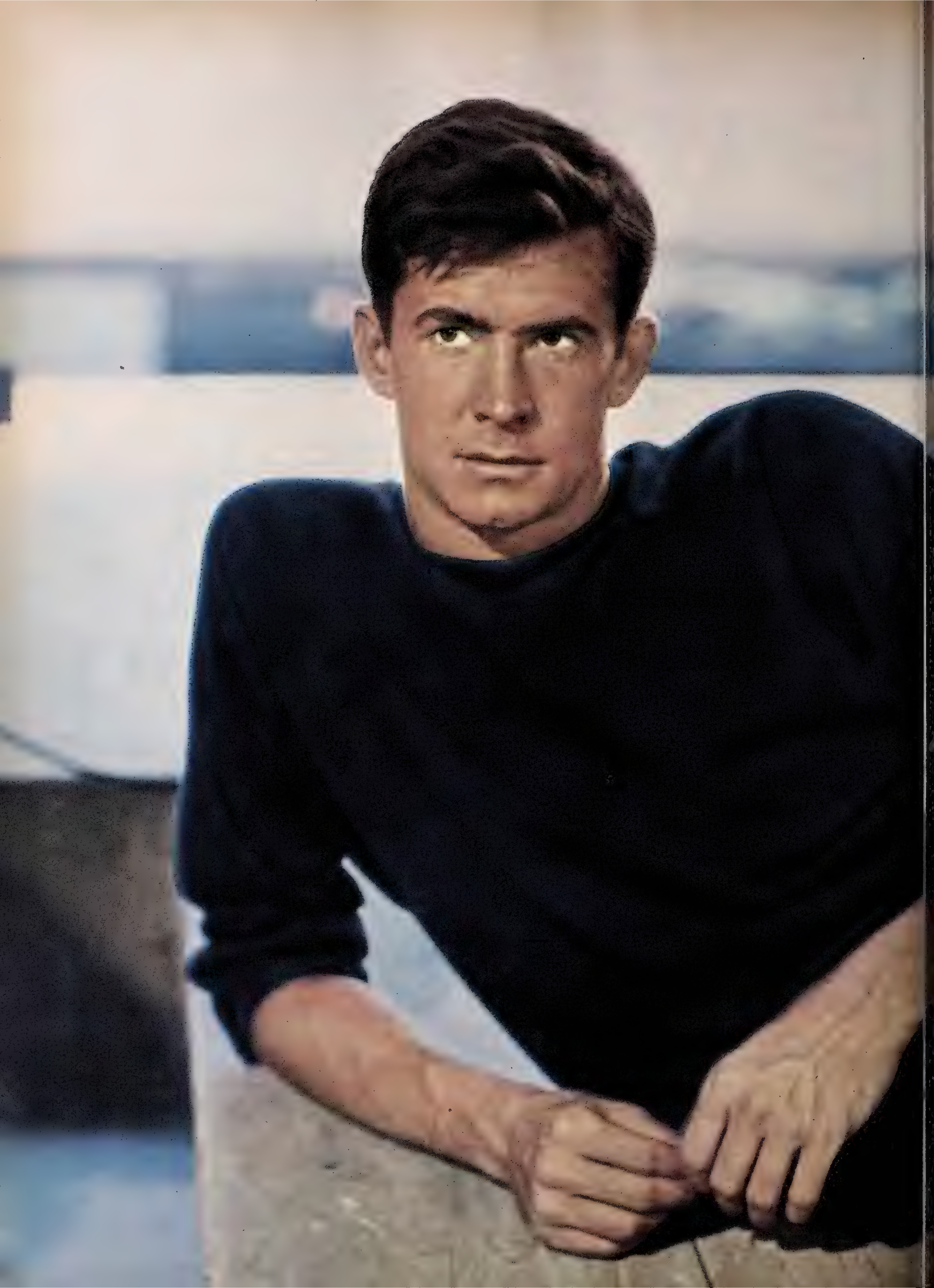
*A barefoot girl in blue jeans  
named Marilyn Novak  
fades into the past  
as a movie star  
named Kim Novak  
travels the lavender trail*



*Cannes  
Film  
Festival  
1956*

*Kim's Pin-Ups (clockwise from top left):  
Mac Krim, Prince Ali Khan,  
swinging it at Cannes,  
Count Mario Bandini*







# you'd take him home to mother

BY BEVERLY OTT

● He's a six-foot-two study in contrasts. There's a quality of shyness about him, but it's blended with an air of quiet confidence. His expression is generally grave. Yet it can be replaced at any moment by a friendly, slightly lopsided grin. He's parlayed a childhood ambition to act into a blazing career on stage, television and screen. Obviously, he's a competent, well-organized young man. Yet, when he pushes the commissary menu aside and explains, "On a picture I eat only steak and celery and peanuts," you want to take him home so Mother can hover over him with meat, potatoes and spinach and insist on second helpings of apple pie.

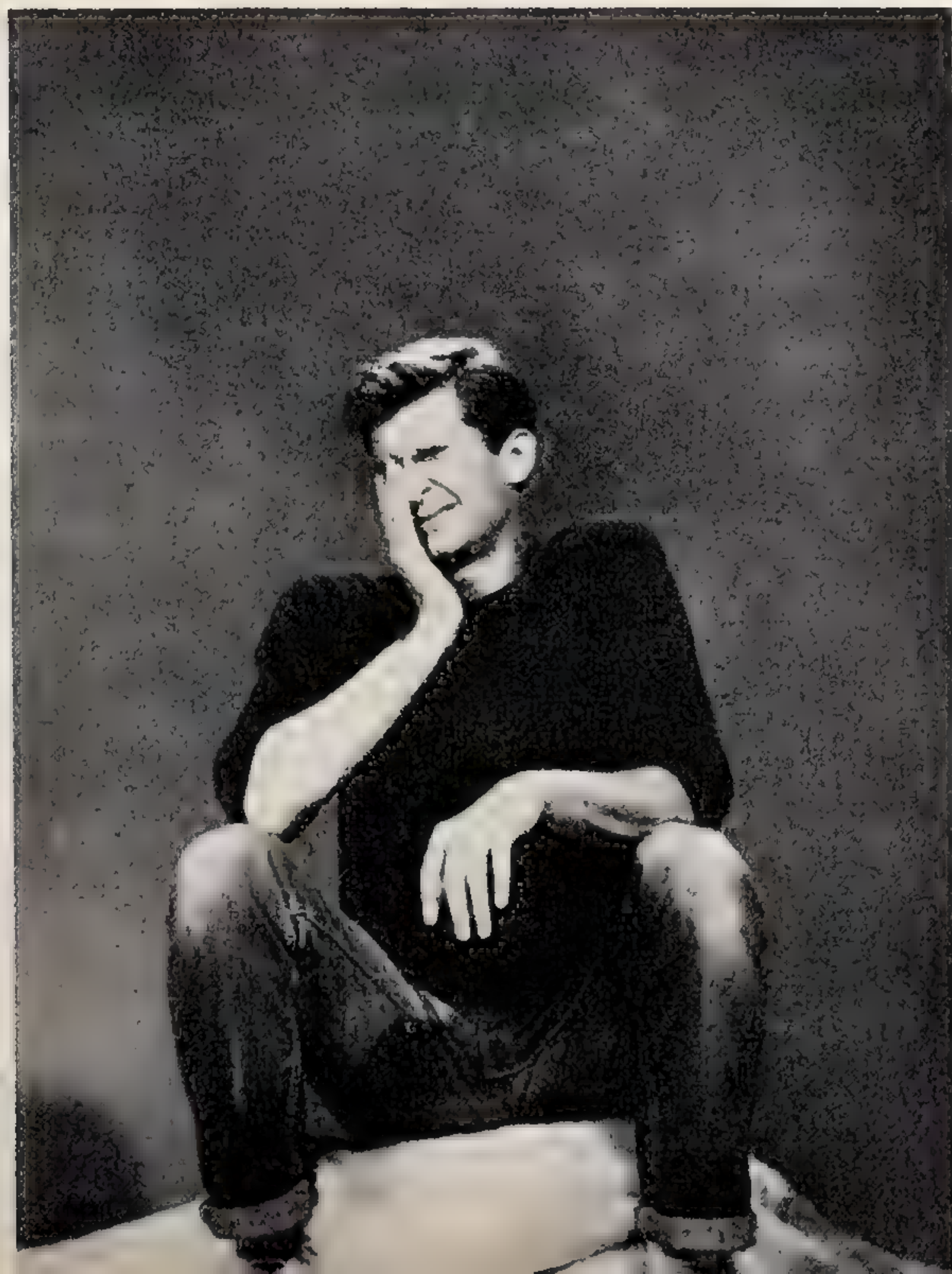
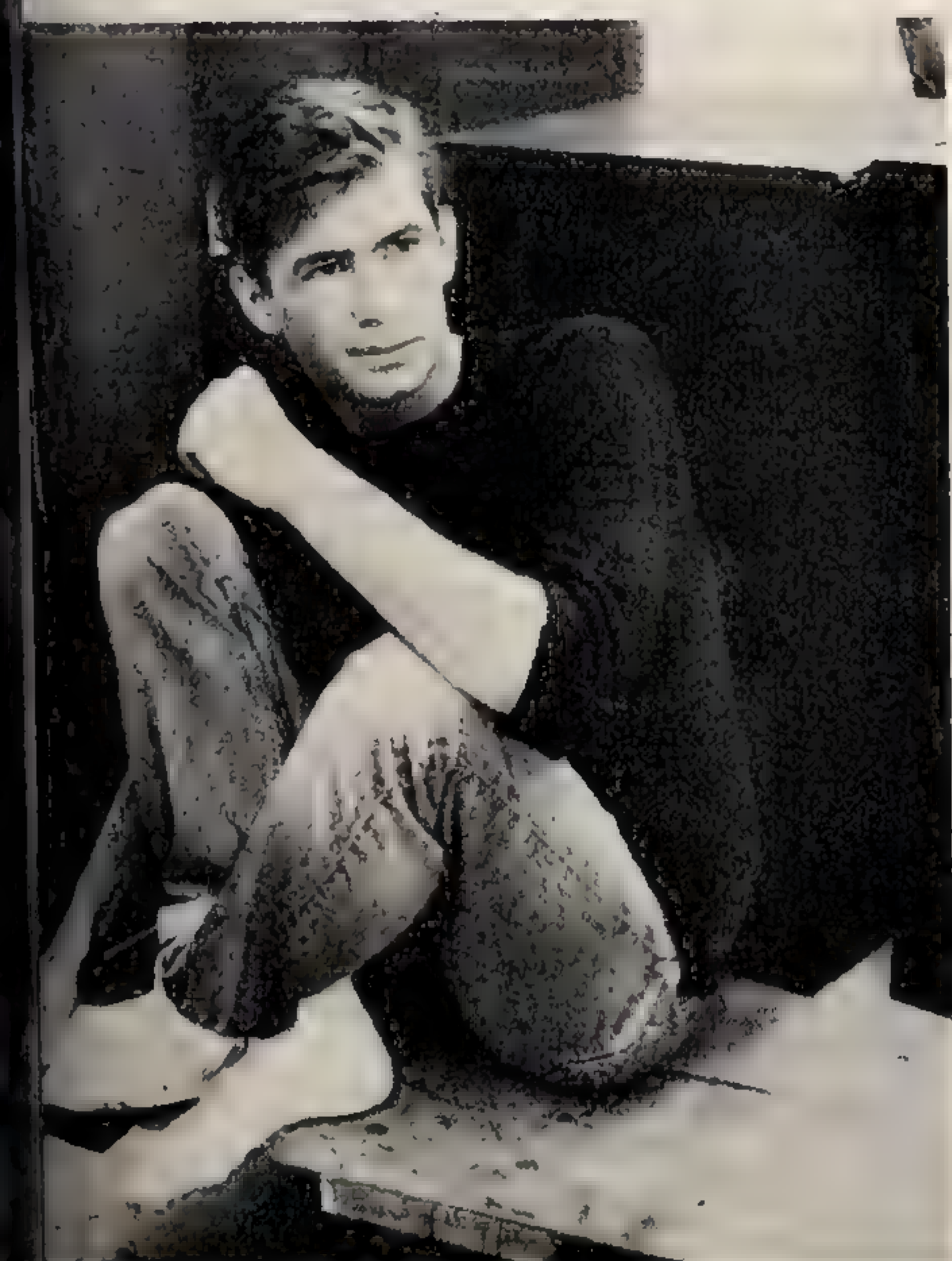
That's Tony Perkins.

One day recently, a Paramount soundstage was dark except for a cluster of lights beating down upon a small set in the center. It represented the interior of a Western shack. Three players sat at the table silently eating breakfast. "They're rehearsing a scene for (Continued on page 114)



He makes even young Elaine Aiken go motherly.

lean, lanky and easy to love. You'd give Tony Perkins your heart—then a good meal!





she couldn't



DO I HAVE TO  
MAKE DECISIONS



# say yes! she couldn't say no!



ALL RIGHT--  
HERE WE GO . . .



NOW WAIT  
A MINUTE . . .



YES . . .  
NO . . . MAYBE

*Life came to a standstill every  
time June Allyson had to make  
a decision . . . until she made  
the biggest decision of her life*

BY DEE PHILLIPS

● Time was when June Allyson sat beside a ringing telephone, unable to pick it up. How did she know what the people at the other end of the line would ask her? How could she be sure she could answer them, make whatever decision might suddenly be necessary, meet whatever crisis might come winging across the wires?

Time was, too, when June Allyson was regularly, incurably, hopelessly late for everything. Not because she couldn't get there on time, if that was all she had to do. But simply because at every turn she was met by people who wanted her to do this, decide that, make a choice on something or other before she left. And making choices was something Junie just couldn't do in a hurry.

And then there was the time, just recently, when Director Joe Pasternak was perfectly justified in patting the blonde Allyson pate paternally and telling the assembled cast and crew on the set of M-G-M's "The Opposite Sex," "When she looks up at you with a sweet smile and says, 'I'll try,' beware. That means she doesn't really want (Continued on page 96)



# “GIANT”





A  
PHOTOPLAY  
SNEAK  
PREVIEW



*At a picnic for the newlyweds, the girl who'd hoped to marry Bick Benedict (Rock Hudson) makes friends with Bick's bride from the East, Leslie (Elizabeth Taylor)*



*Bick's sister, Luz (Mercedes McCambridge), is Leslie's sworn foe when she realizes Leslie hates the land, the life Luz loves. An embittered ranch foreman, Jett Rink (James Dean) discovers the emptiness of wealth when oil makes him a millionaire*



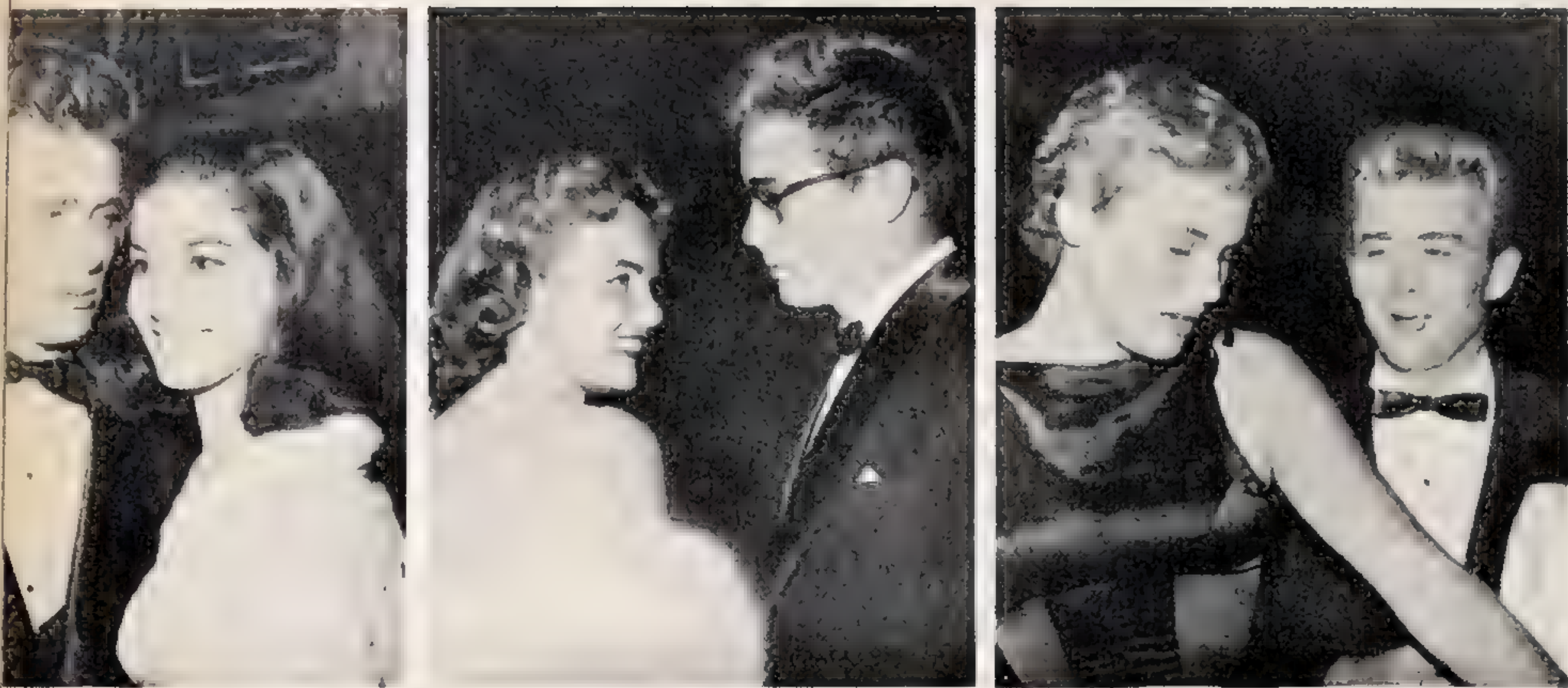
● Based on Edna Ferber's best-seller, "Giant" spans three generations, moving from the fox-hunting country of Virginia where Bick Benedict (Rock Hudson) finds his bride, Leslie (Elizabeth Taylor), to the crude young state of Texas and Bick's five-hundred-thousand-acre cattle ranch. Bick, his sister, Luz (Mercedes McCambridge), and his sullen, ambitious ranch foreman, Jett Rink (James Dean), have little in common with Leslie, who at first hates their world and this alien country. The discovery of oil on Jett's land and the marriage of Bick's oldest son (Dennis Hopper) to the daughter of one of Bick's Mexican ranch hands brings a powerful climax to an age-old struggle—the struggle of yesterday to hold back tomorrow.

"GIANT,"  
a George Stevens production  
of Edna Ferber's novel,  
to be released by Warner Bros.



Exclusive:

## The Truth Behind the Rumors that James Dean Committed Suicide!



*Pier Angeli, Terry Moore and Ursula Andress shared his gayer hours.*

# There was a Boy...

BY WILLIAM BAST

*"Death," Jimmy Dean said, "is the only thing I respect. It's the only thing that has any dignity." Strange words for a brilliantly successful young boy to utter, but the moods that evoked the words were stranger still. Before you read this third and final installment of Jimmy's life story, we suggest you read the editorial piece on this same page, finish the story, and then reach your own conclusions. Did Jimmy Dean have a premonition of death? Or was he obsessed with thoughts of dying?*

● When I left New York to return to Hollywood late in 1953, James Dean presented me with a collection of short stories by Andre Maurois. The inscription read, "To Bill: While in the aura of metaphysical whoo-haaas, ebb away your displeasures on this. May flights of harpies escort your wingéd trip of vengeance." Since leaving Hollywood almost two years previously, we had both come to look westward with a vengeful eye. My turn to revisit the city of make-believe came first, and in a manner of speaking Jimmy envied me for it. Several months later, when his turn finally did come, Jimmy collected for himself a whole armada of screaming harpies to (Continued on page 107)

It is difficult if not impossible for the people who knew and loved Jimmy Dean to believe that he felt his search for personal happiness to be so futile that he might have entertained thoughts of suicide. And yet, anyone who observed him closely could not help but be aware of the black moods that closed down on him so suddenly, shutting him away from everyone. During the filming of "Giant" in Marfa, Texas, dialogue coach Bob Hinkle said gloomily, "Some day that guy is going to drive his car right off a cliff."

That was in July, 1955. Less than three months later, on September 30th, Jimmy's broken body was being lifted out of a twisted heap of metal that had been his German-made Porsche Spyder racing car.

On the day he was killed, he was stopped at Bakersfield and handed a ticket for going sixty-five miles an hour in a forty-five mile zone. "You'd better take it easy, son," he was warned, "or you'll never make it to Salinas."

*He saw symbols of death everywhere—in*





When he stopped for coffee at a place called Blackwell Corners, he met Lance Reventlow, son of Barbara Hutton and, ironically enough, owner of the light plane in which the late Bob Francis was killed, also a year ago. Jimmy boasted of having hit over 100 miles per hour on the trip up. It must be remembered that this was on a public highway. A racing car is not meant to be driven on the highways. There is no windshield to protect the driver, no steel top. The body is made of lightweight aluminum. Driving at such speeds, under such conditions, might well be called suicidal.

But the people who knew him well are still inclined to brush aside as nonsense any suggestion of suicide. In the little booths in Googi's, on the Strip, where Jimmy was so often a part of the crowd that gathered for hamburgers and coffee, they point out that Jimmy had often said, "If I live to be a hundred I won't have time for all the things I want to do."

At Schwab's Drug Store right next to Googi's, where Jimmy got his first taste of what it was like to be famous—by finding that he was the guy the gang stuck with the tab for their ham and eggs in the morning—the talk of suicide is also dismissed. The young actors on the way up and old actors on the way down who line the counter each morning at about eleven o'clock all shake their heads and say, "Don't be silly. What would a guy like that want to kill himself for? Why, he had everything. He was on top. His agent had him signed up for five million dollars' worth of movies for the next two years!"

(Continued on page 111)

pen ditch, in an idea for a picture





# WHY,



# I

# DID



# NOT!"

BY EARL WILSON

● This may surprise you, but Terry Moore never did any of those things they said she did. Nope, not one of them. And no one was more surprised than Terry at the way things just kept happening to her.

Now I've known, liked and rooted for Terry Moore for a lot of years—'way back to the days when it looked like she might marry Howard Hughes. I'm still her fan—now more than ever. My B.W. (Beautiful Wife, you know) likes her, too, and that makes it final for me. You know how women are—especially about other beautiful women.

But everybody knows that for years Terry Moore's name was practically synonymous with headlines. Now that she's married to a swell guy named Eugene McGrath, I decided to track her down and see whether the "new" Terry might admit she'd been a teeny-weeny bit publicity-minded in some of those headline incidents. You remember . . . Korea and the ermine Bikini . . . Istanbul and the lifted skirt picture . . . Las Vegas and the peekaboo-top gown.

So Terry, Gene and I met at Toots Shor's in New York for a late dinner and I began pinning her down. What had I expected? Apologies? Regrets? A vow never to make another headline? Well, hardly.

Terry's voice held a note of reproach as she said, "I don't (Continued on page 93)

*Batting her lovely blue eyes, Terry Moore convinces her old friend Earl that all those things never happened . . . but they'll probably happen again*

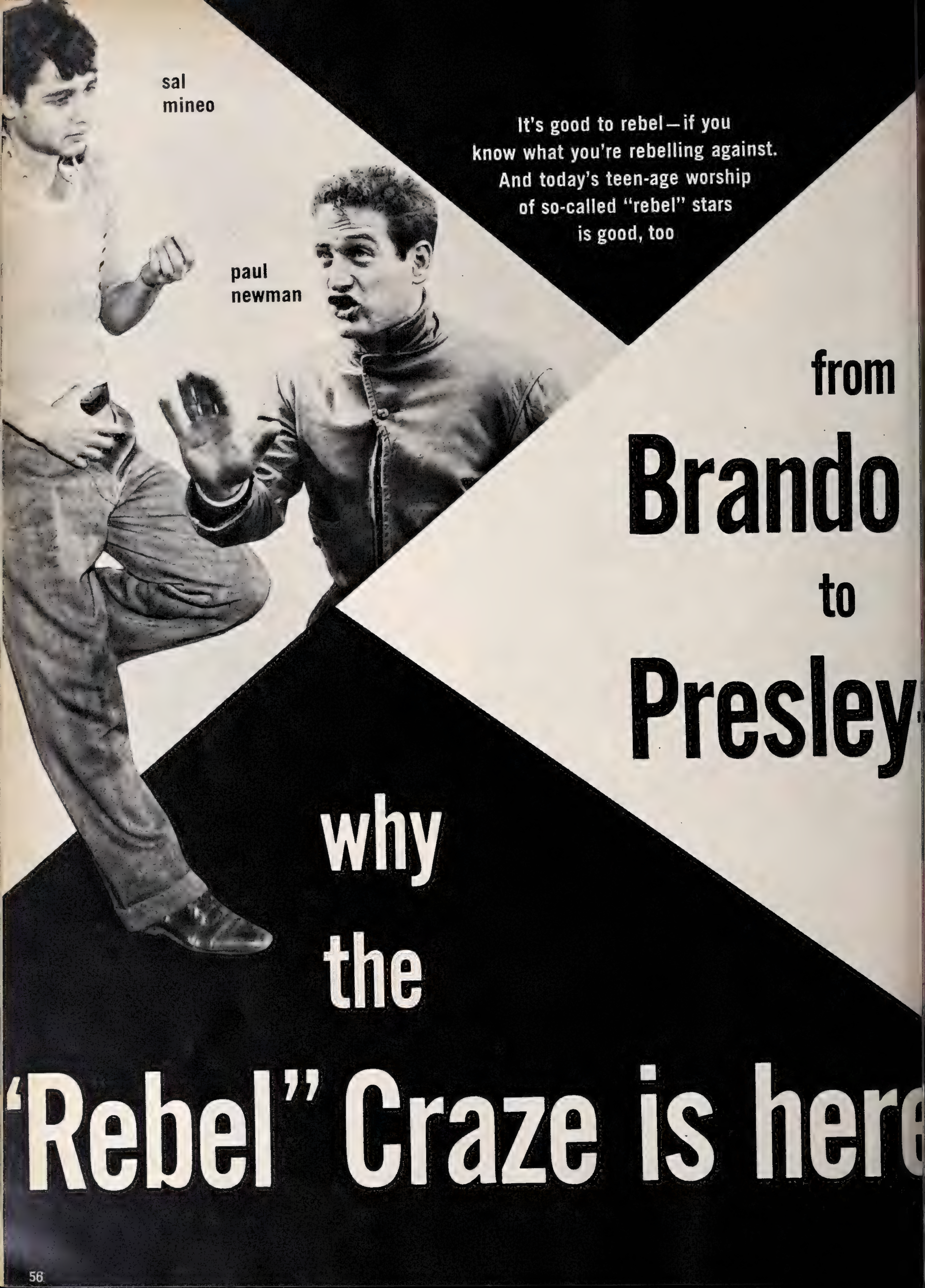
*Husband Gene McGrath has vowed to see to it Terry's never, never again misunderstood*











sal  
mineo

It's good to rebel—if you  
know what you're rebelling against.  
And today's teen-age worship  
of so-called "rebel" stars  
is good, too

paul  
newman

from  
**Brando**  
to  
**Presley**

why  
the

**'Rebel' Craze is here**



BY LAURA LANE

● Back in 1947, a brilliantly talented young actor named Marlon Brando, appearing in the Broadway production of "A Streetcar Named Desire," snarled and slouched his way to fame, stardom and riches in the role of *Stanley Kowalski*—and inaugurated a whole new "rebel" school of acting and actors. Today, this now-famous school stretches from Broadway to Hollywood and back again. Hollywood's top-name stars have flocked to New York to study at the school which is credited with producing the most famous of the "rebel" actors, The Actors' Studio, though Brando did not study there. And graduates of The Actors' Studio have, in turn, been carefully observed and screened for anyone even vaguely in the image



marlon  
brando



elvis  
presley

to Stay

continued



# THE REBEL HEROES —



# ON-STAGE SHOCKERS



## Sal Mineo

*He lives with his parents when he's in the East, raves about his mother's cooking, says of his father, "He's the kind of father I hope to be some day"*



# OFF-STAGE SOFTIES



of Brando or the late James Dean. Some of the roles Sal Mineo has portrayed—notably in "Rebel Without a Cause" and "Crime in the Streets" for the screen, as well as similar roles on TV—make the young New Yorker another prominent member of the group that appeals to the rebel instinct in young audiences. And, of course, the latest to wear the crown is that undisputed king of rock 'n' roll, Elvis Presley, who is scheduled to make his first movie for 20th Century-Fox this year. People who have seen his screen test—professionals all—are already climbing aboard his handwagon and predicting Elvis will be "another Jimmy Dean."

Whether or not Elvis Presley will be another Jimmy Dean is open to question, but there is no doubt at all that he has given a whole new impetus to the rebel "craze" and given the older generation a whole new set of worries. The question that anxious parents are pondering is: "Why do our teenagers worship young stars who, in their movie roles at least, represent youth—and human nature—at its worst?"

One young fan of Elvis Presley came up with part of the answer when she wrote to a newspaper columnist: "First





*For the Teen-Age Rebel Craze at its Height,*

*See Next Page →*

## Paul Newman

*He wears T-shirts and shot to fame portraying tough-guy Rocky Graziano, but he's a soft-spoken college grad whose life is work, wife, kids*



and foremost, Elvis is like one of us. . . . He is a little frustrated, unsure, impulsive. . . . He is no child, yet he is still not an adult. . . . He's sure about some things but confused about others, just as we are. To me, Elvis represents everything that's uninhibited and unconventional. He's an outlet—an escape for our feelings. He demonstrates a wild, free emotion that we teenagers would like to express but can't. . . ."

And the thousands of letters addressed to Jimmy Dean that still pour into the mail department of Warner Brothers' studio have much the same thing to say: "You," the fans write, as though he were still alive, "are one of us. When I watched you in 'East of Eden' and 'Rebel Without a Cause' I was seeing myself. . . ."

Marlon Brando got the same kind of response from teenagers when he made "The Wild One." One line of dialogue that was quoted and re-quoted in towns and cities and villages was his reply to the question, "Look, kid, what are you rebelling against?" Snarled Brando, "What have you got?"

The words found an echo in thousands of blindly rebellious teen-age hearts, just as did Jimmy Dean's be-

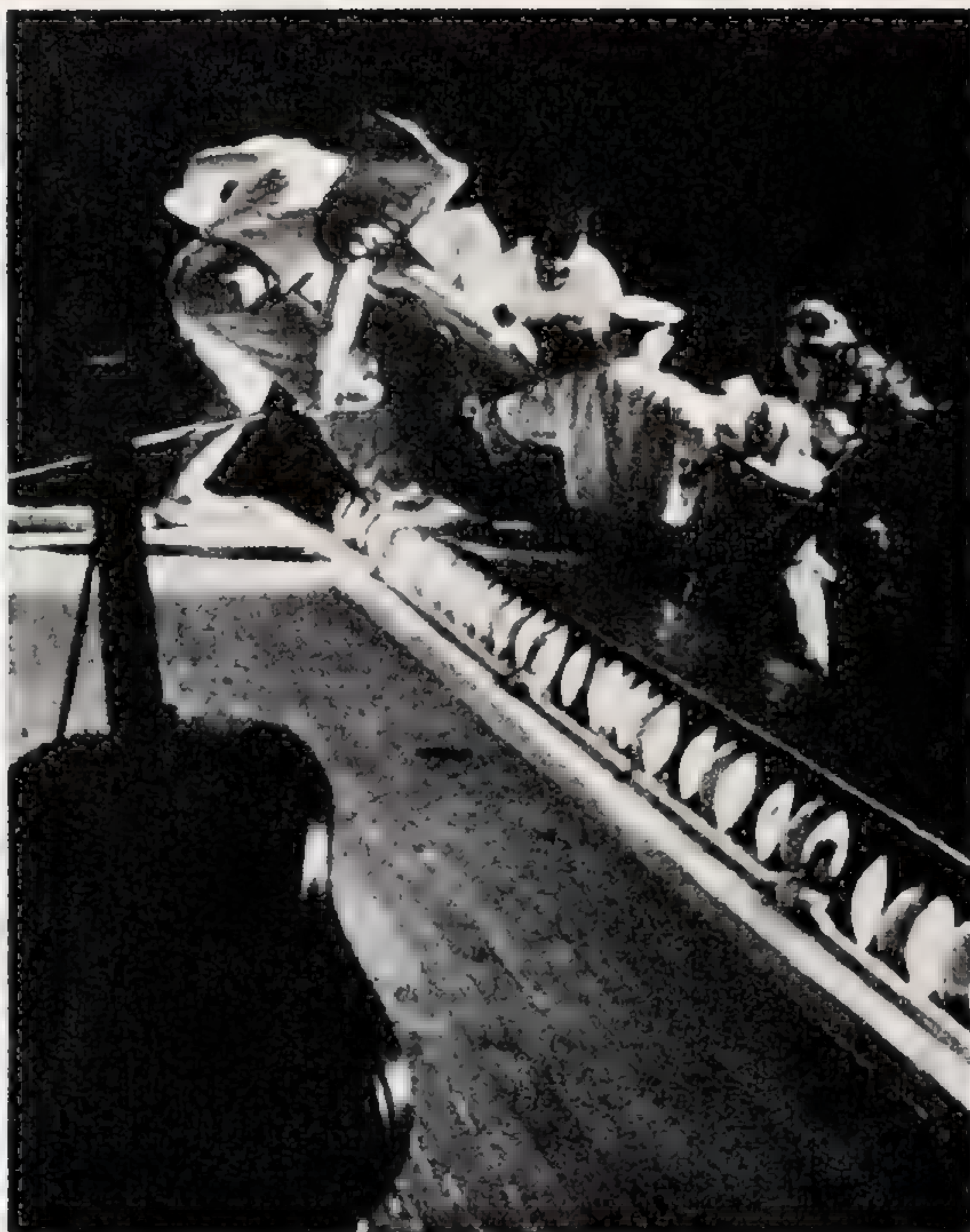
## Elvis Presley

*First thing he did with his money was to buy his mother a car, parents a new home. Doesn't drink or smoke, his big vice is dropping coins in jukeboxes*





## An Exhausted Young Man Is Grateful But Bewildered



*His fans want Presley . . . and decide he's too far away. . . . They pull off his jacket and pull him to floor*



*Admirers tore off his pants . . . So Elvis cut up the remnants. . . . The crowd begged for a souvenir*

wildered "Pa—why don't you love me, Pa?" cry as he threw his arms about his father in one of the most poignant moments of "Eden." Sal Mineo struck a similarly responsive chord in "Crime in the Streets." Wanting love so desperately, feeling so guilty about hurting his parents, he was still totally unable to communicate his needs or understand theirs. And he turned away

from the father who was trying to help him with a confused, angry shout that has probably been heard in every house in which there is a teen-age son or daughter: "Aw, lemme alone, can't you? Just lemme alone."

In "Somebody Up There Likes Me" Paul Newman, fighting the world with his fists in the role of Rocky Graziano, again gave teenagers someone with

whom to identify. As a mixed-up juvenile delinquent, Rocky felt the world owed him a living and that he had a right to steal what he couldn't get otherwise. Nobody loved him or understood him, so why should anyone expect him to love the world or anyone in it?

From Brando to Presley, over a span of ten years, the demand for this type of actor has (Continued on page 121)





*A glimpse of him did this*



*Which this lucky girl got*

*Presley loves it all, but  
admits it's rough on him*





*As old as love itself is love's eternal triangle. And when it breaks,  
a human heart breaks, too • BY DICK WILLIAMS*

● The electric tingle that sets Hollywood Boulevard vibrating on the night of a big premiere had again caught up in its magic glow the immediate vicinity of the RKO Pantages Theatre.

A hollow roar, punctuated by the high, excited squeals of hundreds of teenagers, went up from the bleachers crowd banked solidly beneath the hot, brilliant lights of the marquee as a long, black limousine pulled up to the curb. It disgorged Michael Wilding first, then radiant Eliza-

beth Taylor in a sleek, form-fitting evening gown, and finally a handsome, bareheaded young stranger in tuxedo.

They stepped into the roped-off area reserved for celebrities and waited their turn to be interviewed by the TV and radio commentators, putting their heads together for an animated chat while they waited. A buzz went up from the crowd. Who was Liz's new friend, in whom she was so clearly and (Continued on page 87)



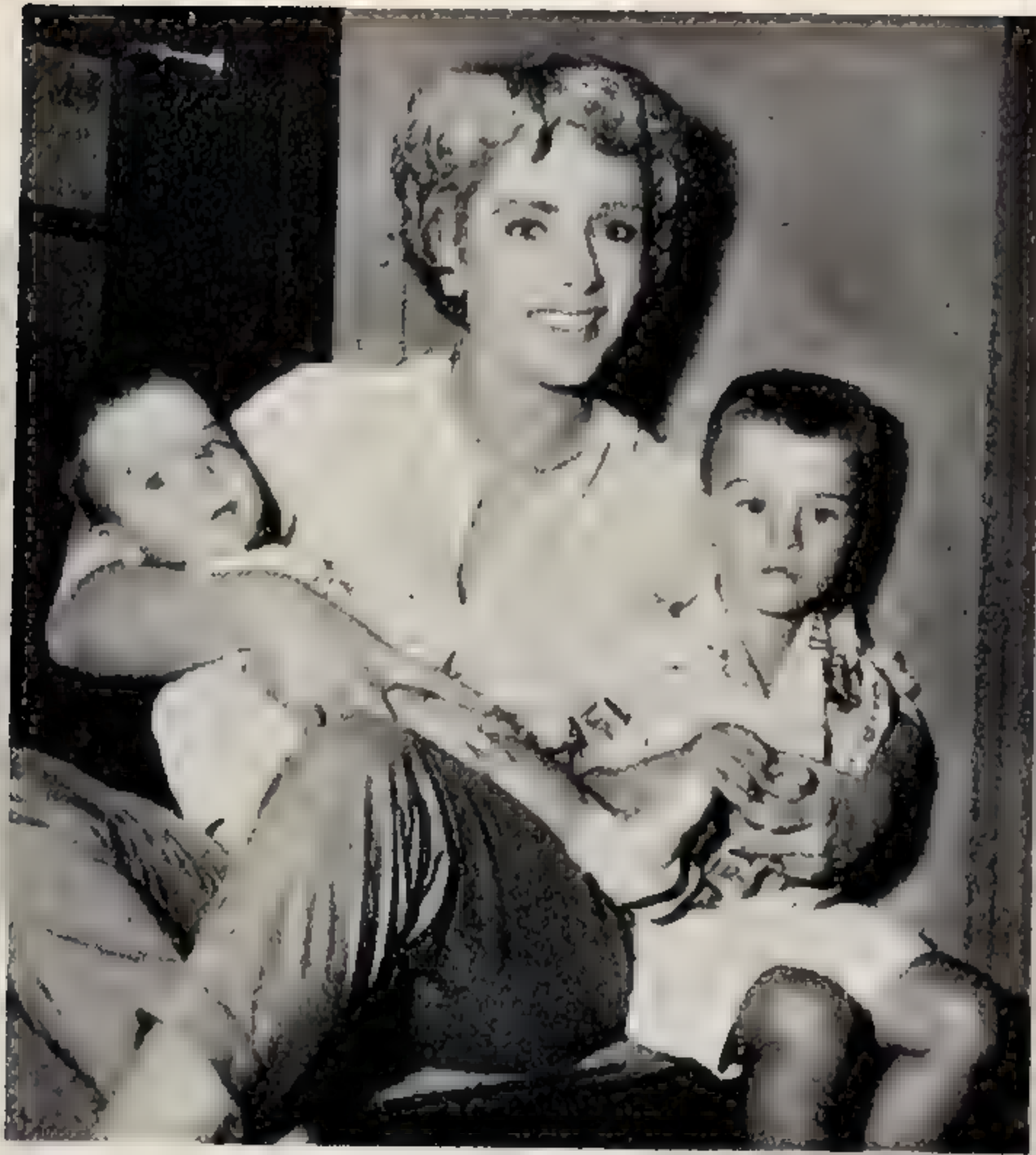
*Mike and Liz arrived and left the "Moby Dick" premiere together, but in between she spent most of her time with John Huston's young assistant director, Kevin McClory, who trailed them in and out*



# MAN



*Later at Mocambo, as Mike table-hopped with friends, Kevin directed his eyes and attention at table-partner Liz*



*Friends are hoping but not expecting that sons Chris and Mike, Jr., may bring Liz and Mike back together*

*But romance rumors linking her with Monty Clift blew hotter than ever when she joined him for "Raintree County"*



# OUT





## Why Gene Tierney can't come back to Hollywood

My personal nomination for the star who is developing with the greatest good sense is Rock Hudson. Ever since the day he married the Hollywood whispers have been trying to separate Rock and Phyllis, a situation that would make most men violently angry. But not Rock. He's in love with Phyl. She's in love with him. He wastes no energy in answering people who don't know what they are talking about when they say there is trouble between them. A couple of small examples of his serenity came up recently at U-I. While Rock was in Africa making "Something of Value," a magazine published a story that was in itself harmless but with a most misleading

*Wife Venetia provides an audience as Tumblin' Russ Tamblyn shows off a neat calf and sets a new evening fashion*

# Glamour Gab of Hollywood

BY RUTH WATERBURY





## The Walter Wangers say farewell to a house... Natalie Wood and Nick Adams begin to look serious

title on it. The studio was up in arms, thinking particularly of what he might say when he saw it. All Rock did was grin and say, "Can't you guys get me better titles than this?"

Like all stars, Rock has always had the privilege of okaying all photographs taken of him and of destroying the ones he didn't like. He'd rarely exercised the privilege, until he got married; now he exercises it only when the pictures in question include Phyllis. He goes over any shots of her with great care. "She's so pretty," he says. "I want to be sure the camera does her full justice."

Proof positive of Rock's devotion to Phyl was his

taking her to Paris for a week before they went to Africa for the shooting of "Something." Rock is mad for Italy, particularly Rome and Venice, but he hates Paris. Yet—"I never knew a woman who wasn't crazy about the place," he said, "so I guess I have to take my bride there the first chance I get."

### A Woman Alone

At the party the night "High Society" premiered, it was touching to see Jeanne Crain, virtually unescorted and looking so very lonely. The gentleman who had brought her to the party was a visiting and very distinguished New Yorker, very (Continued on page 103)

Greg has a secret, and so do we—the Pecks are hoping their first-born will be a girl, since Greg has three sons

The youngest of the Ladds, David, is getting pointers from dad Alan on how to start off right in an acting career

Nick Adams looks bereft at the Peter Potter party. Cheer up, Nick, you're tops with Natalie!



Japanese actress Machiko Kyo has eyes only for Marlon Brando, obviously. But happily wed Glenn Ford doesn't mind



Rock Hudson and his Phyllis go on being happy while friends and enemies go on insisting that they can't possibly be



Dean and Jeanne Martin, reconciled, expecting, have plenty to make George Putnam laugh





# Win A Grand Prize of \$2,000

**PLUS MANY OTHER EXCITING PRIZES**

**THERE'S STILL TIME to enter this exciting contest. But to be a winner you must have a complete set of puzzle pictures. So if you miss the September or October issue, order copies NOW**

## Contest Rules

1. In four issues—September, October, November and December—PHOTOPLAY is publishing cut-out puzzle pictures of well-known movie actors and actresses. Eight cut-out puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each picture consists of the hair and forehead of one player, the eyes and nose of another, and the mouth of a third. When these are cut apart and properly re-assembled, the contestant should have eight complete portraits.

2. Clues to the identity of the players are given at the bottom of each picture page. These are numbered to correspond with the number on each section of the cut-out puzzle picture. Each page of pictures has its own set of clues. Do not lose these clues—they are important in identifying the players.

3. In addition to accuracy in assembling and identifying the cut-out puzzle pictures, neatness and originality of presentation will be considered by the judges. All thirty-two cut-out puzzle pictures must be cut apart, assembled, pasted together with the correct name of the player hand-written or typed below. Failure to do this will disqualify the entry.

4. DO NOT SEND IN ANY PUZZLES UNTIL YOU HAVE COMPLETED THE ENTIRE SET OF THIRTY-TWO PICTURES. Partial entries will not be

accepted. This contest ends midnight, December 15, 1956. Entries received from the time the fourth set of pictures appear in December PHOTOPLAY, to midnight, December 15, will be considered by the judges. No responsibility for mail delays or loss will be assumed by PHOTOPLAY. Send your entry as soon as possible after the last set of cut-out puzzle pictures is published in the December issue, which will appear on the newsstands on about November 6.

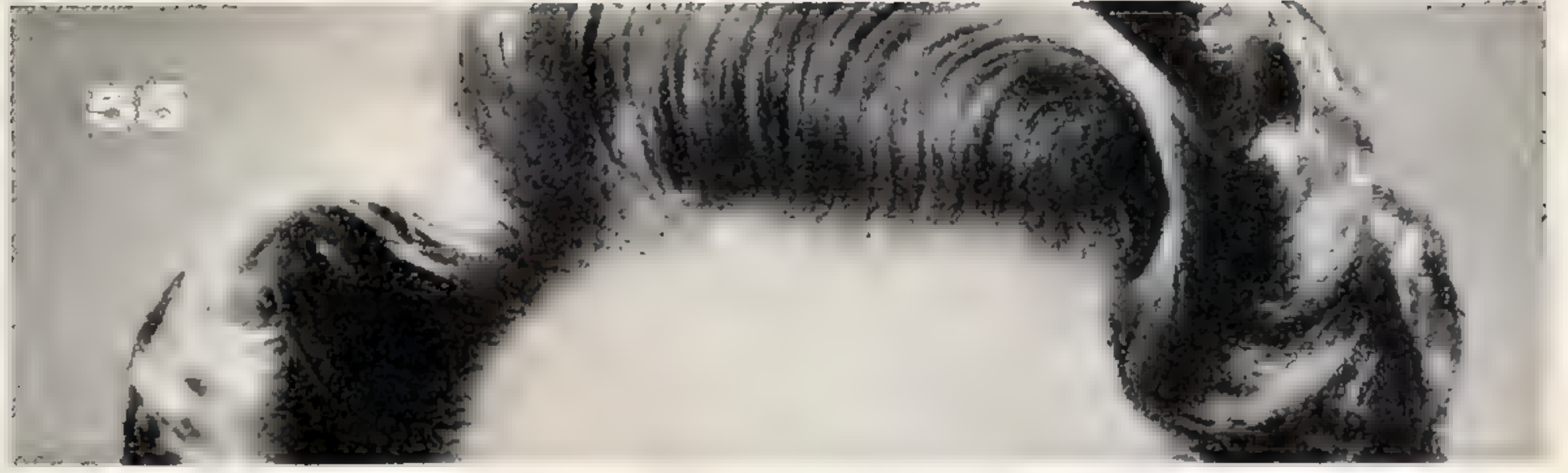
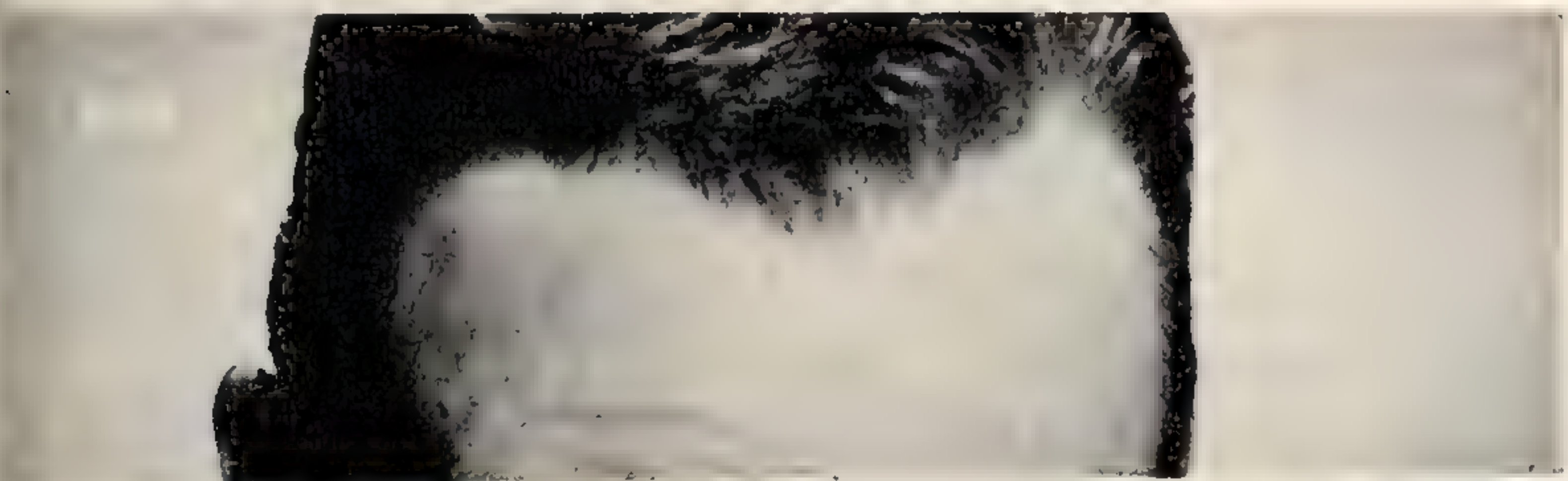
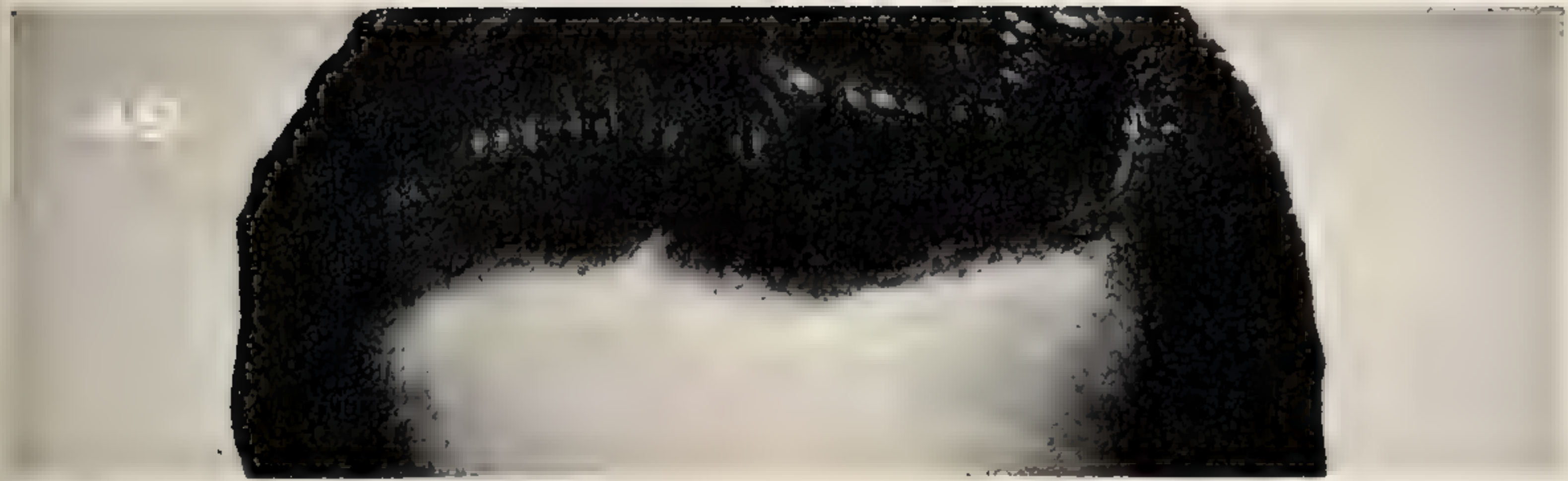
5. Entries should be mailed to: CUT-OUT PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, Box 1647, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. You may submit as many entries as you wish, but be sure that your full name and address are attached to each entry. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. The decision of the judges will be final. All entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. No correspondence will be entered into concerning entries.

7. This contest is open to everyone except employees, and the relatives, of Macfadden Publications, its subsidiaries or advertising agencies. The winners' names will be published in the April, 1957, issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine.



# Third Set of PHOTOPLAY'S Cut-Out Picture Puzzle Contest



## Clues

- 49. The hair was a film star in Europe before he was seen here
- 50. The eyes are married to Susan Morrow's sister
- 51. The mouth was once known as "Singin' Sam"
- 52. The hair won a football scholarship to USC
- 53. The eyes' secret ambition is to be a hit song writer
- 54. The mouth's nose was broken twice—and shows it

- 55. The hair's real name is Dawn Bethel
- 56. The eyes' first big movie role was three-dimensional
- 57. The mouth married her third husband on Thanksgiving Day
- 58. The hair's first film was outlawed for six years
- 59. The eyes were secretly married for six months
- 60. The mouth has a fast-sounding name

Turn page for more cut-out puzzles





**Here are  
more of  
the fabulous  
runner-up  
prizes!  
So let's go!**

December PHOTOPLAY will contain the fourth and final set of cut-out puzzle pictures and a coupon on which to fill in your name and address—plus the prize you would like to receive if you are a runner-up. This gives you *two* chances to win a prize—the Grand Prize, or a runner-up prize of your choice. For a complete list of prizes, see page 120.

On pages 66 through 69, you will find the third set of cut-out puzzle pictures. If you missed the first or second set of puzzle pictures, printed in September and October PHOTOPLAY, you can obtain copies of those issues by sending your request, with thirty cents for each issue, to: Back Issue Dept., Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Remember, *do not send in your entry until you have the complete set of puzzle pictures assembled from all four issues.* Otherwise, you will be disqualified from this contest. Remember, too, that originality of presentation is important, so put your cleverest display ideas to work!



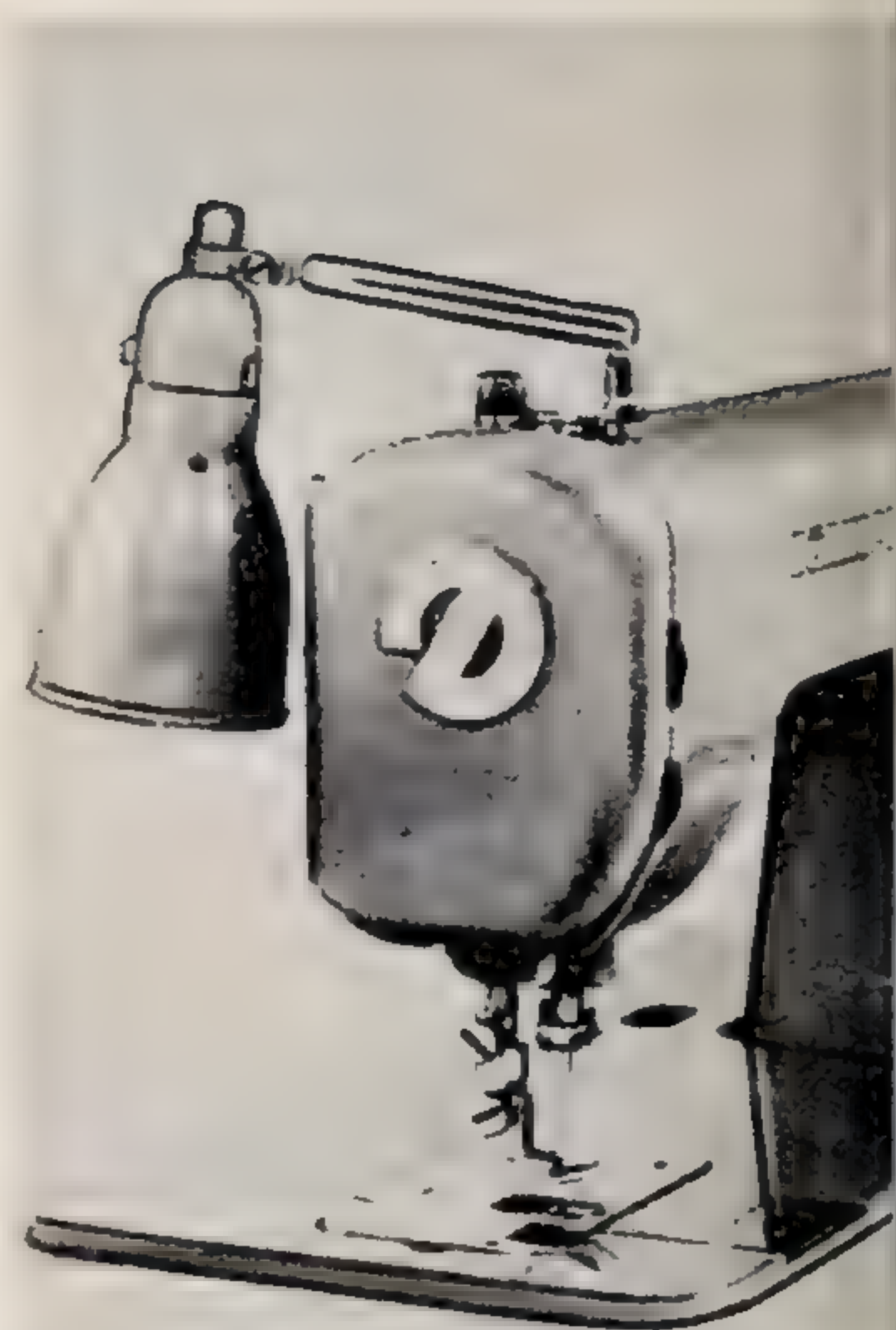
#### PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS SPORTSWEAR

*The best in style and comfort! Classic sweater set—short-sleeved slipover and long-sleeved cardigan, sizes 34-42—and reversible pleated skirt in blue-black-gray-white plaid, sizes 10-16. All 100% virgin wool.*



#### DURKOPP SEWING MACHINE

*A wonderful prize for experts or beginners, this world-famous machine sews hundreds of decorative stitches, perfect for many needs, easy to operate.*



#### COTY FRAGRANCES

*Nothing could be nicer than a year's supply—four generous-sized bottles—of your favorite perfume, plus a Coty DeLuxe Lock-Atomizer. Winner may choose one of four: L'Origan, L'Aimant, Emeraude or Paris.*



#### BRECK GIFT SET

*To be awarded to ten lucky winners. Luxuriously laid out in a gold foil box, set includes Breck Shampoo, Cream Treatment, Hairdress, Bouquet Hair Perfume and atomizer, and Hair Lotion 1A.*



#### REVERE WARE BREAKFAST UNIT

*Styled for beauty, built to last a lifetime—and with oh, so many uses! Set includes 8-inch skillet with cover, plus egg-poacher.*



#### CATALINA SWEATERS

*A terrific trio—short-sleeved red-, white- and gray-striped slipover, 100% lamb's wool; long-sleeved pinky red cardigan, with peter pan collar, 75% lamb's wool, 15% fur fibre, 10% nylon; and blazer jacket, black-, brass-, white- and charcoal-striped, with ribbed trim, 100% virgin wool. Sizes 34-40.*



#### LADY MANHATTAN SHIRT AND SKIRT

*Trim, has the shirtwaist dress look plus the versatility of separates. The black in the perfectly matched stripes is complemented with velvet black trim. Choice of colors, black and red, toast or blue, and sizes, 10 to 18.*

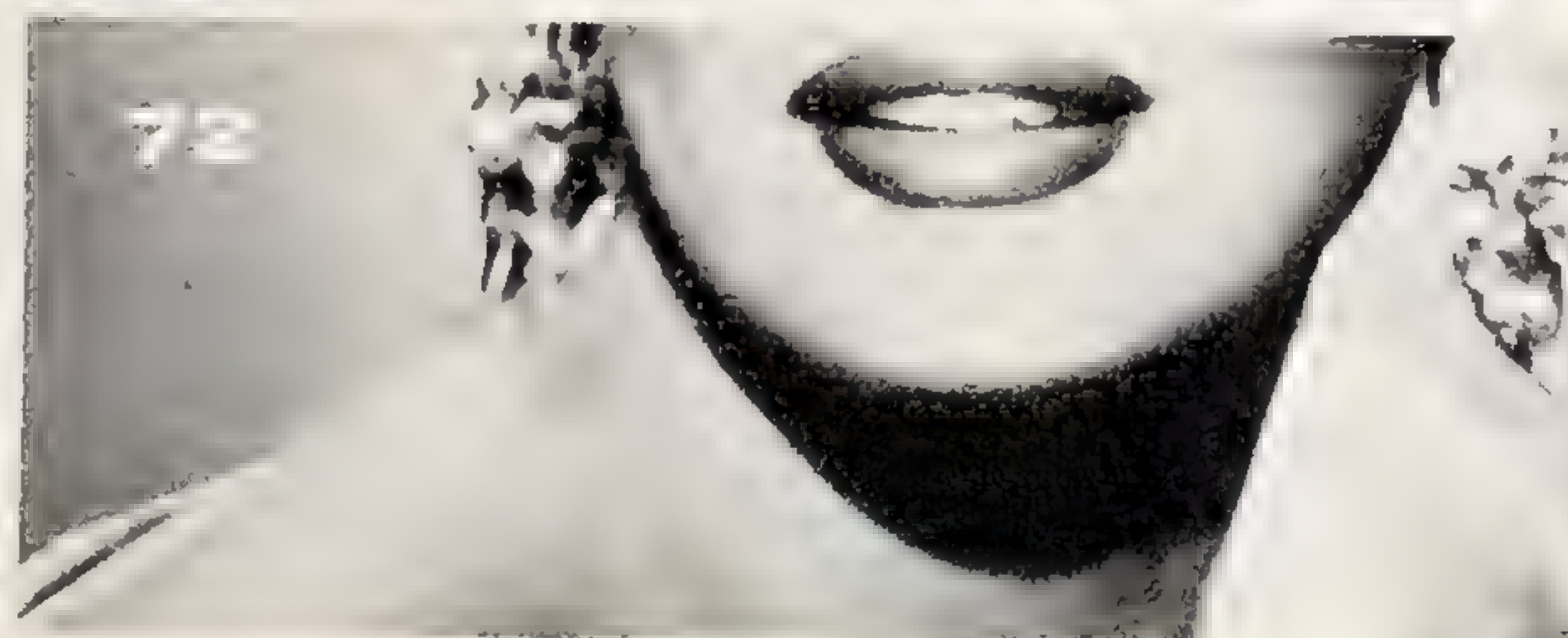
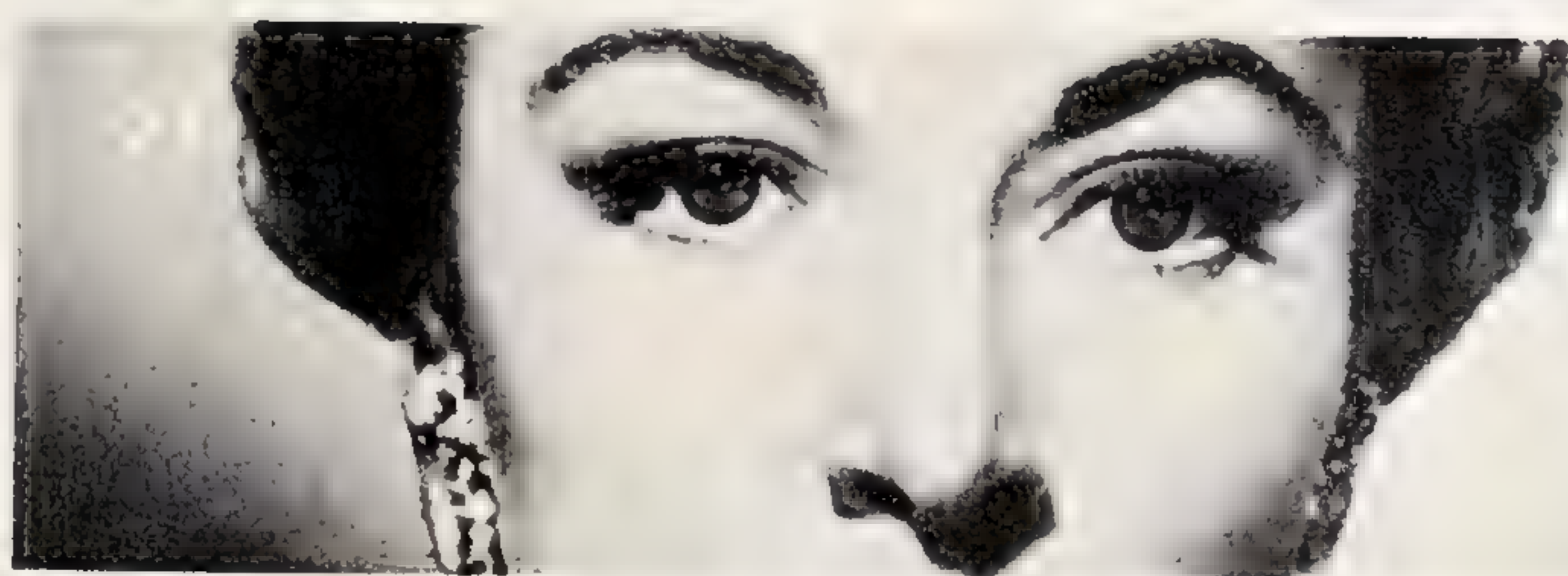
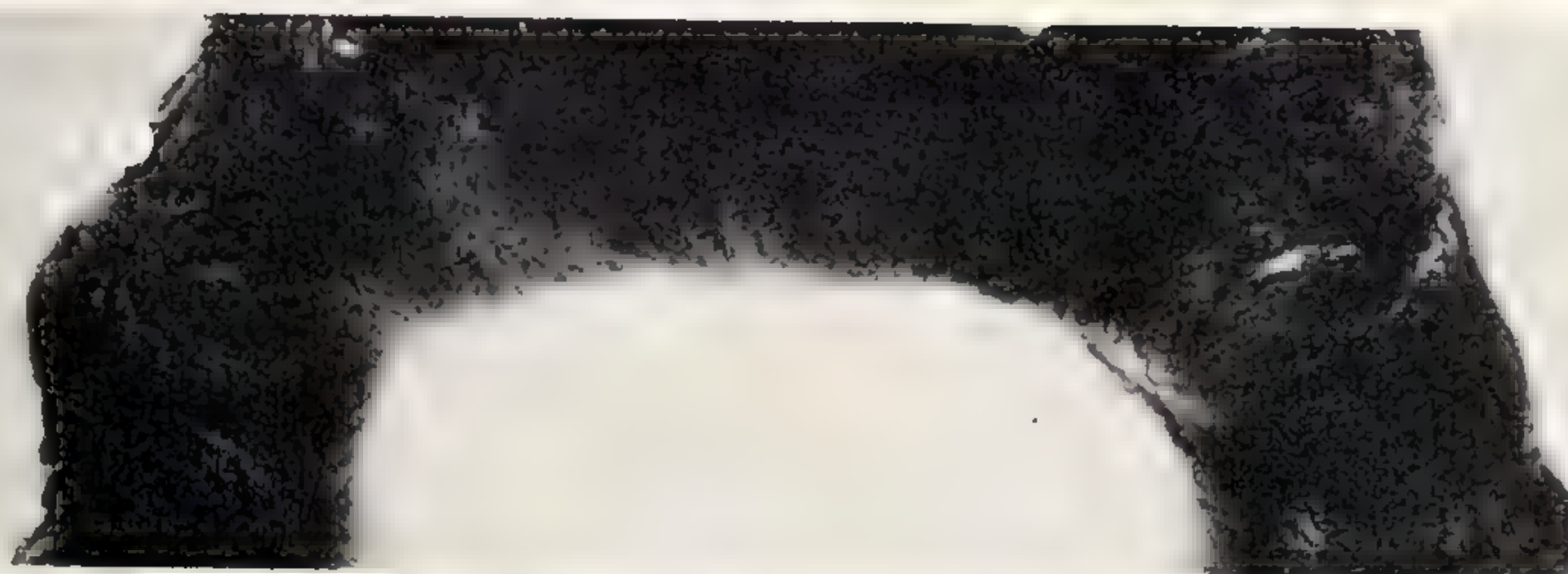
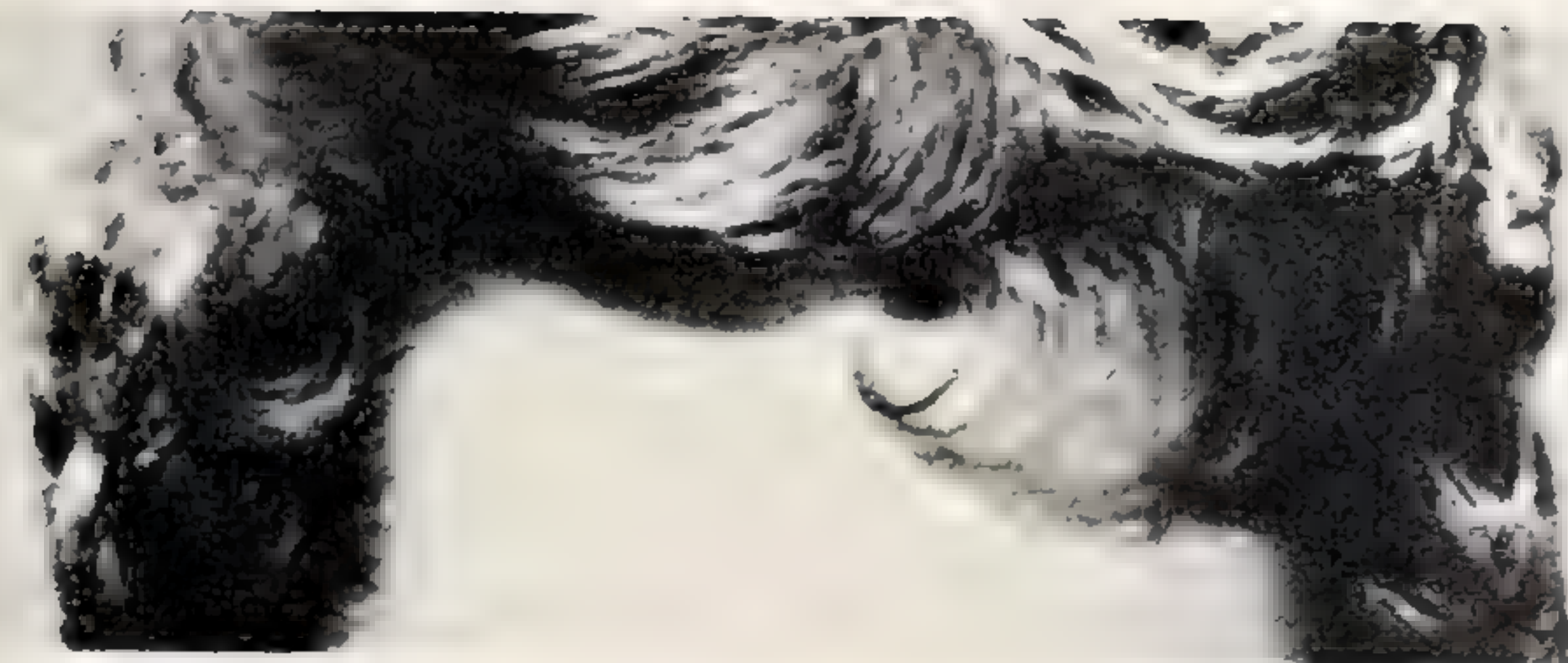


#### SCHIAPARELLI "SHOCKING" PERFUME

*A prize to help you stay as sweet as you are, by one of the world's most famous perfumers. This expensive 3/4-ounce bottle will last a whole year.*



## Picture Puzzles *Continued*



### Clues

- 61. The hair once tried to steal a scene from Spencer Tracy
- 62. The eyes were born and raised a short way from Hollywood
- 63. The mouth was an ensign in real life and reel life
- 64. The hair is Boston born and bred
- 65. The eyes recently were father of the bride and a new father
- 66. The mouth's an ex-Navy man, yet to sail the matrimonial sea

- 67. The hair has been nominated for an Oscar three times
- 68. The eyes are the founder of WAIF
- 69. The mouth is famous for her be-bop language
- 70. The hair's "perfect marriage" ended in divorce
- 71. The eyes portrayed a singer, but didn't warble a note
- 72. The mouth had a bone to pick with Christian Dior

See next month's issue for more puzzles





*Pack in a rush for a honeymoon on the fly! Bridegroom Don gives bride Hope a lift to topmost closet shelves.*

**LOVE**





*It's a corny old trick, but it works. When Don's hundred and eighty pounds are put to work with Hope's hundred, bang goes the bag!*

*Catch a breather and wish you never had to move again—but love and success are a heady mixture and Don's stardom won't wait*



# ON THE RUN



*For Don Murray life isn't a breeze,  
it's a whirlwind—that makes a mad, happy lark of marriage,  
fame and plane schedules • BY PATTY DE ROULF*

● When Don Murray flew out to Hollywood to become Marilyn Monroe's leading man in "Bus Stop," he was a very happy and excited young fellow. Not because of Marilyn Monroe. Not because of his big movie break. But because of a cute little lady named Hope Lange. "After five years of pleading, reasoning and battling with her," Don states, with a proud gleam in his eye, "Hope finally agreed to marry me."

But that was only the beginning. These lovebirds-suddenly-in-a-hurry have had to make up for the five years of (Continued on page 117)



Not Love!



Not Health!



Not Friends!

Says Kirk of his happiness with second wife Anne Buydens and son Peter (above), "If I went broke tomorrow I'd still be the richest guy in the world." Adding to his new-found wealth are his older sons, the joy of helping young talents\*

BY JOHN MAYNARD

● "Horatio Alger," begins the official biography of the subject of this article, "that great chronicler of the rags-to-riches yarn, would have been delighted with the story of Kirk Douglas, for it is a success story in the best American tradition."

And, undoubtedly, he would have. But there was a flaw in the structure of Mr. Alger's fables. He regarded attainment—reaching the top of the mountain—as the end. Attainment, however, is just as logically a beginning in itself, and this was the point which prompted Kirk Douglas to do some self-analyzing one day recently.

Money, friends, family, money, love, respect, money. Kirk has them all—but the mixture is wrong. They don't go together at all—money and those others. There was a time when Kirk had no money. And there was a time when he had the money, the full larder, the view from the

top of the mountain, physically. But, both times, he had a long way to go for the other things. He couldn't buy them. In fact, what *can* money buy?

It was a fine, spanking Beverly Hills day, and Kirk sat in his fine, spanking Beverly Hills office, undisputed master of Bryna Productions, and searched his soul. He is an articulate and amusing man, who for better or worse looks not unlike Mephistopheles, but now like a well-fed and assured Mephistopheles, whereas not many years or even months ago, he was desperate, hungry and insecure.

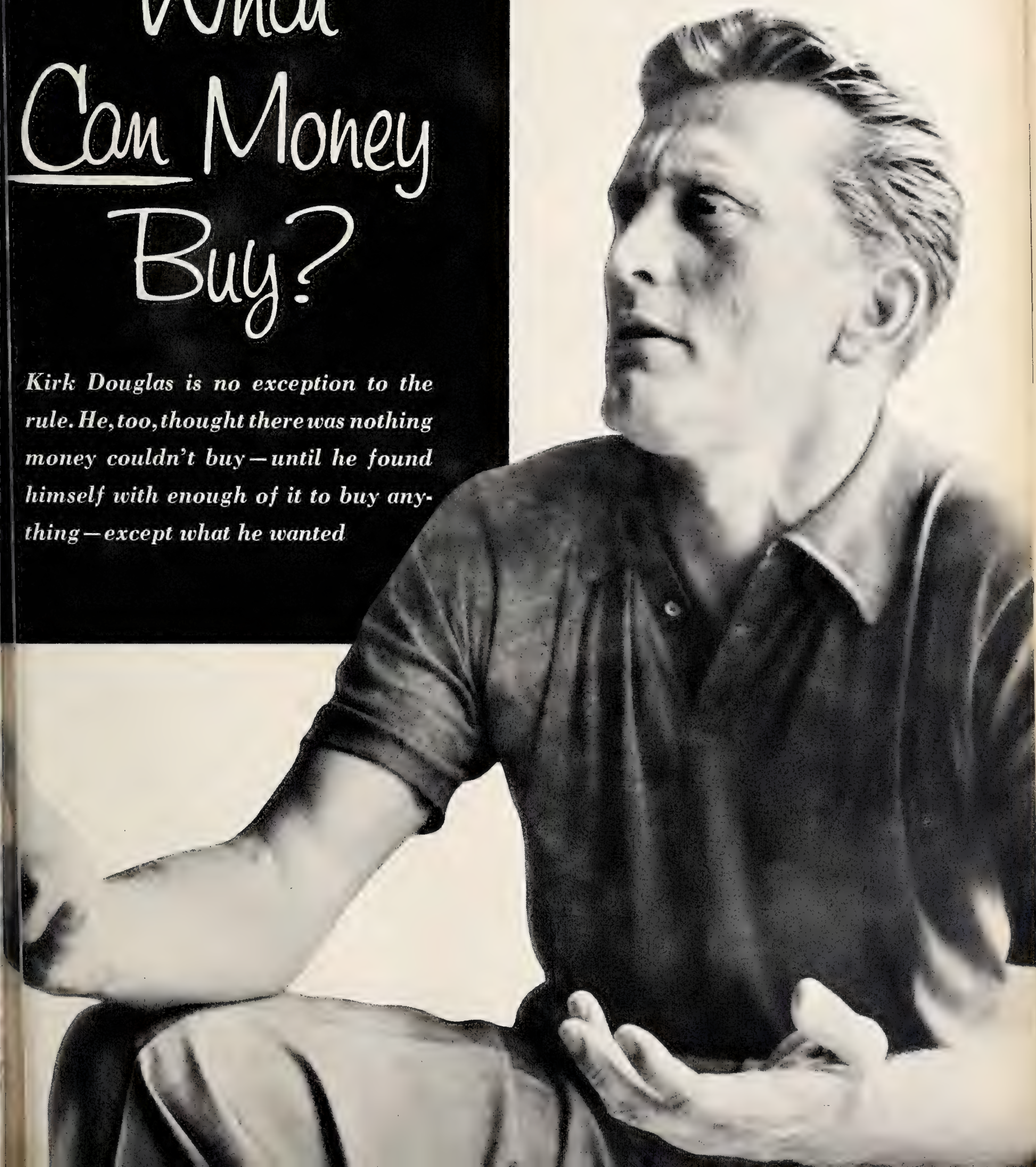
The hunger had nothing to do with what was in his larder. As a matter of fact, there was plenty there. It had to do with what was within Kirk and screeching to be let out. It was needing to be part of the world which did, laughed, loved, gave and received. It was a hunger of non-attainment, non-fulfillment, (Continued on page 105)

\*Top, right, Michael and Joel Douglas; bottom, Mara Corday, Bill Campbell, Tony Curtis



# What Can Money Buy?

*Kirk Douglas is no exception to the rule. He, too, thought there was nothing money couldn't buy—until he found himself with enough of it to buy anything—except what he wanted*







MARTHA HYER starring in "Showdown at Abilene" • A Universal-International Picture • Print by Technicolor

2 **martha hyer** and her gabrieleen  
hollywood  
hits **glotone**  
cold wave

"the wave of hollywood stars"



martha hyer  
and her gabrieleen  
**glotone**  
cold wave  
"the wave of  
hollywood stars"  
a glotone approved salon

Go to the  
salon with  
this window  
identification.

Miss Hyer's hairstylist is one of many Hollywood beauty experts who feature Glotone—the cold wave that contains L-7, a special solubilized lanolin. L-7 solubilized lanolin replaces natural oils stolen by bright studio lights, sun and wind, and the drying action of many hair preparations.

Miss Hyer says: "My hairstylist must be *right*—because Glotone certainly keeps my hair beautifully waved, soft and easy-to-manage."

In selecting your salon, choose one that features Glotone.

**GIBBS & CO.** World's largest manufacturers and distributors of beauty shop equipment and supplies



# LIVING WITH YOUNG IDEAS

PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS

Election year! On these pages the stars nominate sure-to-win holiday fashions. Pretty Jackie Loughery, left below, casts her ballot for shiny black taffeta and snowy white nylon lace paired off to brilliant effect. Camisole has bateau neck, is ruffled in tiny tiers. \$10.95. It's mated to a huge new harem pouf skirt by a bright tucked cummerbund. \$17.95. Sizes 5-15. By Ilene Ricky

An unforgettable dress for dancing or floating. Patricia Smith, below right, elects a blue cloud of nylon chiffon, gathered to wind the waist, with folds of confection below. Adding glow to your parties—a halter-neck bodice, bared to reveal a pretty back, and agleam with iridescent sequins. Also white, red. Misses' sizes 10-16, juniors' 9-15. Dance Original by Fred Perlberg. Under \$40

To buy party fashions, see stores, information on page 113

VOTE  
THE  
*party  
line*

VOTE  
THE  
*party  
line*

ELECT  
THESE  
**FASHION**  
CANDIDATES

VOTE

DROP  
BALLOTS  
HERE





# SUDDENLY



with  
**CREME  
PUFF**  
your search is ended!

No "patched-up" look—no caking—no orangey streaks! Here's the only compact make-up that gives you a fresh, young look all day!

Now you can be flawlessly beautiful all day... with Creme Puff\* by Max Factor. This exclusive blend of powder plus creamiest base is specially created to give your complexion a lasting freshness... a youthful glow that will never fade, shade or streak! Just a touch-up keeps you looking radiantly beautiful... all day!

Refillable Ivory Compact (shown) **1.25**  
Refillable Golden-tone Compact... **2.25**  
Refill, in metal case with puff... **85¢**  
ALL PRICES PLUS TAX

**CREME PUFF**  
by Max Factor



**use it instead of powder**

*It's better — clings for hours!*  
Creme Puff is sheerest powder plus creamiest base — in one velvety disc. Veils your complexion in soft, exquisite color.



**use it as a light make-up**

*It's better — always looks fresh!*  
Creme Puff covers flaws and imperfections instantly! Gives your complexion a deep glow. You look "beautiful from within"!



**use it as a quick touch-up**

*It's better — never turns orange!*  
Creme Puff never cakes, or looks "patched-up." Just a touch-up over any make-up brightens you instantly!

\*CREME PUFF (TRADEMARK) MEANS MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD CREAMY POWDER



# VOTE THE party line *Continued*

## ☒ ROW A

Satiny leather clutch purse to accent your prettiest formal. It's agleam with shiny tabs, opens to hold make-up pocket, snapshot folder, billfold and purse for "mad" money. Lined in striped taffeta. A glamorous party-goer in a rainbow of pastel colors. By Meeker. \$5 plus Federal tax

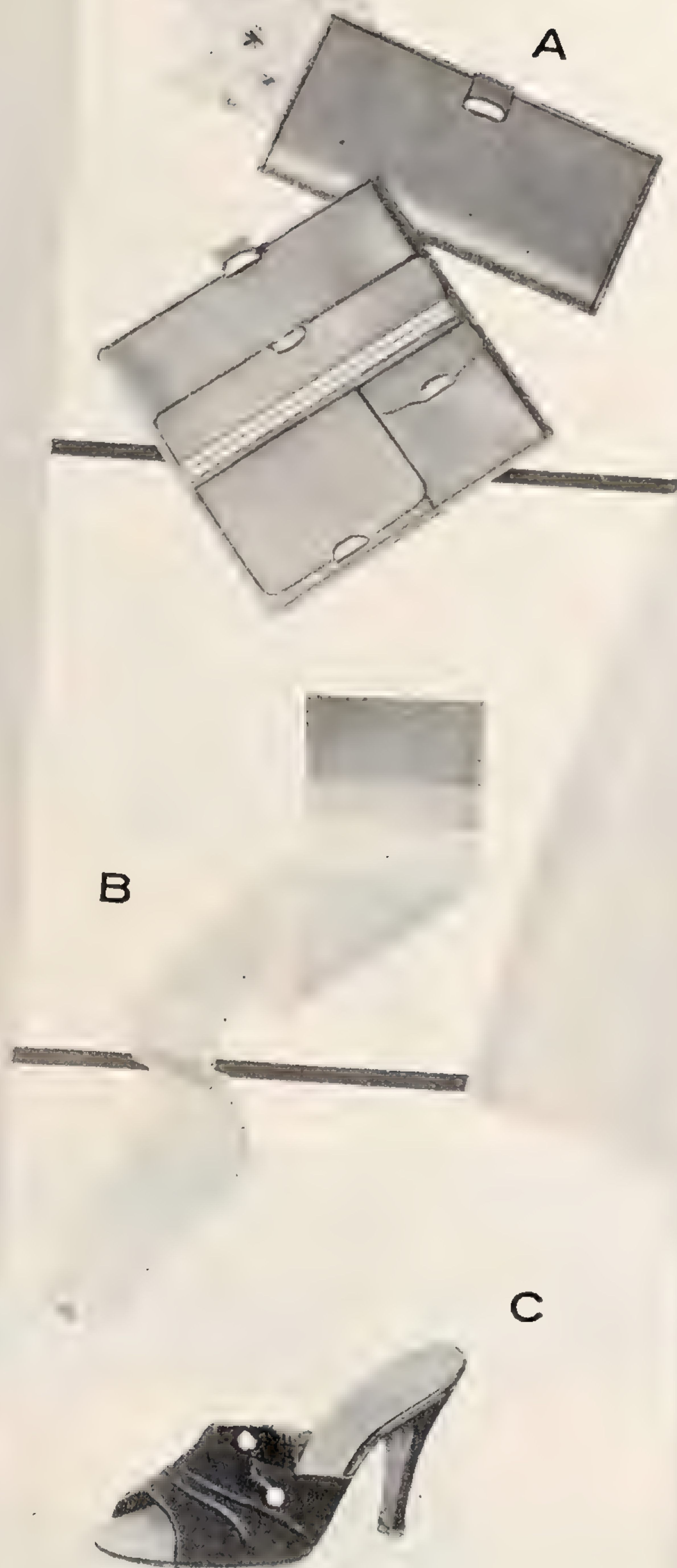
## ☒ ROW B

Where are you glowing tonight? Your dancing legs will glitter in wispy sheer sandalfoot stockings with delicate threads of gilt entwined in the seam. Enchantment afoot this party year! Made also with silvery seams. These, Gleam Seam by Mojud. \$1.65

## ☒ ROW C

A party slipper for Cinderella—and you. In velvety black suede with pleated front, a soaring heel, open back to enhance a pretty ankle. The added sparkle—jewel-like tips on a tiny knotted side tie. It comes, too, in brown or scarlet suede, black patent, beige kid. By Trim Tred. \$9.95

# BALLOT



to buy party fashions,  
see information, stores  
listed on page 113

Jackie Loughery keeps her party line busy with a short shining dress in crisp champagne faille, rising to a high scooped line in front, deeply V'd behind. It's gathered in rustling folds for a full, dancing skirt. Ringing the bodice, a coffee satin Empire band sparked by a jeweled spray pin on its streamer bow. Other ice cream colors. Sizes 10-16. By Carol Craig. About \$17.95





Clothes insurance that cost

The answer to so many  
distress letters to  
Photoplay.



Did underarm perspiration stains ever ruin one of *your* dresses? Well, according to the editors of Photoplay, many letters from readers bring up this one pressing problem.

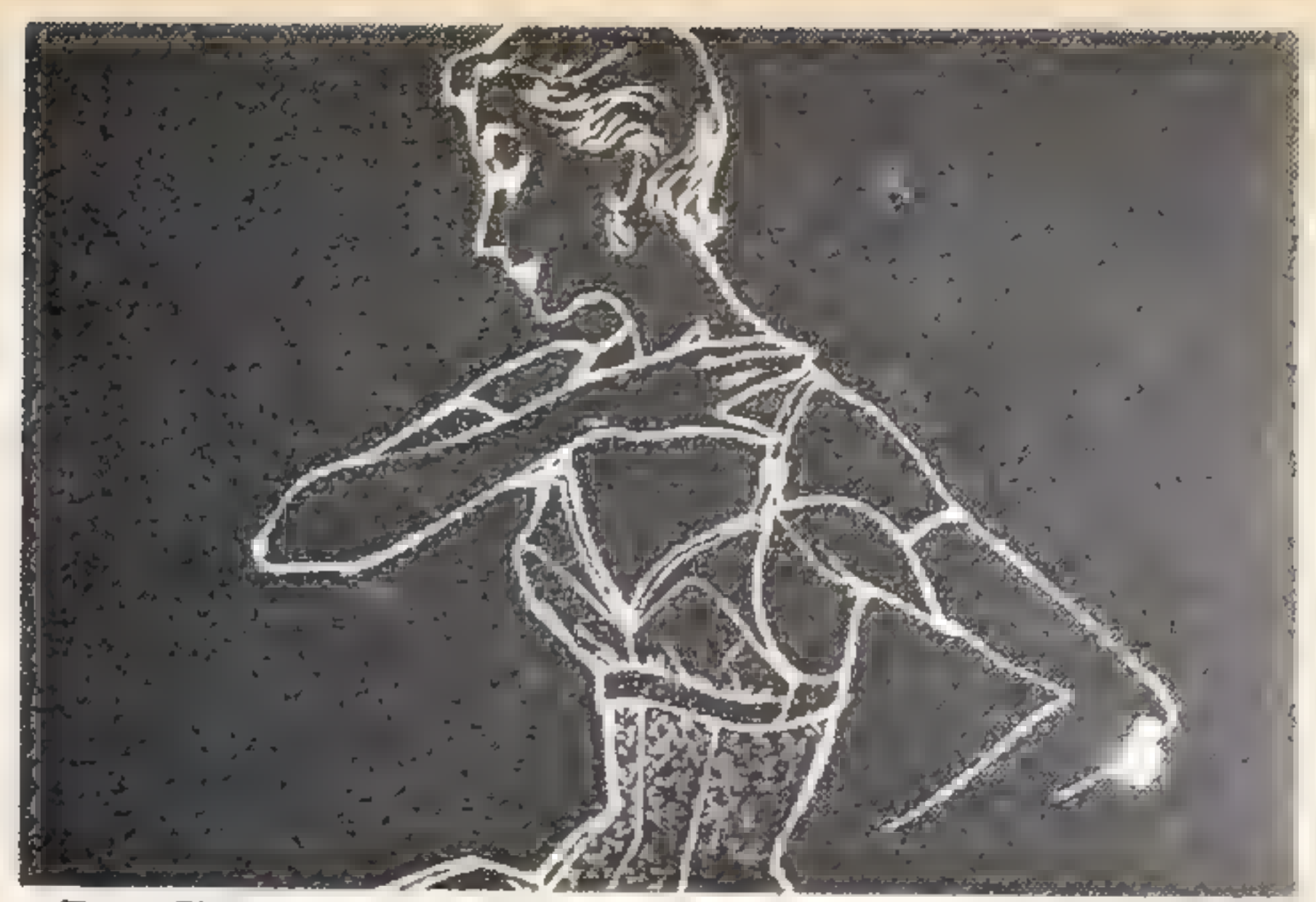
What kind of insurance can you get? Kleinert's Dress Shields. Properly selected, they're GUARANTEED\* to protect your clothes against underarm perspiration *moisture*... and that is something that no deodorant alone can do, especially in times of stress. Some deodorants only deodorize—they do *nothing* to check moisture. And NO deodorant completely stops perspiration moisture.

Any good deodorant will guard *you* effectively under normal circumstances. But

Kleinert's Dress Shields are GUARANTEED to protect your *clothes* against perspiration moisture even under the most unusual circumstances. They won't let one iota of moisture reach your precious clothes, no matter how long, how hot, or how exciting a day you spend. They wash in a wink, and *won't* lose their protective power.

GUARANTEED CLOTHES INSURANCE FOR A WHOLE YEAR costs only a penny a day...with a basic wardrobe of Kleinert's Shields (5 different types of shield for as little as \$3.63). It could save you hundreds of dollars. Literally. And you can buy a single pair of Kleinert's Shields for 55¢! So why take chances? Check the styles on these pages; buy at least one pair of Kleinert's Guaranteed Shields today! Shown in mirror, Stay-Rite Shields; they hook on like your bra! \$1.75.

*Available in Canada.*



Bra-Form: Bra plus shields! \$2.25



On-and-Off Shields: Pins are attached! 90¢



Slip-On Shields: No sewing, no pinning! \$1.39

only a penny a day!

\*Kleinert's GUARANTEE to you: When Kleinert's shields have been properly attached, Kleinert's will not only refund the purchase price of shields proved imperfect, but will assume responsibility for any resulting damage to clothes!

And look... there's a Kleinert Shield shaped for every sleeve style!



Left to right: Crescent, 55¢, Regular, 55¢, Full-Fashioned, 65¢, Cap Sleeve, 55¢, Short Sleeve, 55¢, Pin-In Regular, 75¢, Pin-In, Short Sleeve, 75¢



**Kleinert's**

GUARANTEED DRESS SHIELDS



ELECT  
YOUNG IDEAS:  
PHOTOPLAY  
STAR  
FASHIONS

VOTE



JACKIE LOUGHERY STARS IN PARAMOUNT'S "PARDNERS"

Pretty dark horse candidates, very much in the fashion running for your gay parties ahead. They're Patricia Smith's separates in shining, rustling black taffeta splashed with pale blue flock dots. The tiny camisole and swishy bouffant skirt, both circled with narrow blue velvet ribbon ending in baby bows. In sizes 5-15. By Ilene Ricky. About \$17.95. Pat's twinkling blue satin T-strap sandals, by Capezio

Beating the drum for a sure winner, Jackie Loughery enchants the party in a swirling dress teaming waltz white with gleaming black. In pretty cotillion length (longer than short), the gored taffeta skirt flares from a princess bodice. Banded empire top is delicately ruched white nylon tulle, twinkling with rhinestones, scalloped to frame the face. Misses' sizes 8-20, juniors' 7-15. By Emma Domb. About \$45



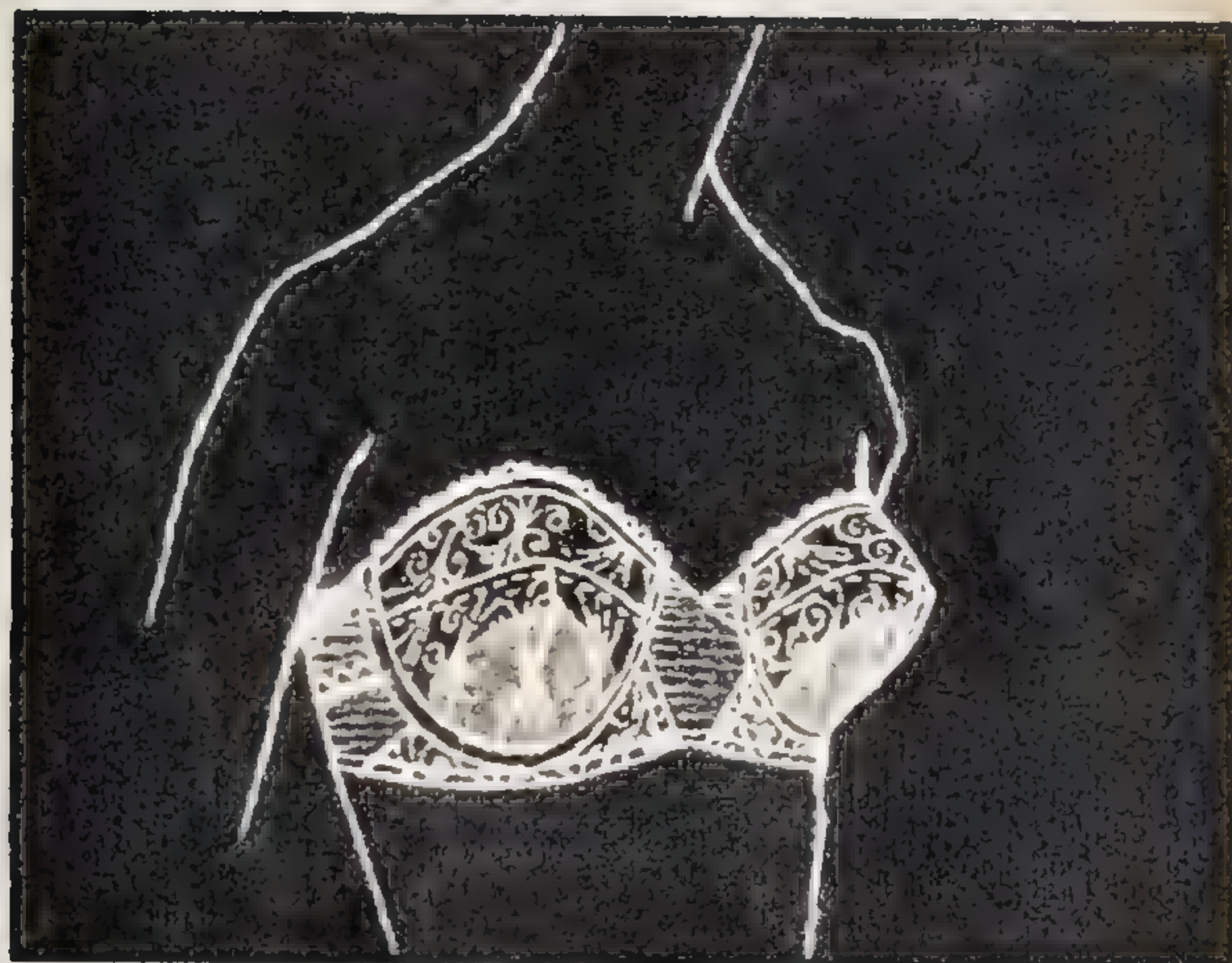
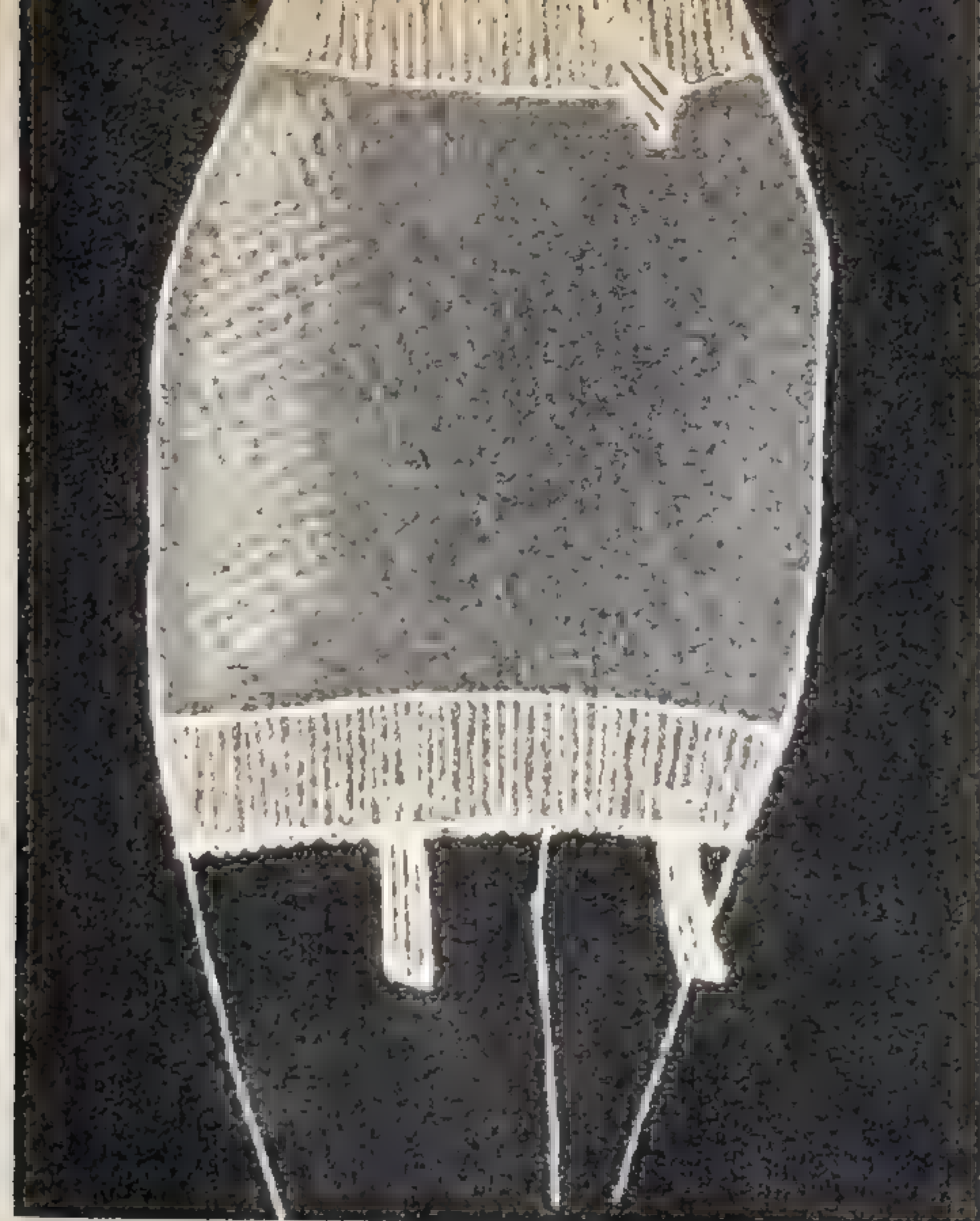
# VOTE THE party line

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT  
AND STAN ROCKFIELD

SEE PATRICIA SMITH IN "THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS,"  
A HAYWARD-WILDER PRODUCTION FOR WARNERS

A pink as frothy as cotton candy—Pat Smith's choice for party time. In heavenly cotton lace overlaid on taffeta, the princess line flows from the gently scooped bodice to a flaring, belled skirt. The wide inset panels of pink satin end in a giant pouf bow at front. In a choice of delectable holiday colors. Junior sizes 5-15. By Jonny Herbert. About \$35. Pat's airy, jewel-heeled dancing slippers by Capezio

To buy party fashions, see stores listed on page 113

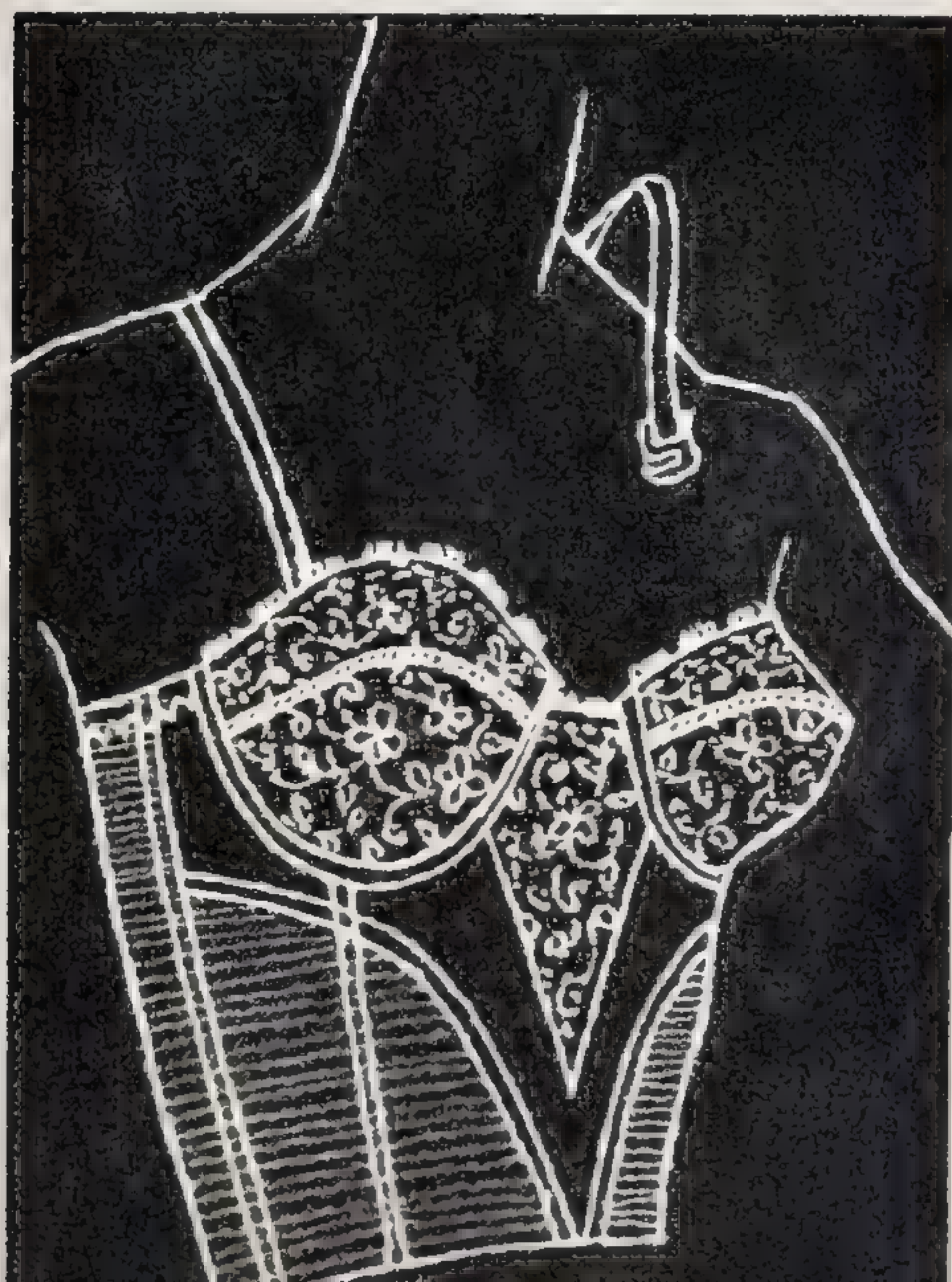


## SHAPING UP PARTY LINES

Top, for lightweight but firm control under pretty party clothes, a smooth-line nylon and Lastex girdle. Banded top shapes a tiny waist, longer back perfects the fit. White, pink, blue, yellow with gay striped ribbon trim. S, M, L. Jantzenaire. \$5.95

Above, a pretty strapless bandeau of elastic with embroidered nylon marquisette cups. Designed for dancing freedom, with cushioned-wire uplift, slightly padded undercups for eye-catching contours. 34 A to 40 C. White. Living bra by Playtex. \$5

Below, for figure-hugging holiday fashions, a long line bra smoothing the midriff with Leno elastic. The ribbon-wired cups are embroidered cotton broadcloth with built-in foam rubber shape. White. Sizes 32-36 A, 32-38 B, 32-40 C. By Exquisite Form. \$5.95





*If you consider a short hairdo the unkindest cut of all, you'll want to*



*Even at age five, Susie followed the family tradition for long hair set by her mother, Mexican film star Lupita Tovar, and her godmother, Dolores del Rio.*

YOUNG IDEAS:  
BEAUTY

YOUR  
HAIR  
IS LONG—  
AND YOU  
LOVE IT...



## Share Susan Kohner's top secrets

SUSAN KOHNER IS IN "THE LAST WAGON"



To set the deep, soft waves on top, Susie makes one large standing pin-curl on each side. Curls are wound toward face, around two fingers and pinned through bottom only, to stand up. Each curl should be  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " across.

For dress-up occasions, Susan learned to set the elegant new bouffant version of the page-boy quickly and easily with large wire mesh rollers: two on each side and three rows in the back. To make it "puff"—and stay that way—underneath hair needs much back-combing and a generous squirt of hair spray.



BY HARRIET SEGMAN

● It is not by chance that Susan Kohner is such a well-tressed beauty. One of the year's most promising — and busiest — young actresses, Susie learned from hair stylist Victor Vito how to keep her long hair glamorously soft, smooth and always in place — without constant fussing! A man who believes that the test of a good hairdo is how little attention it needs, Victor taught Susie, first, how to set long hair, in minutes (see above). He then suggested a permanent on the underneath layers, to provide needed body and support for the smooth-flowing top layer. Because long hair tends to become flat and stringy quickly, and because freshly washed hair looks twice as thick and fluffy, Victor advised a shampoo, followed by a creme rinse, every other day. To avoid roughening the silky smoothness of long hair, Susan was cautioned not to break off ends when her hair becomes tangled while combing or brushing. The professional hair-setting techniques Susan learned are also available on film for rental to schools, clubs or other groups. You can write to Victor Vito, Director, Home Hairdo School, 5 East 57th Street, New York, New York.



what's

spinning?

BY CHRIS DAGGETT



Keep that party mood with this portable high-fidelity phonograph. Built to be carried or stay chairside (with stand added). It encases automatic record changer, two-speaker system in black and white grided case. Encore by Pilot. \$169.50\* Stand, \$7.95\*

*\*Slightly higher west of the Rockies*

For a holiday record party at home, look like a dreamboat in Jackie Loughery's dress-up separates.

The swirling, full circle skirt in black felt is sparked with a trio of glittering pussycats. About \$15. The shoulder-baring blouse in inky black velveteen, about \$9. Misses' and junior sizes. By Ann Lord

*To buy party fashions, see stores, information on page 113*

When the leaves turn to a beautiful golden red and the wind blows outside we know it's fall once more. Time to relax with our friends at parties and informal times as well; time to organize school dances and pick the records to play in the recreation room. That's where we come in.

We suggest you start your collection with Nat "King" Cole, always a favorite. Born in Montgomery, Alabama, Nat attended school in Chicago, where he studied piano and soon got his own band together, playing local dates. Later the band toured in vaudeville with the "Shuffle Along" revue, after which Nat worked as a pianist in night clubs before forming the King Cole Trio. He first gained prominence as a piano player with this group, which consisted of piano, guitar and bass. Furthest from anyone's mind, most of all Nat's, was the idea that he would become one of today's most popular singers. Nat is recognized as being without peer in singing a ballad. Because of this, his pianistic abilities have been pushed

somewhat into the background. Actually he is one of the most creative pianists of our time. A Decca album released not long ago entitled "In the Beginning" will give you an idea of Nat's prowess at the keyboard and as a composer. In it are some of the early Cole hits, such as "Sweet Lorraine," "Scotch-in' with the Soda," "Babs" (one of his own compositions), and "This Will Make You Laugh," a great ballad reintroduced in 1955 by Carmen McRae.

"Relaxing with Frances Faye," on the Bethlehem label, is another husky recital by the hip, rockingly unsentimental Miss Faye—a performer unique unto her swinging self. Not a jazz singer but jazz-flavored, she is fun to hear within her life-is-just-a-bowl-of-kicks province. If you are not familiar with the voice or the singer, give an ear; you may find yourself in for a whole world of new styles.

Johnny Green conducts the M-G-M studio orchestra in music recorded from the sound track of the Kelly-Guinness-Jourdan film, "The Swan." A collection

of frothy waltzes and languorous love themes, the music is gentle and very good for reading by. Although Grace Kelly is not inside this album, this is apt to be music for daydreaming of her if you are so inclined.

"Portraits of Italy" is a superior program mood-music collection. The song-rich portraits are beautifully performed by Whitehall, conducting the Symphony Orchestra of Rome. The tone poems cover such diversely colored subjects as "The Lakes," "The Mediterranean," "Rome at Dawn," "Sunset on the Adriatic" and "Venetian Lagoon." For light semi-classical music played with good taste, this group has had few equals this year.

Except for "A Fine Romance" and "Gone with the Wind," Billie Holiday's newest album contains previously unreleased numbers from the Hollywood session in the late summer of 1955 that was one of the most productive for Billie in recent years. The excellent, relaxed accompaniment is mainly by the hotly lyrical Harry Edison, Benny Car-



ter and Barney Kessel. Billie sings with an assurance, a hardened-but-still-soft-at-the-center wit and a control over her voice that she has sometimes lacked in the past. Unreservedly recommended.

#### Odds and Ends

Bethlehem's mammoth set of three twelve-inch L.P. records of "Porgy and Bess" was scheduled for release at the end of August. Watch for this. . . Each member of Howard Rumsey's Lighthouse All-Stars records under his own name when not wailing in Hermosa Beach for you California fans. . . Pat Boone, our own boy wonder, sings a special song behind the main title of the new Gary Cooper film, "The Friendly Persuasion." It has created a sensation in Hollywood following sneak previews of the picture. Gossip has it that Pat will soon be seen rather than heard in movie theatres all over the country. Several studios want to put him under long-term contract. . . The television audiences of 1955-56 swept Lawrence Welk to the top of the popularity polls, proving what many had forgotten, that good, tuneful music is still an irresistible attraction. . . For you New Yorkers, the Modern Jazz Quartet will open at the Music Barn in Lenox on September the 2nd. Atlantic hopes to do a record session covering their stay there. . . At the Modern Jazz Room in Chicago this month are the Jazz Messengers, booked for September 12th, and Stan Getz for October 15th. Sounds as if a good time will be had by all. . . Harry Belafonte starts a four-week engagement at the Palmer House on August 16th to run through October 15th. Following him will be Dorothy Dandridge. . . In late October, Alan Freed plans to hit London with an all-star rock 'n' roll show at Albert Hall. While Freed will appear only in England this fall, he plans to take his group on an extensive tour through Europe next summer. . . The first Apollo awards given to ten singers, instrumentalists and bandleaders will be awarded during the Diamond Jubilee of the record industry, a trade show to be held in New York's Coliseum for ten days starting September 7th. Winners of the Apollo awards are Kate Smith, Bing Crosby, Benny Goodman, Ella Fitzgerald, Perry Como, Frank Sinatra, Paul Whiteman, Rudy Vallee, the late Al Jolson and the late Glenn Miller. . . Frankie Laine is likely to play Britain for twenty-one dates starting at the end of September. . . Ella Fitzgerald recorded "April in Paris" with the Count Basie band, plus "Every Day" and "Salty Lips" in duet with Joe Williams, all for a Metronome all-star date. . . Watch for the much-awaited Chet Baker-Caterina Valente side due for release soon on the Decca label.



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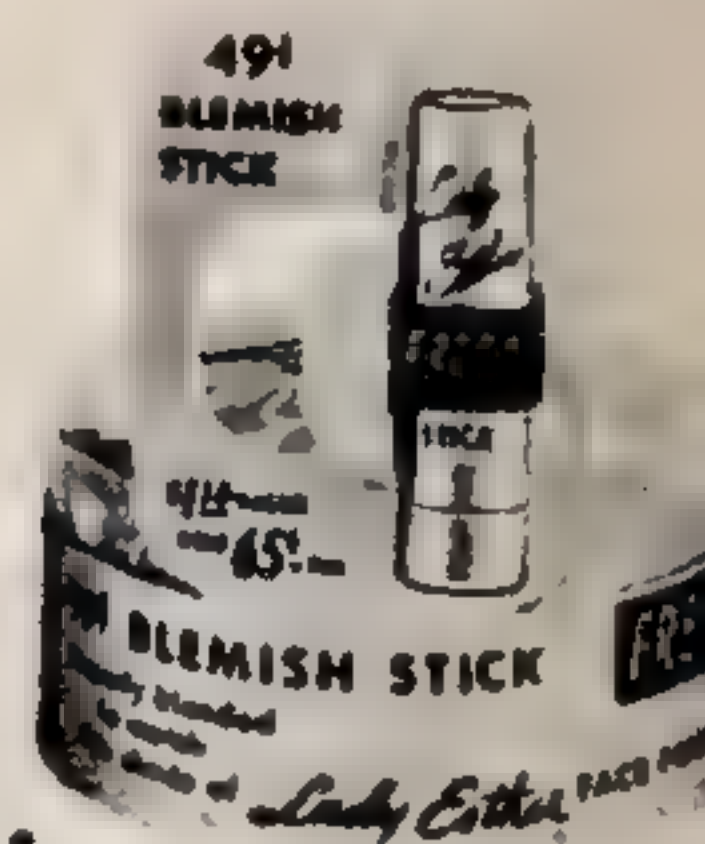
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B.



C.



D.



E.



## becoming attractions

A. Top tip: New Nestle Colorhue Shampoo with temporary U.S. Government certified color adds sparkling highlights that last from shampoo to shampoo. Five shades: Blonde, Brown Redhead, Brunette, Silver Grey. 4 oz., 59¢.

B. Lady Esther face powder meets its match in new Blemish Sticks, blended to correspond to each shade. Used together, they conceal small flaws, discolorations, under-eye shadows, so that no one is the wiser. Both, 65¢.

C. Not for beginners: Max Factor's new fragrance, "Primitif," is no dainty, floral scent. Rich, full-bodied and warmly female, it comes in perfume, 1 oz., \$18.00\*; Parfum Cologne \$3.00\* and \$1.75\*; and in Spray Mist, \$2.50\*.

D. Nice way to come clean: Jean Naté's new "Essentially Yours" kit with refreshing "Fric-tion pour le Bain" after-bath rub, talc and French-milled soap in matching fragrance. Zippered chartreuse kit. \$4.50 plus 28¢ tax.

E. Edwardian Rose is Dorothy Gray's romantic fall lipstick color. A lush, blooming shade it comes in all three Dorothy Gray lipstick types: Standard indelible formula, Super-Star and Sheer Velvet. Two sizes, \$1.25\*, \$1.50\* plus tax.



# Odd Man Out

(Continued from page 62)

obviously interested? Few had ever seen him.

The young stranger was Kevin McClory, an amiable Dubliner in his late twenties who worked as John Huston's assistant director on "Moby Dick."

Elizabeth was clearly captivated by the dark-haired Irishman. She talked vivaciously to him while practically ignoring her husband the entire time they were out front.

"What's the matter with Liz and Mike?" a photographer hissed to me. "I can't even get them to pose together. They just sort of stand beside each other, but as if they weren't with each other."

I shook my head. "Another spat," I said. But no one that evening, watching the three of them there together before the microphones, had any idea that just two weeks later Elizabeth would announce her legal separation from Mike—a separation often predicted, but always denied vigorously.

After the "Moby Dick" premiere showing, the celebrities motored on to an after-theatre supper party at the Mocambo. The Gregory Pecks brought director John Huston and Lauren Bacall. (Bogie wasn't well enough to go out yet.) The gay throng included Diana Dors and her husband, Dennis Hamilton, with Donna Reed and Tony Owen, Lana Turner and Lex Barker, Debbie and Eddie Fisher and many others. Liz and Mike showed up with their young friend, McClory.

The three were shown to a cozy table along the leather-upholstered side wall at the Mocambo. Almost immediately, Mike bounced away to greet friends at the next table. But Liz and Kevin kept their places. They talked a lot to each other that evening as the merry festivities and chatter swirled about them.

But if Mike was table-hopping all over the room, no one gave it any special thought. He's a friendly, gregarious sort of fellow and there were chums present whom he hadn't seen in a long time.

And if Liz was overly attentive to the admiring chap by her side, no one made too much out of that, either. After all, it wasn't the first time she had been to the Mocambo with McClory. A few weeks earlier they had surprised ringsiders when they dropped in one evening for the late show. They had brought along a priest, a friend of McClory's, as a chaperon. They explained that Mike was working the next day and had to get up early so he didn't want to come along.

It was almost three before the premiere party broke up and everyone headed for home. Liz and Mike dropped McClory off at his apartment and proceeded to their house on the hill.

No one will ever know what took place between them as they wound quickly through the curving, dark streets of Beverly Hills. No one will know whether Mike, bitterly aware of the difference in age and interests of his stunning young wife and himself, blew up a flirtation into something important because of his own injured feelings.

All the outside world knew was the headlines in the morning papers a fortnight later. Elizabeth and Michael, "after careful consideration," had agreed to an amicable separation on the eve of their separate departures for long movie locations away from Hollywood.

After four years, Liz's second marriage, the one to the gay, blithe Britisher twenty years her senior, was tottering.

Again, a torrent of speculation blew about Elizabeth Taylor's beautiful dark head. There had been rumors about the

## YOUNG IDEAS:

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE



### Across

1. Beauty who's broken with her British husband
6. Ann Miller can show off a shapely —
9. Star of "Between Heaven and Hell"
12. Nickname for star of "A Cry in the Night"
13. Deborah Kerr and Maureen O'Hara have red —
15. Teenagers — over Elvis
17. Tab rode his own — in "The Burning Hills"
19. "You Are — Beautiful" (song)
20. Male star of "The Opposite Sex"—or Parisienne
23. "Rebel in Town" player with a very common name
25. "— in the Streets"
28. "It — Necessarily So" (song)
29. "Say It — So" (song)
30. Blond in "Back from Eternity"
31. Blond in "I've Lived Before" (init.)
33. James Dean's name in "East of Eden"
35. Kidnapped girl in "A Cry in the Night" (init.)
37. Initials of 7 Down
38. "Attack!" takes place in the — of a European town
41. "— Edge"
43. Astaire's birthplace
44. Sensational young New Yorker, next in "Giant"
46. Magnani — the Oscar
47. "Bhowani Junction" star (init.)
48. Character man in "Toward the Unknown" (init.)
49. Gal in "Pardners" (init.)
50. Ferrer's wife in "War and Peace" (init.)
51. He was a mule's voice
52. Initials of 1 Across

53. "Attack!" coward (init.)
54. Brave Britisher in "D-Day the Sixth of June" (init.)
55. Heroine of 41 Across
58. — for —'s sake (Metro's motto)
59. *Natasha* in "War and Peace" (init.)
61. Jeff's ship in "Away All Boats" fires many a —
62. Composer in "The Best Things in Life Are Free"
65. Today, a top star often has his own producing —
68. Star of "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt"
70. Recently, he's fought Confederates, river pirates
73. "— My Love" (song)
74. Stanwyck's ex
75. Career girl in "The Opposite Sex"

### Down

1. "— at Table Rock"
2. Julie or Nick
3. Seen in "The Search for Bridey Murphy" (init.)
4. In "The Vagabond King," Oreste swears a musical — to defend Paris
5. "Flying Down to —" (song)
7. Call him Pop any day now
8. Rebel in "Bandido" (init.)
9. Widmark makes the youngsters — the mark in "The Last Wagon"
10. Heroine of "The Indian Fighter"
11. Villain in "Lisbon"
14. Star of "Giant"
16. Tierney's ex, dated Kelly
18. "Trapeze" star
21. Susan Hayward's recent real-life role
22. Said Calhern to Mason in "Caesar": "— tu, Brute"
24. Newcomer in "The Scarlet Hour" (init.)
26. Jean Peters' guy in "Three Coins in Fountain" (init.)
27. Stepfather of "Teenage Rebel" (init.)
32. "Pillars — the Sky"
33. Audie's bride in "Walk the Proud Land"
34. Pier's brother-in-law
36. She thinks she was *Bridey Murphy*
37. Star of "The Great American Pastime"
39. Bette Davis' favorite between-films home
40. Real first name of 44 Across
42. "I'm — Old Cowhand" (song)
44. Composer in "The Best Things in Life Are Free"
45. "— a Rose" (song)
50. Singer Griffin
56. Academy members cast — to choose Oscar winners
57. Bergman played a — in "The Bells of St. Mary's"
58. "— the King's Men"
59. Pier's real name
60. Beauty who went with Boyer to the Casbah
63. — planes fought Nazi bombers in "D-Day the Sixth of June"
64. Lon Chaney, —, was a great silent star
65. Young stars of "Giant" must — make-up at the end
66. "— Had My Way" (song)
67. Miller's mate, Hutton's ex
69. "Toward the Unknown" star (init.)
71. This quality helps make stars successful
72. Composers' inspiration in "The Best Things in Life Are Free" (init.)
73. Don Murray's role in "Bus Stop"

Answers to Crossword Puzzle on page 98



4728—Flattery for the junior figure! Pretty new standaway neckline, smart yoke topping a wide, whirling skirt. Jr. Miss sizes 9-17. Size 13 takes  $4\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 39-inch fabric.

4585—The season's newest fashion—a darling dress with long, dipping torso, jaunty collar, huge billowing skirt! Misses' sizes 10-18. Size 16 takes 5 yards of 39-inch fabric.

4648—Line divine for your figure—The Empire Princess! You'll love the fitted bodice, smooth slimming lines below that lead to a mermaid flare. Simple to make. Misses' sizes 10-18. Size 16 takes  $3\frac{7}{8}$  yards, 39-inch fabric.



Send thirty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: PHOTOPLAY Patterns, Box 133, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add 5¢ per pattern for 1st-class mailing.

match almost since the day she married Mike. Now the floodgates were opened.

The stories had bubbled up more than a year ago when the "Giant" company was on location on the baking plains of Marfa, Texas. Word reached Hollywood that co-stars Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson were playing their love scenes off as well as on screen.

Liz and Rock stoutly denied these stories, but Mike was sufficiently concerned to fly to Marfa to see what was going on. Elizabeth succeeded in convincing him that it was much ado about nothing. A few days later he returned to Hollywood, glad to escape the fierce summer Texas heat.

There had also been stories about Liz's continuing warm, personal friendship with Montgomery Clift. When Monty first returned to Hollywood to make "Raintree County," he lived with the Wildings at their mutual invitation.

Yet his presence must have posed a problem, even if a subconscious one, for Mike. How would any balding male in his mid-forties with a gorgeous young wife like to have a handsome, personable young man almost half his age, one who worked daily in love scenes with his wife, living under the same roof?

Liz has been fond of Clift ever since she made "A Place in the Sun" with him in 1951. But he never paid much attention to her in those days. She was just a kid and he had his own heart interest of the moment, a woman not in pictures.

The studio asked him to take Liz to the premiere of "A Place in the Sun." Two days before the opening, Liz called the studio worriedly to say that she hadn't yet been invited by Clift. They had to remind him to invite her!

For the fancy opening the studio rented him a tux, a publicity man loaned him his own personal studs and cufflinks and gave him five dollars, because Monty was broke that night.

"What shall I do with her afterwards?" Clift asked.

"Take her anywhere you like," the studio advised him. "Just sign the checks. We'll pick up the tabs."

That was the first night that Liz Taylor and Monty Clift ever went out together on a date. Later that year when he met her plane at Idlewild Airport in New York he felt compelled to deny publicly that there was any romance between them.

Whenever the Wildings are in New York they avail themselves of Monty's apartment at his invitation. They named him as godfather of their second son Christopher.

Monty had his bad auto accident last summer following a dinner party at Liz and Mike's. It was a hysterical Liz who tore down the hill after hearing of the crash, crept into the sports car wreckage and cradled Monty's head in her lap for more than half an hour until the delayed ambulance arrived to take him to the hospital.

How did Wilding feel on this night? Did he feel that his wife's anguish was for a platonic friend? Or was he himself so upset by the accident and the injury to his friend that he didn't notice?

Other rumors have erupted periodically about Liz and Nicky Hilton, ever since their premature, youthful marriage crashed in a breakage of choice illusion after seven tearful months. Many Hollywoodites believe that Liz has never gotten over her infatuation for Nicky.

Liz was still dating Nicky intermittently a year after their divorce. Month after she had begun to go with Mike she attended a house party on the Connecticut estate of her uncle, Howard Young, with Nicky as her companion.



Last summer they ran into each other at Santa Anita racetrack one afternoon. They kissed fondly, reminisced about old times, and in general had themselves quite a ball.

But what's behind the headlines and rumors? Why did Mike Wilding once say, "I liked her better when she turned to me for every decision, when she looked up to me"? He added, "I hate it now. Now I follow her around."

When did Liz stop looking at Mike as though he were practically a god? And why? What made her decide her marriage was no good? The answer is a complicated one. To unravel it, we must travel back to the days of their first love for one another.

Elizabeth originally met Michael in England when she was only sixteen. She had gone overseas to make "The Conspirators." It turned out that they were working in the same studio. At that time he was still married to actress Kay Young.

Liz and Mike renewed their friendship on a subsequent trip to London which she made following her divorce from Nicky Hilton. They fell in love with one another, the still naive, wide-eyed beauty and the debonair, good-humored Englishman with the air of having been everywhere and done everything.

Liz became as starry-eyed about her romance with Mike as she had once been about Hilton.

"It doesn't matter that Michael is forty and I'm nineteen," she said. "He's a mere child at heart. We both love each other very much and we are both going to work very hard to make it last. This is no sudden crush."

They were married on February 21, 1952, at Caxton Registry Hall in London in the midst of a tumultuous mob scene. Only fourteen people, including his parents, attended the actual ceremony, but once outside they were accosted by hundreds of milling, shouting fans.

In the mad melee which followed, fans scrambled over the hood and top of the wedding limousine. It was all that police could do to get Liz and Mike through the mob and into the car.

After a short honeymoon in the Swiss Alps they returned to Mike's London flat. For a while it looked as though Liz was never going to return to Hollywood. But eventually they were lured back when M-G-M offered Mike a contract, too.

Liz and Mike always used to deny painstakingly the ever-present rumors about their marriage. Once, on one of their periodic returns from Europe, they found that the gossip mill had been working overtime. Liz was furious. "Where do these rumors originate?" she demanded to know.

Mike urged her to calm down. "We'll be married long after those silly stories are forgotten," he told her.

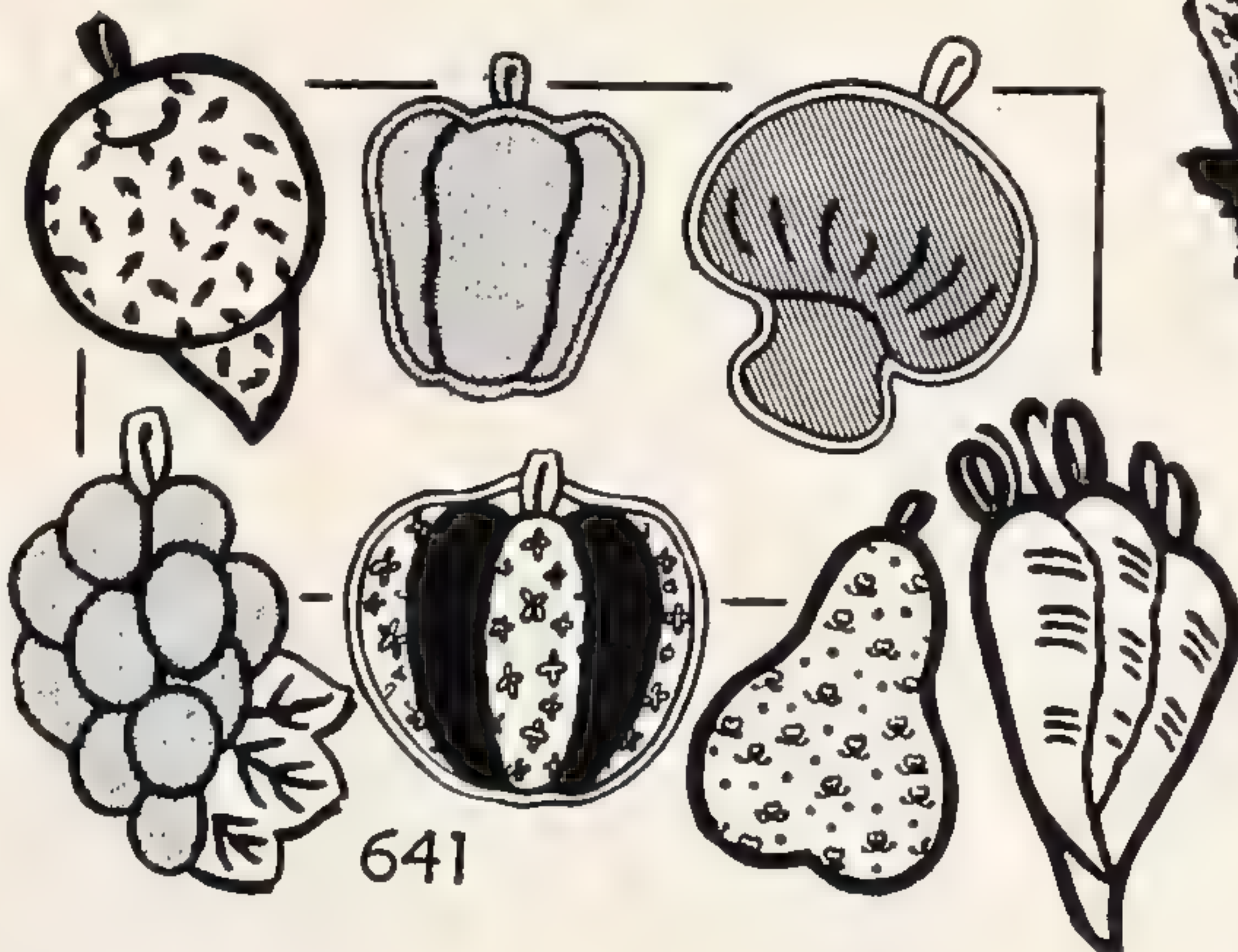
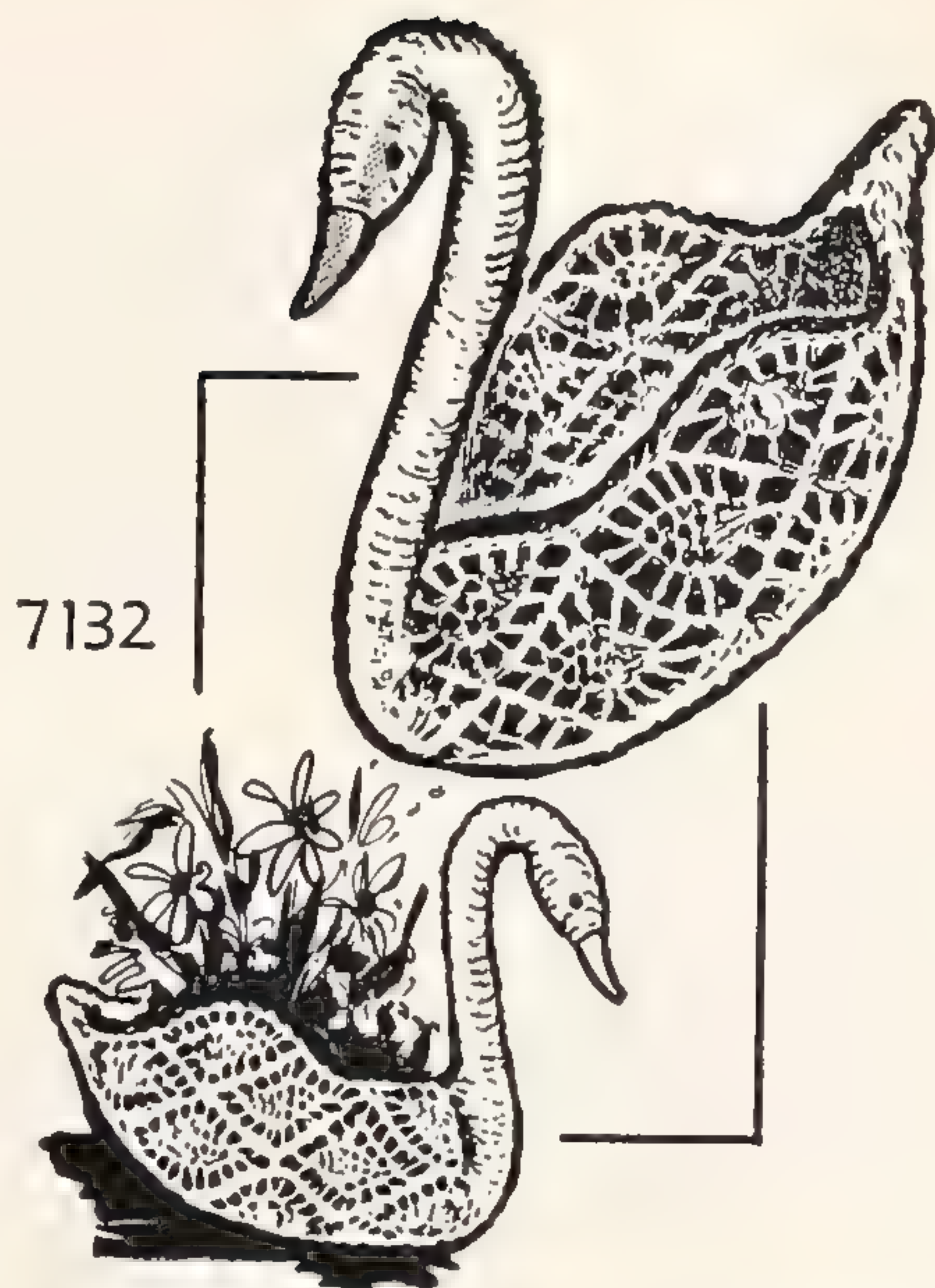
For all his alleged bossiness with Liz before she asserted herself and declared her own private independence day, I for one have felt that Mike was generally kind, gentle and considerate of her.

Liz did not have a normal childhood. She was pampered and waited upon as only a beautiful girl-child can be. She was making movies while still a little girl. She grew up in a studio. Her high schooling was scarcely the average one in its scope and I remember at least one occasion when the serious problem arose of getting her successfully through her examinations.

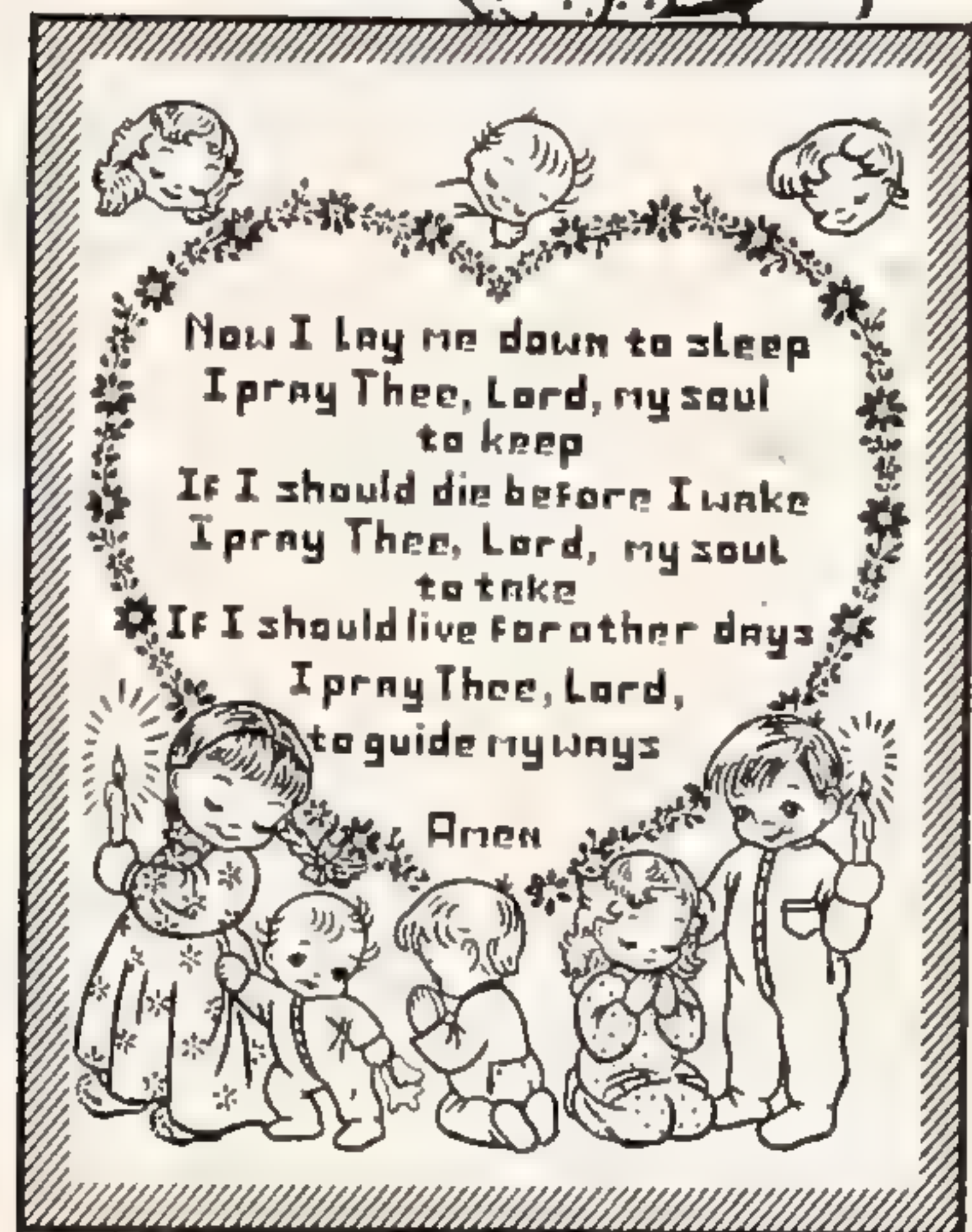
Mike waited on her, generally at her beck and call. When she was working in "Giant" in Hollywood, she had to be up every morning before five. It was Mike personally who aroused her, because she

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Lay  
me  
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didn't like alarm clocks and would have gone back to sleep.

After she was up, he would go out in the kitchen and prepare breakfast, eat with her and see her off to the studio in the cool dawn. He did this for months, although he was not working in a picture himself then and had no personal need to arise so early.

In the first years of their marriage, Mike and Liz never quarreled. They would disagree, but they had no fights. This changed in the past two years as Liz began more and more to assert herself. Her Irish temper would soar when she no longer accepted without a word Mike's decisions on everything.

In the days when she was on loanout to Paramount for "A Place in the Sun," Liz made friends with one of the girls in the publicity department. They were so close that they even used to go shopping together. More than once they would go into a department store, Liz would buy a sweater or scarf and then find that she had no money with her.

"Write me a check," she'd ask her friend. "I'll pay it back tomorrow."

One day she took her chum into a swank Beverly Hills auto agency. She was all excited because she planned to surprise her mother with a new Cadillac for her birthday. Of course, she didn't have with her the money to buy the car.

So she turned to her friend. "Write me out a check for \$5500," she commanded breezily. "I'll pay you back next week."

Patently the pal had to explain that she could cover Liz's expenditure on a sweater, but not on a new Cadillac.

That was all the idea Liz had about money in those days. But since her marriage she has been learning fast what cash means. She learned the hard way.

When Mike and she returned to Hollywood, she went right to work and he went right to the real-estate offices. Almost before you could say Michael Wilding he had bought them a new mountain-top home for \$75,000. The trouble was that it needed so much work to make it livable that another \$40,000 or \$50,000 had to be added to the cost.

Elizabeth just didn't have that kind of money. Mike and she went down to the bank and she cashed all her life savings in bonds—some \$47,000 worth—to help pay for their house debts.

From then on, Elizabeth Taylor started paying attention to the money spent.

One evening before they announced their separation, Liz, Mike and I enjoyed a leisurely dinner at La Rue. We spent most of our time discussing their marriage.

"I think you have to work at a marriage to make a go of it," Mike volunteered.

"I don't like that word 'work,'" Liz objected, in her new-found independence. "Marriage shouldn't be work. It should be fun and laughter."

Liz and Mike had a tremendous amount of fun and laughter in the early years of their marriage. Midnight suppers of onion soup and champagne. Playgoing sprees in London and New York. Holiday flings in Las Vegas, Carmel-by-the-Sea and on the Continent.

In recent months there has been more work and less fun, and in Liz's remark is one of the keys to their rift.

Elizabeth is exuberant and restless. Restless for youth, excitement, fun and partygoing. The sort of things she said she didn't need when she married home-loving pipe-and-slippers-man Wilding.

Their gradually widening rift was evinced in Liz's moody, subdued manner. When she did cheer up it was an artificial, forced kind of gaiety. She was

not the sparkling, vivacious cut-up of past years.

There was one notable exception to this—at the Texas location of "Giant." Despite the heat and discomforts she had a rollicking time with Rock Hudson, James Dean and the others of the cast.

Understandably, Liz did not want to discuss the final break. "I don't want to talk about it," she said with finality. "It's too personal."

But the separation was Elizabeth's own idea. Neither Mike nor she has fallen entirely out of love with one another. There is still an affection between them for all their differences. Both hesitate to take the serious step of divorce.

Elizabeth suggested a separation as a means of seeing how well they got along without each other, to see how much they miss each other and how much they really care. She also suggested it so that it would be possible for her to be seen in public with another man or men without a scandal being made of it. The same would apply to Mike in any dates he might have with other women in Europe, such as old flame Marlene Dietrich, whom he used to date considerably before Liz.

She may miss Mike more than she thinks, unless some other man, or hard work, or



**Most unbelievable Taylor rumor of all: Liz and ex Nicky Hilton together again?**

a combination of both, take up all of her time. For she was miserably lonely many times in the past when their work kept Michael and her apart for lengthy periods. She is an affectionate, emotional girl beneath her placid-appearing exterior; she found it difficult in those days, with Mike away.

Last winter, unable to bear the thought of another long separation, she accompanied him to French Morocco where he was on location with Anita Ekberg and Victor Mature for several months of filming of "Zarak."

The living conditions were dismal, the heat unrelenting and the food abominable, but Liz stuck it out, save for a swift trip home to be with the children at Christmas time. Then she returned to Africa and Mike's side.

Liz has changed quite noticeably in the past year. She is much more matured in her thinking. She now has a definite mind of her own on family and business matters. Consequently, the arguments have multiplied with Mike, for he was used to being in charge.

"They have had a basic quarrel for about two years," said one close friend.

"When Elizabeth married Wilding four years ago she was just a child. He made all of her decisions—even in the smallest matters. He even taught her to eat snails and oysters, something she'd never done."

In sharp contrast to their first home was their second one, the \$150,000 glass, stone and wood ranchhouse which architect George McClain, a family friend, built with Elizabeth specifically in mind. There is nothing of Mike in it that I have ever been able to discover on my visits, with the exception of a small, book-lined study with a TV set in it.

Even then both Mike and Liz admitted that they had quarreled.

"Who doesn't?" Liz asked me sharply. "Every couple has their disagreements and arguments. It's a perfectly normal part of any marriage."

But minor shortcomings which both were once able to shrug off as just one of those things, have bothered them more of late. Michael has become more and more irritated at Elizabeth's perpetual lateness for all appointments. She, in turn, finds his phlegmatic calm bothers her.

An exposé magazine article on Paul Brinkman helped trigger Jeanne Crain's divorce suit against him. But a similar type article about Michael Wilding ruffled Elizabeth scarcely at all. Once Michael gave her the straight of it, she simply dismissed the entire matter. It had nothing to do with their separation.

The Wildings until the last preserved an air of cameraderie which fooled many people. A photographer who spent an afternoon at their home snapping magazine pictures of Liz two days before they announced their separation found them frolicking barefooted around the front yard. They were singing songs from the score of "My Fair Lady" and seemed to have not a care in the world.

Their last goodbye was neither a tearful nor a sentimental occasion. Liz drove Mike to the Los Angeles International Airport in their convertible. She walked into the terminal building with him and they said their casual goodbyes to the clicking of news cameras.

Liz, who was wearing a red sweater and tight-fitting red matador pants, kept her arms folded while pictures were being taken, but Mike dropped a tentative arm around her shoulder and smiled rather sadly down at her.

He was off to Europe for three or four months, to make two pictures. First he flew to Paris, then to the South of France for a reunion with old friends. Later he moved on to Sweden to do a picture called "Long Live the King" with director Preston Sturges.

Later this fall he will be in Vienna to do a picture with Ann Sheridan. Ironically, its title is "Lost Love," a fitting requiem for his own marriage to Liz.

A day after Mike winged out, Liz, late as usual, breathlessly showed up at the airport. Her airliner, already taxiing out on the ramp, was brought back so that she could get aboard and join the rest of the "Raintree County" company on its way to Danville, Kentucky.

Often friends or intimates of a divorcing or separated couple will express a belief that the pair may get back together again, but little such optimism marks this broken match. The friends of Liz and Mike sadly shake their heads.

"They are two such charming, likable people, and they still have an affection for each other," they say. "But there is too much to overcome. We're afraid—terribly afraid—that this is the end of a beautiful love affair."

THE END

SEE: Elizabeth Taylor in "Giant"; Michael Wilding in "Zarak."





*Mona Freeman*

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Jeff Chandler talks about politics, but when he's with wife Marge, he talks about her

# THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I believe Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding are getting divorced so they can be good friends. . . . Nobody ever accused Anita Ekberg of looking like a boy. . . . I admire Audrey Hepburn because she wouldn't allow the studio to straighten her few crooked teeth. . . . Originally Tony Perkins was a hitchhiker. I bet him that he'd learn to drive a car before I did, and if so he'd have to chauffeur me for a week. . . . Some blonds are obvious imitations of Marilyn Monroe, while others (Edith Adams, Judy Holliday and Joyce Jameson) announce they're doing an imitation of MM as a feature of their act. . . . Diana Dors doesn't believe she's the "English Marilyn Monroe," but accepts the billing because it's good business. . . . Diana's husband, Dennis (The Menace) Hamilton, discarded his last name, which is Gittens. . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor didn't announce her engagement once during last month. . . . Impossibility: Paddy Chayefsky writing a Noel Coward "Private Lives" and Noel doing a "Marty" Bronx comedy-drama. . . . I'd like to have a dollar for every bald fellow who felt better after seeing Yul Brynner in "The King and I." . . . By the way, Tom Jenks wants the Duchess of Windsor to title her memoirs, "Almost the King and I." . . . Ava Gardner can cook, too! What more do you want?

Eddie Fisher has a carbonated grin. This should please his TV sponsor. . . . It is difficult, almost impossible, for a movie to be a sleeper these days. The exploitation men tell you that their

offbeat picture is a sleeper from the first day of filming. . . . In a way Barbara Nichols reminds me of Shelley Winters, but more often she is all Barbara Nichols. Barbara is a giggler who is sexy. . . . I've never seen an actress wear a loose pair of toreador pants. Cyd Charisse is all legs in them. . . . Kim Novak tells me that the Tucker Music Shop on Sunset Boulevard has this sign in the window: "Teen-Age Spoken Here."

I wish to report Elvis Presley stood still in Schwab's while buying a comb and nobody recognized him. . . . All Italian actresses walk with their chests thrown out, regardless of their bosom measurements. . . . Mr. Tony Curtis is a "Somebody Up There Likes Me" character who turned out to be a movie star. . . . Judging by actresses in attendance at Santa Anita, Hollywood Park and Del Mar, horse racing is the only sport where the woman spectators equal or outnumber the men. You can see them all at the track, from Betty Grable to Dana Wynter. . . . If I had been Jeffrey Hunter, I never would have allowed Barbara Rush to be the girl who got away. . . . Tip to starlets: If you want to sound like Marilyn merely run up a flight of stairs before delivering your big speech. . . . Jeff Chandler says that Estes Kefauver looks like a Republican, and he's right. . . . Hugo Haas does a quick and funny impersonation of Kim Novak for Greta Thyssen, Cleo Moore and other blonds he likes. Hugo puts his finger to the tip

of his nose to tilt it and opens his mouth slightly. Try it. . . . Nobody looks better in Technicolor than Maureen O'Hara. . . . I'm looking forward to seeing "The Spirit of St. Louis" although I realize Jimmy Stewart is no Charles Lindbergh. . . . Harry Kurnitz writes that producers are going as far back as *Beowulf* and McGuffey's Reader for subjects to be remade into musicals. . . . Alfred Hitchcock claims a typical movie star is a fellow who's egotistical about the fact that he's so modest.

June Allyson doesn't have to display cleavage to be sexy to men. . . . I believe U-I has a good movie bet in Carol (Miss Universe) Morris. She has the charm of Grace Kelly, more warmth, and you don't have to be informed she's beautiful. . . . Tab Hunter is to be applauded because he wants to be a fine actor. Despite the fact Tab has it made, he is taking private acting lessons. . . . I know that Joan Crawford sends her pooches to school to learn how to act on a movie soundstage before she allows them to accompany her to the studio. That's Hollywood for you.



Husband Tony Steel never thought Anita was a boy



Jimmy has Gloria, and can he be Lindbergh, too?



## "Why, I Did Not!"

(Continued from page 54)

hunt headlines—they hunt me." This was accompanied by a large, wide-eyed glance from very blue eyes. "In fact," she continued, "headlines began happening to me at the age of five!" And, more reproachfully still, "You don't think I was dreaming up publicity stunts for myself at that age?"

"At five," recounted Terry, pausing in her attack on a hamburger steak, "I followed a lion tamer into a cage of lions in Los Angeles. He went in to feed the lions and I followed him in. The biggest lion made a swipe at me and missed me. I had no idea of the danger. I just wanted to play with the pussycat."

Her husband, Gene, an insurance and investment specialist who has homes in Panama City, Panama, Caracas, Venezuela, and Hendersonville, North Carolina, said to Terry, "Tell him about the press-agent situation."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Terry. "They've always said I have a lot of press agents working for me. But actually it wasn't until my marriage to Gene that I could afford a press agent."

"I thought she should have one," explained Terry's dark-haired, businesslike spouse, "to straighten out some of these misunderstandings."

Then Terry tossed in a thought that may explain a lot of things. "I love adventure," she said, "and I go places where things are happening. Then things happen to me."

"But I don't think I mind. Because I don't want to get into a rut. If you whitenash your life too much, it gets kind of gray and it's not interesting."

Terry had finished her hamburger, which had been preceded by honeydew melon. Quietly, while the waiter was removing the plate, Gene ordered more honeydew melon for her. As the waiter brought it, Terry looked up in surprise at her bridegroom and said, "How did you know I wanted more melon?"

As she dug into it, she said, "But out of everything bad comes some good, and the headlines have helped in one sense. My name's become so well-known that I'm given opportunities to do roles on TV that I wouldn't get otherwise."

Laughingly, she added, "When some quiet little girl is mentioned for a possible role, people might say, 'Who ever heard of her?'"

"I guess they couldn't say that about me."

After the lion took a swipe at five-year-old Terry, which got her name in the papers, she began getting publicity as a child radio actress. Her name also got into the high-school paper.

"I was always in it with something that was happening to me—although I never tried to be," Terry told me. "Finally I became the editor so I could keep my name out!"

As a sample of her contention that things are always happening to her, Terry cited her visit to San Diego a few years ago when her hotel room caught fire.

"My room was all filled with water when the photographers arrived," she said. "That wasn't my fault, certainly."

"You didn't set the fire?" I asked jokingly.

Terry laughed. "If I had the brains to dream up all the things that have happened to me accidentally, I could make millions of dollars in publicity work. People are always saying, 'My, how clever you were to have thought of that stunt.'"

"Clever! Things just happened . . . and I can hardly accept any credit or discredit. Maybe it's because I've always said what

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I felt and what I thought. Some people in our business feel they should clam up on everything. Well, I don't clam up. It's not my personality!"

Her husband was discreetly quiet on this point. But as our conversation continued, a curious thing occurred. I asked Terry again about the celebrated "ermine Bikini" fiasco in Korea . . .

It's always been her contention—and I've agreed with her—that, first of all, the bathing suit she wore wasn't a Bikini.

It was just an ermine-trimmed suit. Somebody referred to it as a Bikini, and the name stuck. But when you look at a picture of the suit, you can see there was nothing at all to get excited about.

Yet as Terry began talking about the incident to me, she referred to the bathing suit as "my ermine Bikini."

I practically gasped at this, and so did her husband.

"You just called it a Bikini," Gene said.

"Oh, I've heard it so much, I now say it myself," shrugged Terry.

She raced on in the conversation and once again referred to the controversial garment as "my Bikini."

This time we both laughingly corrected her.

"My bathing suit then!" she said, good-humoredly.

Oh no, Terry insisted, when I brought it up, it hadn't received the Bikini name from her. No, she had never inadvertently called it that (as she had just now).

"I didn't even know what a Bikini was when this all started," Terry said.

Undoubtedly you recall the headlines about that and perhaps some of the details. But let Terry refresh your memory.

"Debbie Reynolds and some of the other girls had gone to Korea to entertain the troops, and they thought it was fun to wear GI (Government Issue) clothes.

"It was fun—for them—but the GIs didn't like it so much because they hadn't seen girls in a while and they wanted to see them looking feminine."

So Terry let it be known in an interview that she was going to wear a GI trench coat or overalls—but that when she took it off, she'd be revealed in a bathing suit. She even had the speech planned.

"This is the new GI underwear," she was going to say.

It did sound funny, and pictures of the suit were published ahead of the trip (with Terry in it).

"But when I got on the plane to leave for Korea, Bill Smith of 20th's publicity department—he was once married to Ethel Merman—came out and said to me, 'Look, don't wear the ermine suit. George Murphy [who was in charge of entertainment for the troops] is getting all sorts of protests through the mail about you and your suit demoralizing the boys at the front.'"

Terry was pretty confused when she got to Korea. Some of the Army brass wanted her to wear the suit, and the GIs certainly wanted her to wear it. "Let's let the chaplains have a look at it," suggested one of the generals.

"It's all right," said the chaplains.

Hollywood disc jockey Johnny Grant, who was in charge of the tour, also said, "It's okay. I tell you, it's okay," as Terry recalls it.

So Terry wore the suit. The story went out on the wire. Then some of the Washington brass got mad and George Murphy said, "Send her home." But the brass in Korea stood by Terry and she finished out the tour.

It took a long time, though, for Terry to live that down. For a while she carried pictures of the suit in her purse, and when anybody brought up the subject, she would whip out the pictures and demand:

"Is there anything wrong with that?" Most people conceded that there wasn't.

Terry's clincher to the argument always is her recollection of what the GIs themselves said: "Look, if we're old enough to fight a war, aren't we old enough to see a girl in a bathing suit?"

PHOTOPLAY could not have picked anyone better informed than I am about the famous "lifted-skirt incident," in Istanbul, that has also haunted Terry. Because I was in Istanbul at the time—and I suffered a little bit from it.

'Twas in June, 1955, that a junket took many of us to Turkey to attend the opening of the fabulous Istanbul Hilton Hotel.

One morning, I came downstairs to hear everybody in the lobby saying, "Did you see that Terry Moore picture?"

I hadn't. Somebody produced a copy of the Istanbul newspaper *Milliyet* which had Terry displayed all over the right side of the front page.

"They tricked her!" were my first words.

I'm an amateur photographer, and I've been around cameramen for many years. I know how some of them like to trick girls into uncomplimentary poses.

I got a cab and went over to see Ercument Karacan, young publisher of the *Milliyet*. He was sorry for all the furor. He said it was all a horrible mistake and he wanted to apologize to Terry.

"We want to make peace and clear her reputation," he pleaded. "You arrange

## A YOUNG STAR'S INTIMATE DIARY

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**December PHOTOPLAY  
on sale November 6**

for us to meet her again and apologize to her."

Terry was too busy right then talking to New York lawyer Florence Shientag, who happened to be on the trip. She'd been given sedatives by Dr. Rex Ross, Hollywood surgeon who was also on the junket.

Realizing the scandal possibilities of the story, and considering myself a friend of Terry's, I didn't want to pay any attention to it.

From the hotel lobby I phoned one American columnist who felt the same way. "But what about —?" this columnist said, naming another columnist on the trip.

I phoned the second columnist who said, "I'm going to file a story. It's news."

So I cabled one, too, and before long the story was in all the American newspapers. The controversial picture, strangely enough, in itself wasn't bad. But the editors decided that it didn't look very artistic—so they had it retouched. The retouched version came out looking quite overexposed—and that's the one that got into print.

A Turkish reporter who interviewed Terry when the picture was taken told me that he had a hot debate with his bosses about running the picture. He told them it was unfair to her. He lost the argument.

A "peace conference" came about, and Terry was given a negative to burn so the picture would be out of existence.

But one of the editors of the paper whispered to me, "We didn't give her the real negative."

I obtained a copy of the "original, unretouched" picture and carried it back to America with me. Inasmuch as I had just returned from Istanbul, people all over Europe asked to see the picture, which hadn't been printed in America.

"Here it is," I would say, producing it magically from my pocket.

The people who asked to see it would stare and then they would say: "Is this all?"

It, too, wasn't anything to get excited about—until it had been retouched. Later on, I learned that Terry was angry at me for cabling a story home. She protested that in my story I had said she was "kicked out of Korea."

Terry didn't understand about cable language, that you generally write short, incomplete sentences. I'd never even gone into the Korean incident in my cable. But somebody in the office had rehashed Terry's history and had remembered just enough about the Bikini to think she'd been "kicked out of Korea."

It took us quite a while to settle that.

Terrible Terry's never going to play the Garbo bit about publicity and interviews—but she was reticent about publicizing her marriage to Gene McGrath. I can testify to that from personal experience, too.

About January 15, 1956, I was in Los Angeles, on the way to the opening of the Dallas Hilton Hotel.

"We tried to get Terry Moore to go to the opening, too," an official of the chain told me, "but we couldn't find her."

"Couldn't find her!" I said. "Is Terry up to something?"

"It's very strange," the official said. "We phoned her father in Hollywood, but he said he didn't know how to get in touch with Terry. He said she was in New York somewhere staying with a girl named Peggy, but he couldn't think of her last name."

"That's odd. What about her mother?"

"He said her mother was with her. We checked with Celebrity Service and all that but couldn't find her."

When I returned to New York from Dallas, I heard a rumor that Terry had been secretly married in Las Vegas on New Year's Day.

One source told me "positively," but all others that knew Terry denied it or knew nothing about it. I phoned her father in Hollywood and he claimed to know where Terry was—though he wouldn't tell me where—but insisted she wasn't married.

Continuing to check on it, I traced Terry to Panama City.

Yes, she had been seen there that very day—with Gene McGrath. But, so far as anybody knew, they weren't married.

I couldn't get Terry on the phone. So I sent a cable. It was returned "undelivered." Terry had checked out of the hotel in Panama City, leaving no forwarding address.

I wrote the story of the probable marriage based on what I knew. A few days later it was confirmed. Terry and Gene McGrath had actually slipped out, during dinner with Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds in Las Vegas, to get married. They came back to the dinner table and didn't mention it. They didn't even tell her father. So, insists Terry, her father was in complete ignorance of her marriage when he denied the story to me.

The point is, Terry and Gene passed up a lot of powerful publicity by keeping their marriage a secret.

A New Year's Eve wedding in Las Vegas with Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds present would have been a tremendous story. But Terry and Gene passed it up. The "new Terry" and her bridegroom



didn't want to start their marriage that way.

Maybe Terry was scared of Las Vegas a little because of her earlier experience with the "nude-looking" dress.

Marlene Dietrich had just won worldwide publicity with a naked-looking gown, and now the Hotel Flamingo hoped Terry would go her one better.

"The dress was dyed so the top would look nude," Terry said, "but the dress was very heavy—twenty-six pounds. Since I was thoroughly covered in the gown, they drew some lines here and there on the pictures so I looked distorted in shape, and half-naked. I was so furious, I couldn't wear the dress again—and I paid \$1,000 for it!

"I hardly talked to the management during the whole engagement, and I told them I wouldn't sign a contract to go back."

And so there you have it. Terry would do it all over again—because, as you have seen, she never did anything. Things just kept happening to her.

Maybe it doesn't sound believable at first, but when you check back over the incidents, you realize she's got a strong argument.

In the future, Terry will probably be seen frequently in pictures because, as she points out, "I'm one of the few actresses under regular contract now at Hollywood."

She recently finished "Between Heaven and Hell," based on the book *The Day the Century Ended*.

"It took me only two weeks," she says. "The studio arranged for me to do all my scenes in a bunch because of my traveling schedule with Gene."

Now that she's trying to live in three places at once, commuting among Hollywood, Caracas, and Panama City, things will surely be happening to Terry again.

I saw another sample of how things open to her a few weeks ago. She phoned me from Washington and said she was arriving in New York that evening. She mentioned that Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis were closing that night at the Copacabana and that it would be a rather historic evening.

"I'd like to go," Terry said.

"I don't think you could get a table this late. The place has been sold out for weeks," I said.

"Call Danny Stradella of Danny's Hideaway," she suggested. "They always have a table at the Copacabana openings and closings."

So I did. It didn't look hopeful. Danny said he had a table for fourteen people, but he already had eighteen or twenty people who wanted to go. Poor Terry.

As I arrived at the Copacabana myself, I saw lines of people who'd been waiting for many of them good customers who had been turned away.

"Terry's out of luck tonight," I told myself.

When the lights went up, the orchestra played, and Dean and Jerry came out—and there sat Terry Moore and Gene McGrath. Ringing closer to the show than anybody in the club.

I had an impulse to dash over to them, but because there was one other question I wanted to ask. I wanted to ask Gene how he planned to go about keeping things from happening to Terry in the future. But then I realized it wasn't any use. How can a guy keep things from happening to a girl to whom things just keep happening?

Anyway, they looked too happy. And besides, I had my story.

THE END

FOR: Terry Moore in "Between Heaven and Hell"



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# TUSSY Medicare



# She Couldn't Say Yes! She Couldn't Say No!

(Continued from page 49)

to and probably won't." Mr. Pasternak had reason to believe he knew his Junie, because during all the years she had been under contract to the studio, that was exactly her behavior pattern. And this time, too, when his speech was finished, little Junie looked up at him and smiled sweetly. No comment.

But the next day, the director began explaining a scene in which June was to be high in the saddle. On a horse. As it happens, June does not like horses and has a deepseated suspicion that the dislike is mutual.

"Now, in this scene," said Mr. Pasternak, "you were riding along with the boy."

"Unh-uh," interrupted little Junie.

"Yes, honey," he continued patiently. "You're riding along on this horse and—"

"No. I am not riding along on this horse. The scene can be done just as well on the ground, and I will not ride any horse."

The director stared at her in bewilderment. June had not smiled sweetly and said, "I'll try." She had plain and simply said, "No." They locked eyes for a brief ten seconds before Mr. Pasternak picked up a pencil to cross out the horseback scene that would have to be rewritten. Then he shook his head sadly and began reconstructing his mental image of June Allyson. After all these years she had learned to say no.

Before, I did things that made me absolutely miserable, just because I wanted everyone to like me," June said later. "I've found out the hard way that you are rarely wrong when you're completely honest with yourself. I can listen and be convinced. I can also say I'm sorry, you're absolutely right, when it turns out that I am wrong. But gee, why not say a flat no or yes if you feel that way, instead of wasting all that time and going through all that misery? I've learned that people like you so much better when they know where you stand. Or, if they don't like you more, at least they respect you."

June's ability to accentuate the Allyson viewpoint, firmly and with conviction, was no overnight achievement. She has always had the quiet, steadfast encour-

agement of one Richard Powell, but the decision to break out of the pseudo-secure mold provided by her husband and studio had to be her own. For years June relied on Richard for the answers on their family, household help, plans and, yes, even her clothes. At M-G-M she was given the careful, cotton-batting treatment befitting a star. Everyone else decided things. She was a beloved adolescent whose suggestions, questions and possible rebellions were received with patience—and a deaf ear.

June started to grow up at the time that Richard began producing and directing pictures. Suddenly the inner workings of the industry—from direction to special effects—became a fascinating new world, because she wanted to be able to talk intelligently to her husband about his work. She began not only to listen but to absorb what went on about her. She saw the intricacies and the myriad of details involved in the production of a picture. She started to grow, and with this initial growth came a desire to become an individual in every phase of living.

At home she was slowly emerging from complete dependence on Richard. He waited and watched, helping where he could, sometimes jolting her into action, sometimes easing the wounds incurred in trial and error. Possibly most important, he also admitted that she was right when she made a decision of her own against his advice. Although he discouraged her from taking the unsympathetic role of the wife in "The Shrike," Richard was the first to tell June what an excellent job she had done after she had rebelled and accepted the part anyway.

He helped in other ways. "One night," June remembers, "I came wailing down the stairs and threw myself on the divan to cry my heart out. I was waving a newspaper column that had given me an especially bad dose of publicity. 'Why me?' I sobbed."

"Why not you?" asked Richard quietly.

"That stopped me cold," June admits. "He was so right. I had reached the point in my career where an occasional nasty bit of publicity was considered par for the course by most stars. But me—I wanted to be different, to have everyone like me. Now I know that's impossible."

When M-G-M's Helen Rose designed her magnificent wardrobe for "The Opposite Sex," June was aghast. The items she was expected to wear were sheath and straight skirts—and sexy. And Junie-peter-pan-collar Allyson had always been timidly stubborn about the simple-type clothes she prefers. Customarily, she would find a dress she liked and have it made up in five different colors. But this year June has decided that Helen Rose may be right, after all. She just might be ready for a change.

"I remember one day when Esther Williams and I were both in Wardrobe fittings," June confessed recently. "Esther was trying on a gorgeous bathing suit that I went mad for and raved that I wanted one just like it. 'Don't be silly,' Esther quipped. 'How can you put a peter pan collar on it?' And, you know, she was right? I would have tried."

Clothes, among other things, come for quite a bit of discussion between June and her Girl Friday, Barbara Salisbury. Barbara is secretary, friend, companion, soothsayer and limerick-writer for the effervescent Allyson. When not working on a picture, June and Barbara start the day with many cups of coffee, a discussion of the news and an exchange of all the hilarious tidbits each of them might have picked up. Hence, Barbara is perhaps more aware than most of the decided change in Mrs. Powell.

"June is so much more prompt now," says Barbara. "She used to drive people mad by always showing up late. But there was a reason. She was always late because she couldn't say no to anyone, so she had too much to do. Or she couldn't say yes, and get it over with. Even simple little decisions weighed on her until they took on major proportions. Subconsciously she managed to distract herself until she was never completely with any one thing. Lack of confidence in herself was the reason."

Barbara paused and thought back over the last couple of years. "In the past, June was afraid to take her children, Ricky and Pamela, anywhere without their nurse, Mrs. Harvey. Lately, however, she and Richard have taken them to Palm Springs, the Santa Barbara Hotel Show and the Luau for dinner, and June is finally convinced of her ability to cope with any situation that might arise. And both Ricky and Pamela are learning to respect their mother's firm 'No.' For most of his young life Ricky has managed to wheedle June into playing with him at nap time. Now that's changed. Now a very surprised little boy finds himself in bed, expected to have his nap promptly."

"Incidentally," Barbara says, with a smile, "Ricky is becoming quite a personality. The Powells have a routine that is the loveliest part of the day to them. Before dinner they sit in front of the burning logs in the fireplace and sit with the children. While Pam, Ricky and Richard hold animated conversations, June picks, punches and sometimes tastes the cheese delicacies on the coffee table. Quite naturally, from time to time she and Richard get into highly stimulating discussions of one of a million subjects. On the night I'm thinking of, Richard was pro and June was con."

"That's absolutely ridiculous," protested the husky voice of Mother June.

"No, it isn't. It's perfectly natural," countered her relaxed husband.

"Oh, Richard!" June exclaimed in exasperation.

"Oh, Daddy," piped up the tenor of Ricky, "you stay out of this!"



Lucky and upcoming Jeff Richards had no trouble saying "Yes!" when June invited him to listen to some new records in her dressing room on the "Opposite Sex" set



They were both stopped in their tracks. When June saw her husband's expression, she howled and Richard finally joined in. Ricky was quite pleased with himself—and was only mildly chagrined when his amused parents straightened up to explain why small boys do not tell big dads to stay out of things.

During this family hour, however, both Pam and Ricky have an insidious method of taking over the conversation, and the Powells admit with due modesty that at times the youngsters make more sense than many of the adults who often gather around the coffee table before dinner.

The change in June about decisions is wonderful to behold. Time was when he was in a constant state of vacillation, but no more. Just a few months ago the Powell household needed a cook desperately. June was visiting a friend whose cook just happened to be leaving and could fill in for a few weeks if the Powells wanted her. June talked to the woman for a few minutes, then up and hired her. It was a big step forward—no waiting for advice from Richard, no seesawing of "Should I or shouldn't I?" The cook, by the way, is still a member of the Powell menage, and everyone concerned is happy. "When I go through the Powells' lower gate in the morning," Barbara Salisbury says, "it's like driving into another world. Suddenly I'm in the peace and quiet of the country, surrounded by beautiful trees and the green green that no city can contrive. The house itself has been blended with the beauty of nature which was put there to be used. Inside, it's warm, friendly and full of the feeling of a family. There was a time when Richard and George Hall, the decorator, got together to decide on any possible changes, June accepting the arrangement with passive interest. Last month, however, it was June who conferred with George on the drapes, curtains, drapes—and she very definitely wanted a brass headboard in the master bedroom. After long discussions she took four possible choices to Richard, then they decided together on colors, textures and whatnot. June taking the initiative is one more significant sign of her desire to become an individual.

## TO REACH THE STARS

In most cases your letters will reach a star if addressed in care of the studio at which he made his last picture. If you have no luck there, try writing to each star individually, c/o Screen Actors Guild, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

**Allied Artists**, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood 27

**Columbia Pictures**, 1438 North Gower Street, Hollywood 28

**Samuel Goldwyn Productions**, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

**M-G-M Studios**, 10202 West Washington Blvd., Culver City

**Paramount Pictures**, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood 38

**RKO Radio Pictures**, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood 38

**Republic Studios**, 4024 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood

**20th Century-Fox**, 10201 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles 35

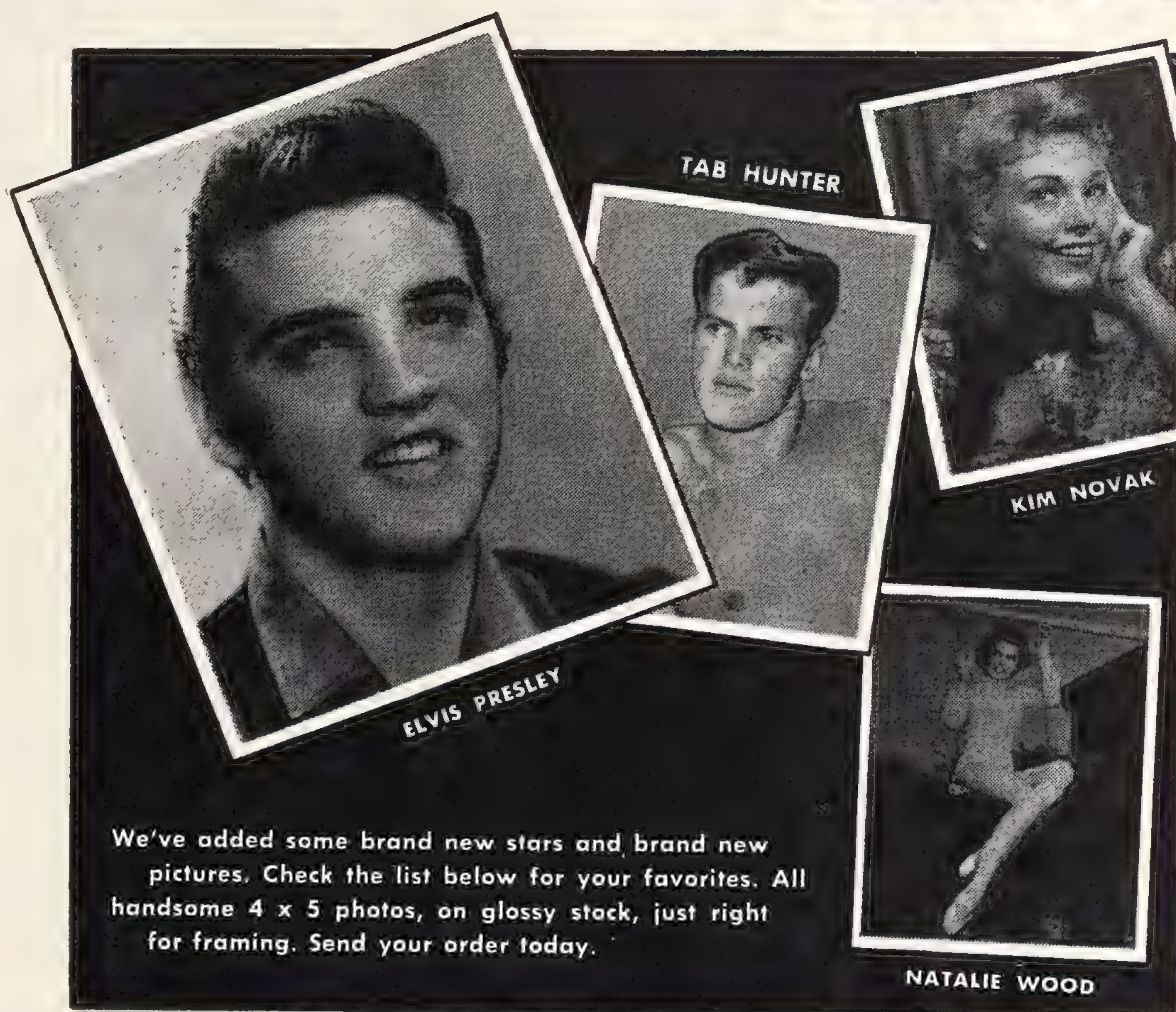
**United Artists**, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

**Universal-International**, Universal City

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|----------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------|--------------------|
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| 3. Ava Gardner       | 106. Shelley Winters          | 191. Robert Taylor   | 227. Tony Perkins  |
| 5. Alan Ladd         | 107. Richard Todd             | 192. Jean Simmons    | 228. Clint Walker  |
| 6. Tyrone Power      | 109. Dean Martin              | 194. Audrey Hepburn  | 229. Pat Boone     |
| 7. Gregory Peck      | 110. Jerry Lewis              | 198. Gale Storm      | 230. Paul Newman   |
| 9. Esther Williams   | 112. Susan Hayward            | 202. George Nader    | 231. Don Murray    |
| 11. Elizabeth Taylor | 117. Terry Moore              | 205. Ann Sothern     | 232. Don Cherry    |
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| 22. Burt Lancaster   | 136. Rock Hudson              | 214. Sheree North    | 238. Diana Dors    |
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| 25. Dale Evans       | 139. Debra Paget              | 216. Richard Davalos | 240. Patti Page    |
| 27. June Allyson     | 140. Dale Robertson           | 217. Julie Adams     | 241. Lawrence Welk |
| 33. Gene Autry       | 141. Marilyn Monroe           | 218. Eva Marie Saint | 242. Alice Lon     |
| 34. Roy Rogers       | 142. Leslie Caron             | 219. Natalie Wood    | 243. Larry Dean    |
| 35. Sunset Carson    | 143. Pier Angeli              | 220. Dewey Martin    | 244. Buddy Merrill |
| 50. Diana Lynn       | 144. Mitzi Gaynor             | 221. Joan Collins    | 245. Hugh O'Brian  |
| 51. Doris Day        | 145. Marlon Brando            | 222. Jayne Mansfield | 246. Jim Arness    |
| 52. Montgomery Clift | 146. Aldo Ray                 | 223. Sal Mineo       | 247. Sanford Clark |
| 53. Richard Widmark  | 147. Tab Hunter               | 224. Shirley Jones   |                    |
| 56. Perry Como       | 148. Robert Wagner            |                      |                    |
| 57. Bill Holden      | 149. Russ Tamblyn             |                      |                    |
| 66. Gordon MacRae    | 150. Jeff Hunter              |                      |                    |
| 67. Ann Blyth        | 152. Marge and Gower Champion |                      |                    |
| 68. Jeanne Crain     |                               |                      |                    |
| 69. Jane Russell     | 153. Fernando Lamas           |                      |                    |
| 74. John Wayne       | 161. Lori Nelson              |                      |                    |
| 75. Yvonne de Carlo  | 174. Rita Gam                 |                      |                    |
| 78. Audie Murphy     | 175. Charlton Heston          |                      |                    |
| 84. Janet Leigh      | 176. Steve Cochran            |                      |                    |
| 86. Farley Granger   | 177. Richard Burton           |                      |                    |
| 91. John Derek       | 179. Julius La Rosa           |                      |                    |
| 92. Guy Madison      | 180. Lucille Ball             |                      |                    |
| 94. Mario Lanza      | 182. Jack Webb                |                      |                    |
| 97. Kirk Douglas     | 185. Richard Egan             |                      |                    |

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"Don't, for heaven's sake," Barbara adds suddenly, "think that June has become grim and determined in an effort to prove herself. The fun-things and the crazy, impulsive acts are still with us. Her giggle is still the same. She still makes up atrocious limericks about friend and foe, and still makes personal gifts for people she likes. She has been on an eyeglass-case kick for the past two years, and she makes each one with the color or design most important to her friend. For instance, Fran Bergen's are always lavender. Someone else likes a fish design. June does magnificent needlepoint and she has worked some beautiful tapestries. One is on the living-room wall.

"I should add that her sense of humor hasn't changed a bit. We have a horrible habit of passing notes to each other when conversation is impossible. One day June was being interviewed on the advantages and disadvantages of being married to an 'older man.' Richard was shaping up nicely for the reporter, but the notes that sailed back and forth between June and me were strictly non-quotable. The game reached its peak when I was unable to resist a particularly facetious thought, and my next note from June said, 'Pick up your check at the lower gate!' If the reporter had got his hands on those notes, he would have had an infinitely better article. But fortunately he was unaware of the subplot going on around him.

"She is still an out-and-out sentimentalist," Barbara continues, "and I don't think that will ever change. Any sad story will produce a freshet of tears; a letter from a friend or fan makes her trot off to the nearest box of Kleenex. Sensitive and highly emotional, June is always touched by little things, and often a warm note affects her more than an expensive gift. Tears aren't necessarily indicative of sadness in June—they can mean anything. Take the day I was working at the desk in her bedroom. June was sitting cross-legged on the floor of her dressing room, listening to a little radio and happily deciding which sweaters to keep and which to give away. Five minutes later, when I walked in, she was still sitting on the floor—but with great big tears rolling down her face.

"Why? Because an old Dick Powell

record was being played on the radio. The fact that her husband, the father of her children, had recorded that song before she ever met him filled her with a flood of emotion that was only released by tears. She blew lustily, she wiped her eyes, she said brusquely, 'Isn't that silly? Bawling over a crazy record!' Nevertheless, she immediately went to the phone and called Richard at the studio, just to say hello."

June's is the nature of quicksilver, and more and more she is becoming aware of traits she never realized she had. Wisely, she has not discarded those facets which made her the personality she is. She's only adding to and firming up the ones left weak by a childhood of insecurity that extended into her adult years. One of her impulsive habits is to send books she believes "have something of value" to all her friends. She herself keeps up with current literature by reading in bed at night. She has explained to Richard that she is improving her mind thusly. Occasionally, he catches her deeply engrossed in her secret vice—mysteries. "How," he'll ask, "are you improving your mind with a mystery?"

With great dignity June will respond, "I've already improved my mind with that book tonight. This one is for me." And Richard doesn't even bat an eye. This is a kind of feminine logic typical of his wife, who really is working on self-improvement.

"This learning to say no can backfire, too," June says wryly. "It can be overdone. One night at bedtime Pam asked me a question, and I was off on a five-minute dissertation which, analyzed, meant 'No, no, no.' If she tried to interrupt, I just talked a little louder. Finally she became very silent and I ran down.

"Then she asked quietly, 'Are you all through, Mommy?' I said that I was, and she said, 'May I explain?'"

"So I said yes, she could explain. She did, fully, and I had misinterpreted her question completely. What could I do? I apologized and admitted that I had been wrong. Pam gave me a long, forgiving look. 'That's all right, Mommy,' she said, 'but next time, just listen first.'"

In all of her relationships—with her husband, her children, her friends, her co-workers—June discovers anew that

the simple act of making a decision slowly erasing the effect of years of insecurity and lack of confidence. Going from studio to studio, being in demand and kept busy, has helped immeasurably. Painful at first, it has now become merely another problem to be overcome.

"It's rough to make changes," June admits. "It was even rougher when Richard and I worked together for the first time at Columbia, making 'You Can't Run Away From It.' With Richard the producer and director and me starring with Jack Lemmon, I went to the studio fearing that 1) somebody might not like me and 2) they might think Richard would favor me in the scenes. I needn't have worried about Richard. To him, the screen is the thing, and he didn't favor anybody. If it was important to the story that Joe Schmo had the close-up, Joe got the close-up.

"We never," June continues, "had lunch together. We drove to the studio together and our conversation invariably was limited to the children or domestic affairs. That was the only time I saw Richard as my husband, for the day. Even when we saw the day's rushes, I sat in the front row and he sat in the back. At the end of the day we'd get back in the car picking up our conversation where we had left off. Discussion of the picture was left strictly on the premises of the lot.

"Being a wife, of course, I couldn't help being proud of the way people felt about Richard. He's wonderful to work with and the men idolized him. I don't think I ever met a nicer, happier group of people. Richard has a mad habit which relieves tension and puts everyone in stitches. We were doing a scene one day when it started to rain. Everyone was ready to bite nails. Suddenly over the director's mike came the dulcet voice of R. Powell singing 'When Irish Eyes Are Smiling' with the flattest high notes I ever heard. It broke us all up. If the director could joke, so could we. Richard has a wonderful way with people, and the picture we made together was more fun than anything I've done. And I honestly don't think I'm prejudiced. Anyone who works with him will tell you the same thing."

Along with the ability to say no, June has a new awareness of people. She's beginning to look for the reasons behind their words and actions. Now her impatience is tempered with tolerance. Barbara Salisbury would say that June is more soft, relaxed and outgoing than she has ever been. Having settled many of the complexities within herself, she has more to give to others.

Yet June is the first to realize that she isn't the reincarnation of little-girl-two-shoes or pure as the driven snow personality-wise. "The minute you stop wanting to learn, you're through, you're dead," she says. "I know that I'm just growing up to my friends. It used to be that I could never understand why this had to be or what people had to do. Now I'm beginning to understand the 'why' behind the reality. Perhaps I should say that before I was blind, and now I see through a mirror darkly. I'm learning to be more patient with people and with myself. I have always driven me as if I were a good and faithful servant. Now I'm not driving all the time. I'm learning a lot more than how to say no. The more I discover of myself, the more I understand about others. And with a daily application of faith and prayer, my life is becoming richer and fuller than I ever dreamed it could be."

THE END

## ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 87

### Across

1. Taylor (Elizabeth)
6. leg
9. Terry (Moore)
12. Ed (Edmond O'Brien)
13. hair
15. drool
17. nag
19. Too
20. Leslie (Nielsen or Caron)
23. Smith (John)
25. Crime
28. Ain't
29. Isn't
30. Ekberg (Anita)
31. L S (Leigh Snowden)
33. Cal
35. N W (Natalie Wood)
37. E F (Eddie Fisher)
38. ruins
41. Raw
43. Omaha
44. Mineo (Sal)
46. won
47. A G (Ava Gardner)
48. L N (Lloyd Nolan)
49. L N (Lori Nelson)
50. M V (Milly Vitale)
51. Chill (Wil's, as Francis)
52. E T (Elizabeth Taylor)

53. E A (Eddie Albert)
54. R T (Richard Todd)
55. Yvonne (De Carlo)
58. Art (*Ars Gratia Artis*)
59. A H (Audrey Hepburn)
61. salvo
62. Ernest (Borgnine)
65. unit
68. Andrews (Dana)
70. Fess (Parker)
73. Be
74. Fay (Frank)
75. Sheridan (Ann)

### Down

1. Tension
2. Adams
3. L H (Louis Hayward)
4. oath
5. Rio
7. Eddie (Fisher)
8. G R (Gilbert Roland)
9. toe
10. Elsa (Martinelli)
11. Rains (Claude)
14. Rock (Hudson)
16. Oleg (Cassini)
18. Gina (Lollobrigida)
21. Lillian (Roth)
22. et
24. T T (Tom Tryon)
26. R B (Rossano Brazzi)
27. M R (Michael Rennie)
32. of
33. Crowley (Pat)
34. Aumont (Jean Pierre)
36. Wright (Teresa)
37. Ewell (Tom)
39. NH (New Hampshire)
40. Salvatore
42. an
44. MacRae (Gordon)
45. Only
50. Merv
56. votes
57. nun
58. All
59. Anna (Maria Pierangeli)
60. Hedy (Lamarr)
63. RAF
64. Sr.
65. use
66. If I
67. Ted (Briskin)
69. W H (William Holden)
71. SA (Sex Appeal)
72. S N (Sheree North)
73. Bo

DON'T MISS: June Allyson in "The Opposite Sex" and "You Can't Run Away From It."



# The Girl with the Lavender Life

(Continued from page 44)

and it is probably just as well. The Romans of 2,000 years ago could have explained it to her quite simply: "Either you are born to the purple or you are not." Modern psychologists favor a more complex theory. According to many, a preference for purple indicates a subconscious yearning for power, an inherited wish for the prerogatives of royalty possibly passed down by some royal ancestor.

However, there is no known royal ancestor in Miss Novak's Polish-Czech background and West Chicago birthplace. If she nurtures a subconscious yearning for power, it has not become evident to anyone ever associated with her for as long as a minute. A friendlier, more cooperative star has never arrived on any studio lot. On the other hand, there can be no doubt about the secret strength she draws from lavender, both in color and scent.

By way of illustration, there has been only one time in her life in which lavender was threatened with the loss of some of its magic quality. That happened last spring in France. She had just finished her personal appearance at the Cannes film Festival where, on the screen in "Picnic," and on the avenue as "Mademoiselle Keem," she had all but stolen the show. Now she was off on what was supposed to be a relaxing vacation tour. Placed at her disposal by Columbia Pictures was an enormous car driven by a courteous, English-speaking guide-chauffeur, and with her was her mentor-companion, Muriel Roberts. They came at last to Grasse, in the heart of the French perfume country.

"I would," Miss Novak announced,

"like to see how they make perfume. Especially lavender perfume."

Though French perfume makers are intensely secretive about their processes and guard their formulas with their lives, for the blond queen of the Cannes festival there was no problem. A factory manager took the young tourists in tow, guiding them past banks of flowers from which women were stripping the petals. While the manager was explaining to them how only one drop of essence could be distilled from pounds of petals, the word was preceding them. "Mademoiselle Keem likes lavender."

But of course. There was a flurry among the factory girls, and a few minutes later the deed was done. By the time Miss Novak and Miss Roberts returned to their car, it was a lavender gas chamber. Every inch of the vehicle had been sprayed, inside and out, not excluding the motor, with essence of lavender, an oil so potent that only a few drops are needed to scent a gallon of lavender water.

While the two girls tried to turn their gasps for air into gasps of delight for the benefit of their expectant audience, the mortified chauffeur drove away as rapidly as good manners would permit, but there was no escape. As the motor warmed up, the fumes from it became intense, and as the sun warmed up the body of the car, Miss Roberts feared to light a cigarette lest it ignite an explosion that would blow the roof off. Nor was that all.

"We took showers in the hotel," Miss Novak says with a wince, "and not only did we still reek of lavender, but now the whole hotel reeked, too. We sent our clothes out to be cleaned, but that only

made the whole cleaning plant smell of lavender. And the car! For the rest of the trip it not only perfumed us, but it perfumed all of our guests, some of them permanently, I'm afraid. As for our poor chauffeur, I wonder how he explained it all to his wife."

That such an experience did not ruin forever Miss Novak's appreciation of lavender is proof positive that her addiction is no affectation, but a deep-seated and hardy thing. It is doubtful that Miss Novak's eminence as a Hollywood queen, often compared to that of Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth and the late Jean Harlow, can be attributed to an energetic acquisition of lavender objects, but lavender and eminence have gone hand in hand. When she first arrived in Hollywood as a vacationing model, known variously as Miss Deep Freeze and Miss Ice Cubes of 1953, her authority over the color barely covered a small lavender monogram on a white handkerchief.

Had Miss Novak known what a furor her arrival in Hollywood was to create within a year, she might have felt compelled to keep an hour-by-hour diary. In the more than 2,000 press interviews she has had since, the question most frequently asked her is, "Didn't Hollywood terrify you?" followed by, "How did you go about getting your first movie job?" These are routine questions asked of all successful movie stars, and Miss Novak answers them with an honesty that is almost blunt. But therein lies a cause for confusion; hers is not a routine story.

For instance: "Miss Novak, didn't Hollywood terrify you?"

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"It was delightful. I had just completed a cross-country tour for Thor appliances. I was the model who specialized in demonstrating refrigerators. Another model, Peggy Dahl, and I had a whole week off before going back to Chicago. Do you know what we wanted to do in Hollywood? The only thing? We wanted to swim in the Beverly Hills Hotel pool. We stayed there a whole week with Peggy's mother, and, like I say, it was wonderful."

Or take the second question: "Miss Novak, how did you go about getting your first movie job?"

"Oh, I never did. I didn't know the first thing about acting, or movie studios or anything like that. I was a model. If you want to get a job as a model, you just go to an agency and leave some pictures of yourself, and if they need your type they call you. That's all I did. I wouldn't know how to get a movie job. All I do now is worry about losing them."

On the other hand, add this routine question: "Miss Novak, how do you like being a big movie star, famous all over the world?"

"It's terrifying. They have me up there at the top playing opposite Fred MacMurray, or Jack Lemmon, or Frank Sinatra, or Tyrone Power, and the rest of the time I'm studying day and night trying to keep above the bottom of my acting classes. When I think of how little I know, and how much I have to learn—wow!"

She was not terrified by Hollywood, but she is terrified by Hollywood. She was not an actress, but she is an actress—one of the best; not only by current standards, but in keeping with the standards set by a long line of movie queens. She doesn't know how to get a movie job, but she worries about losing them. She is the boxoffice attraction behind six films now comfortably passing the fifteen-million-dollar mark, and she is the student actress now learning how to act. No, routine answers to routine questions will not explain Miss Novak.

Last August no less than sixteen influential magazines reaching all parts of the English-speaking world recorded the story of Miss Novak's rise. All the stories bore a startling similarity, and for what can be considered a startling reason. They were true.

With relentless frankness Miss Novak outlined her career, adhering strictly to

the truth and never deviating even for the sake of a good anecdote. She was told not to let the facts spoil a good story. Instead, she leaned so far backward she let some poor stories spoil the good facts.

In brief, she was born in Chicago, educated in Chicago, and got as far as her second year in Wright Junior College before her interest in boys and the demands for her time as a model overcame her academic ambitions. She demonstrated refrigerators across the country, got a job as a model in Los Angeles, and it was as a model that she appeared in her first movie, "The French Line." Then things began to happen.

As a proper Chicago girl who had once clerked in a five-and-ten-cent store, Miss Novak had moved into her first home in Hollywood. This was the Hollywood YWCA, otherwise known as the Studio Club, a congenial dormitory-sorority type of residence much favored by girls breaking into the movies. Rates were \$19.50 a week, which included room and board. There she had the companionship her extrovert nature required; she had a choice of sports to work off her enormous energy; and she had long hours of talking shop with girls who had studied long and hard to make acting their career. As the girls chattered about what studio was hiring whom—a ballet dancer here, a coloratura soprano there, a girl to play piano in a Western barroom scene at still another—she quickly came to the conclusion that acting was not for her.

"I don't believe in trying to fool myself," she says, with her customary frankness. "I knew exactly what my acting limitations were. I could open a refrigerator door gracefully, and that was it, period. I could see where a lot of time might go by before any movie studio would want a girl to open an icebox."

Serenely untroubled by the dedicated ambition that was driving her roommates to long hours of dramatic lessons, agonized breathing for tone control, tortured posturing for ballet and rehearsals for parts that seldom materialized, Miss Novak took her qualifications as a model to the Caroline Leonetti agency and immediately was comfortably employed as a clothes horse. By renting a bicycle to save cabfare she combined economy with exercise.

It follows, then, that the process through which she entered the motion-picture business was equally uncomplicated. One day RKO needed some models to back up Jane

Russell in a luxury scene for "The French Line," and the casting department, in an inspired moment, thought maybe real models might look more like models than actresses trained for the part. Kim Novak, the model, was hired to play Kim Novak, the model.

"I felt up to it," she says with no false modesty. "It was a part I had been rehearsing for years, and I knew I could handle it."

The camera has a sensitive and discriminating eye. It deals harshly with some, kindly with others, but with a highly select few it falls violently and inexplicably in love. To observers on the set, including the director, all the models went through their paces with equal poise and ease, Miss Novak along with the rest. But in the rushes it was Miss Novak, and Miss Novak only. The camera had chosen. It was a case of instantaneous love.

How agent Louis Schurr came into her life, closely followed—through still another lucky coincidence—by Harry Cohn, president of Columbia Pictures and by Max Arnow, the make-or-break man of the same company, has been told too often to need retelling here. Miss Novak pedaled home that night, found a phone message to call Arnow, and politely did so. She had she was informed, an appointment for a screen test.

"I thought it was very nice of them," she recalls now, and she is still painfully embarrassed at the recollection. "I knew how important it was to the girls around the Club when they were screen-testing for a special part, but I didn't think of myself in that position. I thought it was like when you were a model—you know drop around, leave some photographs, and 'We'll let you know if we can use you some day.' I wasn't screen-testing for a part. I was just screen-testing for—well nothing."

She arrived two hours late. More than forty people, including director Richard Quine, the late Bob Francis, the camera man, the make-up crew, the script girl and assorted representatives of all the other arts and crafts that create a motion picture scene had been waiting for her in various stages of patience or impatience. As the enormity of her offense dawned on her, she became more and more embarrassed and confused. When she was handed a scene from the Broadway play "The Moon Is Blue," she could hardly hold it, let alone read it.

Bob Francis, the tall, handsome actor who showed so much promise before his tragic death, came to her rescue. Gently he ran through the lines with her, the kiddingly, and finally, when she began showing some response, seriously.

"Don't worry about it," he assured her. "Good lines make good actresses, and these are good lines. You can't miss."

But she could. "It was over my head. I was supposed to read a scene that Barbara Bel Geddes had made famous on Broadway, and I knew I wasn't her. I didn't know who I was, or what to do, and I was just terrible. If Bob hadn't carried me through, I never would have finished. I just wanted to hide somewhere." Her green eyes are near tears at the recollection. "Poor Bob, he was so considerate."

She was bad enough, but she couldn't have been as bad as her tormented recollection leads her to believe. At least not to hear director Quine tell it.

"We needed a girl to play opposite Fred MacMurray in 'Pushover,' and we wanted somebody new," is the way Dicke explains it. "And Kim—she was Marilyn then—had something." This was no doubt so, but this particular part called for a dramatic actress, and Miss Novak simply could not act.

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Nevertheless, Dick, confronted with his first big picture and with his whole career at stake, persisted in his belief that Miss Novak was exactly what he wanted. It was a daring decision, and he won out. Miss Novak was notified by phone that she would start her acting career as a star.

"You're kidding," she said flatly. Another ten minutes went into assuring her that she would indeed play opposite Fred MacMurray in "Pushover." She remained unconvinced. "But it's nice of you to say so, and I'll come over tomorrow to see what part you really have for me."

That night as the Studio Club girls gathered in the living room for their customary exchange of trade gossip, Miss Novak came out with her story of the "joke" Columbia was playing on her. There was a moment of shocked silence.

"Jokes like that they should play on me yet," said one girl in her best Bronx accent. "Marilyn, you dope, don't you know Columbia doesn't play jokes like that? This is for real."

Miss Novak listened in disbelief as the chatter rose to an uproar. When it finally lawned on her that the offer she had heard was to be taken seriously, her eyes rimmed with tears. Here were girls who had worked for years for the chance she was being given. They had worked on Broadway, on television, in bit parts, and some of them in supporting roles. They had studied dramatics, dancing, music, the whole realm of creative arts, and they were still awaiting "the big day." And now he, the blond model whose one contribution to the drama was an ability to open an icebox, was being raised far over their heads. Her first reaction was that it wasn't fair. They had worked so hard, and she had done nothing. She looked

around. There wasn't a jealous eye in the crowd. Instead, everyone was delighted and encouraged. The magic wand had touched one of their number, and in so doing had restored to each one the belief that she was next.

"What a crowd," sighs Miss Novak today, looking around the apartment in which she finds too much solitude. "No wonder I miss them."

Stardom on her first picture was a torment that eliminated forever the possibility that Miss Novak might let her eminence go to her head. "I had never wanted a movie career," she says firmly. "If I had, I would have studied for it, the same as everyone else. I was never even stage-struck. To be honest about it, when I went to Wright Junior College, I wasn't interested in the dramatic club. I was interested in boys. So even when Columbia gave me a leading part, I didn't know if I wanted to be an actress or not. I just thought of it as a lark, something to try so I could tell the kids about it when I got back to Chicago."

Interrupting her story, she goes out into her lavender kitchen filled with bright new copperware, where she is checking out a new automatic grill. "It may be automatic," she says, returning, "but you still have to cook hamburgers in the same old-fashioned way. Anyway, Fred MacMurray—what a darling—and Mr. Quine began to convince me that maybe I should take up acting as a career. Up to that point I had been thinking, 'Just let me finish this picture, and never again.' Now I began to think, 'Now you really want to be an actress and look what you are doing—messing up the picture so you'll never get another chance.' Every night I went home thinking that I'd be fired the

next day. Do you think that was fun?"

She had good reason to feel as she did. She flubbed scene after scene, and she knew it as well as anyone. Yet when she did knock off a take, Dick felt more than rewarded for the extra film he was using up.

Then came the critical point. In trans-oceanic aerial navigation it is known as "the point of no return," meaning that point in the journey in which the aircraft no longer has enough gasoline to return, but must go ahead to the opposite shore. In Dick's case it came when he had so much money invested in the film he could no longer substitute another leading lady, but had to finish with Miss Novak. And he was up against what appeared to be an insurmountable problem.

Kim still knew nothing about "the business" of acting, yet now she was going to have to act and no one could help her. She had to belt Fred on the jaw. That was all. Just haul off and belt him a good one.

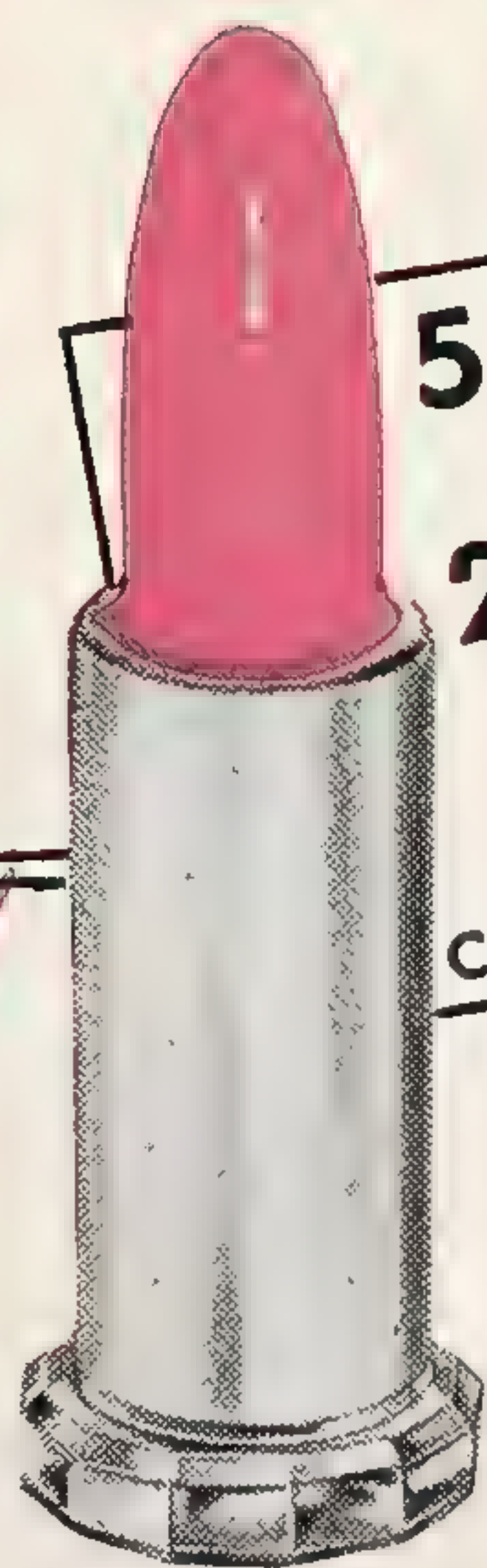
The trouble was that friendly-as-a-puppy Miss Novak had never belted a man in her life, nor had she ever seen it done except in some half-forgotten movies. Furthermore, Fred was her good friend, the man who had helped her out of many a bad spot. Smack him a good one? She found it a physical impossibility.

But she tried. She got up a half swing, and a three-quarter swing, and finally managed to touch his cheek. Dick's voice came booming, somewhat desperately, over the microphone. "The next one's a take. All right, quiet everyone. Action! Roll it!" He watched tensely. The whole set watched tensely. Miss Novak swung from the floor, faltered midway, and finally connected with a weak smack. Fred withdrew his out-thrust, expectant jaw, and relaxed.



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"I guess this calls for once more," he said ruefully.

Not once more but a dozen more. And still there was nothing to print. Fred had been everywhere from one-quarter belted to seven-eighths belted, and his jaw was beginning to swell, but still there was nothing to show the public.

"Go ahead, hit me," he pleaded. "Get it over with. This way you're knocking me out by degrees."

Along about the twentieth take a desperate and near-hysterical Kim reached for one, found it, and let it go with a smack that should go down in history. It actually rocked Fred back on his heels, and the cameraman nearly fell from his perch.

"Print it," yelled Dick in high glee.

Miss Novak turned and fled from the set. She was inconsolable. No assurances from Dick or from Fred himself meant anything. Such statements as "You were great," "You were terrific" and "It's what we've been after all day" fell upon ears deafened by her own sobbing. She had slugged her good friend, and far harder than she had intended.

"But don't you see, Marilyn," said Fred. "That was your whole trouble. You didn't intend to hit hard in the first place and that spoiled the picture. In this business, when the script calls for you to get slugged, you get slugged. Why, one time—" and he went on to relate the scores of instances in which he had been cold-conked by experts. Gradually Miss Novak's sobbing subsided.

"But if this is acting," she said at last, half defiantly, "I still don't like it."

It was a week before she could face Fred without apologizing all over again. And then she spent another week, after she realized the mental and physical torture she had put him through, apologizing for not having belted him a good one in the first place. Acting, she was learning, was a very confusing business.

In the meantime, the studio was beginning to realize that Dick Quine was developing a new and wondrously valuable piece of property in the girl who was still going under her christened name of Marilyn Novak. Possibly a million-dollar piece of property, in which case a proper name for the product was as essential as a good trade name for a new soap flake.

There were a lot of Marylins in the business, dating back to the original Marilyn Miller, after whom another valuable piece of property over at 20th Century-Fox had just been renamed—another blond called Marilyn Monroe. The department-in-charge-of-names got busy. They found nothing wrong with Novak. It had a good, middle-European, somewhat Graustarkian ring to it; but the Marilyn had to go. They came up with three appellations, Kit, Lynn and Kim, but they could not come up with a final decision. Finally the entire studio was polled, and Kim, with an aptness not usually connected to a personality by an impersonal vote, won out overwhelmingly. Kim Novak she became.

What does she think about her new name? "I love it. Everything that has happened to me since I entered the movies is so new and different that it seems sort of fitting that I have a new name for it, too. Kim has a sound that sort of describes it. Not too fancy, and not too plain. Just about right, I'd say. I'm even beginning to think of myself as Kim."

Every once in a while, though, she feels half-lost between the world of Kim and that of Marilyn Novak. "I call an old girlfriend on the phone, and do I say, 'This is Kim Novak,' or do I say, 'This is Marilyn Novak'? If I say Kim I'm putting on airs like a movie star, and if I

say Marilyn then I'm trying to be overly modest, because they know me now as Kim, and talk about me that way. It's a real problem, believe me."

In spite of her own and the studio's satisfaction with the name of Kim Novak, it did enjoy one startling alteration recently. On the boat going to Europe, Miss Novak met Al Capp, the famous creator of *Li'l Abner*, and such enlightened communities as Dogpatch and Upper Slobovia. Capp was fascinated, to say the least, by the blond—slightly tinted with lavender—locks of the ravishing Miss Novak, and felt compelled to introduce her to his comic-strip readers. Lest she burst too suddenly upon them with all her sex appeal, he had her first appear enclosed to the eyes in a fur garment, and only reluctantly revealed her in all her glory. The name he pinned on her: Kim Goodnik.

Says Miss Novak with pleased resignation, "Well, there aren't many who can tell their friends, in all honesty, 'See you in the funny papers.'"

That Kim's fame is not confined to her own home town or her own country was amply proved to her and to the world during that triumphal tour of Europe, where she danced with Ali Khan, cap-

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tured the heart of the millionaire tomato king, Count Bandini, and started a small riot in Rome.

Leaving her hotel with her traveling companion, Muriel Roberts, she began to feel a little nervous as she watched the crowds collecting around her car on the Via Vittorio Veneto, which is to Rome what Fifth Avenue is to New York.

"Why are they all staring at me?" Kim asked Miss Roberts uncomfortably. "It must be because I'm a blond."

"I doubt it," said Miss Roberts, looking at the growing crowd. "It's because you are Kim Novak."

The crowd kept on growing until it filled the entire street and began blocking the side streets. Blue-caped, sword-carrying police tried frantically to cope with the jammed traffic, and ended at last by rerouting everything including the buses. Rome had seen nothing like it in many a year, and Miss Novak, her first alarm yielding to excited delight when she caught the spirit of the crowd's friendly adulation, had never seen anything like it in her life.

The adventure left her awed if not completely overwhelmed. Everything was piling up on her so fast. "It's too much," she said. "Only a couple of years ago I was lying in my bed, crying my eyes out because of my first screen test. I wasn't crying because I had flopped as an actress. I was crying because I had let down all those nice people. And now look what's happened!"

Kim herself doesn't really know what happened, because she is still in the labored process of catching up with her bewildered self. It has not been easy, nor does her future indicate that it will be any easier. Six pictures adding up to fifteen million dollars would be hard to absorb in any business. Rough and tough executives in steel or automobiles can only wish they could go before their rough and tough boards of directors with an asset like Kim. For a twenty-three-year-old, late of the five-and-dime, the accomplishment borders on dream-like fantasy.

What had she done, really, to deserve all this? And *did* she deserve it? For Miss Novak there was no interlude, no breathing period, no time to collect her thoughts and evaluate what was happening to her. She was moved into the major league without ever having played the minors. As she puts it, "They had me cast as a star, and I didn't know enough to play an extra." And when she says it, she is not running down extras.

No, when Kim makes a remark like that, her green eyes cloud over and the perfectly-profiled face looks thoughtful and more than thoughtful—a trifle uneasy. It's the same kind of feeling she has when she talks about the reading kick she's on, inspired by her discovery of Thomas Wolfe. Among other thought-provoking books Mr. Wolfe wrote a fine story called *You Can't Go Home Again*. By this he meant that there comes a time when people, while they may be able to go back physically to the home of their childhood, suddenly realize they can never again go back to the life they led as children.

That is what Kim was trying to say when, summing up the many and wonderful things that have happened to her in the past two years, she said:

"You know, I find a lot of that terribly true. I mean, not with my own home, my own family. I can always go home there and help with the laundry and the cooking, and help my sister Arlene with the diapers and things like that. But home like when I call Chicago my home, has changed. Good gosh, I can't walk alone State Street any more like I used to. People stare at me and say, 'There's Kim Novak,' and pretty soon I'm signing autographs. I like it and everything, but gosh, my window-shopping has turned into a personal appearance. Sometime I'd like to sink through the sidewalk."

In her heart she still feels a little guilty. She doesn't really think it's right that all this should have happened to her and not to others who, she's certain, are more deserving of such good fortune. She feels it as strongly today as she did two years ago, when of all those hardworking girls at the Studio Club it was she, Marilyn Novak, who was tapped on the shoulder for stardom.

But Marilyn Novak had that one tremendous, redeeming point that was to come to her salvation. It was what the camera saw, what Richard Quine saw and a few others. It was a point she did not even suspect she had until, like everything else in her incredible life, she was called upon to produce it. At that time she produced it in Hollywood, but she was back in Chicago's crowded West Side that it, like Kim herself, was born. It was the thing that was to take her to stardom and it's the thing that will probably keep her there—in spite of anything she might do about it.

In next month's installment you'll meet the men in Kim's life—from the boys she dated in Chicago to the millionaire Count Bandini—and find out what really makes Kim Novak the enigma she is.



## Glamour Gab of Hollywood

(Continued from page 65)

ch married and just in town for his k, so that you knew Jeanne was ctly a friend. And since he is very ular, he was constantly on the floor, cing, while Jeanne sat there mag- cently dressed and registering anima- t. But sometimes her head drooped, all the world like a beautiful flower. he pathos of this is that, except for swank affair at Romanoff's, I haven't n to a party all month where I en't seen Paul Brinkman, whom Jeanne just divorced at a very high money to her, their community property ng what it is. Paul is definitely a rmer, definitely handsome and, in a ety where there are not enough men go around, he is a very real catch. t the Romanoff party, there were s Tamblyn in his pioneering dress-up muda shorts and his Venetia, holding ds, Jeanne and Dean Martin doing abas together, and expertly, Mitzi rnor and Jack Bean never leaving one ther's side, Janie Powell and Pat ney quite lost in one another's arms. etia Tamblyn all in misty white, Janie ney enchanting in a lovely green and zi, poured into the tightest white n I ever saw, were all dreams dancing. none of them looked lovelier than nne Crain, sitting there, looking so ely. Real rough place, this Hollywood, antically speaking.

### Family Party

Walk on the "Buffalo Grass" set at rner Brothers and you see a pattern family devotion that is startling. This he new Alan Ladd picture that will out some time next winter. Every day it was shooting the whole family, as as numerous Ladd friends, were ays there.

efore the camera was Alan himself small David Ladd, now a fast nine rs old. Davie was out of his young d with delight when they told him he d be in his dad's picture, yet he said have much more fun if his pal, ie Wrather, was with him. That meant ing Jackie into the film.

ven though it was vacation time, Los eles has strict laws to protect children king in pictures. The court would e appointed a social worker to be on set with David and Jackie, except Jackie's mother, who is Bonita Gran- i, said she'd be there every hour they e. Bonita's millionaire husband doesn't to be separated from her except by lute work pressure, so that put him ne gathering on the Ladd set most of h time, too.

course, Sue Ladd is always where Al is, so Sue was in constant attendance, isly discussing the details of his TV es, Box 13, with Alan's business ager. To complicate it still more, Susie Alan appointed Carol Lee Ladd rson, Sue's daughter, to be casting rtor on the series. Said Carol Lee, T any actor applying to me for a job he must be between twenty-four and hly, very handsome and strictly un- eied." Not being on a man hunt, she va just funning, of course.

d this all together and you see why y day's shooting on "Buffalo Grass" wa a great big family ball.

### Young Love Department

italie Wood has by no means made up ernind about the man in her life, and h should she, at her age? But she elphoned Nick Adams for a word of conport during a downbeat moment—at

three in the morning—and got it, too. "Nickie will make some girl a wonderful husband," says Natalie, telling the story. It's no secret "Nickie" thinks Nat would make an adorable wife. . . . Nomination for the most-in-love girl of the month: Karen Steele. The man? Vic Mature. Karen's so much lost in Vic's star that she flew all the way across the country just to have ten minutes with him before he left for Europe.

### Short Takes and Topics

With three sons by his first wife, Greg Peck is hoping that Veronique is about to present him with a girl. Perhaps after her child is born the lovely V. P. will go in for the movie career she has often talked about with Greg. . . . Nomination for the most-in-love wife of the month: Marisa Pavan. She hangs on Jean Pierre Aumont's every word. She never takes her eyes from his face. Hollywood wonders how Barbara Stanwyck feels when she observes this idolization. Once upon a time Barbara was quite serious about Jean Pierre. . . . Marlon Brando says that Machiko Kyo is one of the greatest actresses he has ever encountered. Machiko is the Japanese beauty who plays opposite him in "Teahouse of the August Moon" and whom you'll remember if you saw "Gate of Hell." All the weeks Machiko was in Hollywood she learned to say only one thing. That was "hot damn," and she said it every time she saw Marlon heading her way. . . .

### Glamour on Auction

Saddest sight of the Hollywood month was the hordes of bargain hunters pouring into the once-palatial home of Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett, which was up for auction. It wasn't too many years ago when Walter Wanger was president of the Academy and one of Hollywood's most influential producers. At the same time Joan Bennett was one of the prettiest and most pursued young divorcees, having broken up with John Fox, Jr., while still in her teens, then having married and divorced Gene Markey. Gene later married Hedy Lamarr, whom Walter Wanger had discovered and brought to America.

When Wanger and Joan married, few couples had ever started off so romantically. They were both rich and witty, the life of all the parties they gave and attended. Yet, somehow, Walter's pictures began to be not very successful; and Joan, often casting her lot with and in them, found her career hampered, too. So things began going badly with them, until that black day that Wanger shot Joan's agent in a parking-lot brawl. They separated after that, then forgave one another; they are still together.

But their house and their wealth is gone. Wanger is now not a well man. At the auction, the mob of strangers was invited to snatch up and buy anything and everything, including such touching items as a gate to their room which had painted on it the words. "No, no, Stephanie"—an injunction addressed to their lovely little girl as a baby. Other mementoes available for a price were photographs of Joan and her sisters, Connie and Barbara, with their famous parents, Richard Bennett and Adrienne Morrison, and pictures of Joan and Walter, laughing together in the sun on some long-ago, happy day.

### Beautiful Lost Lady

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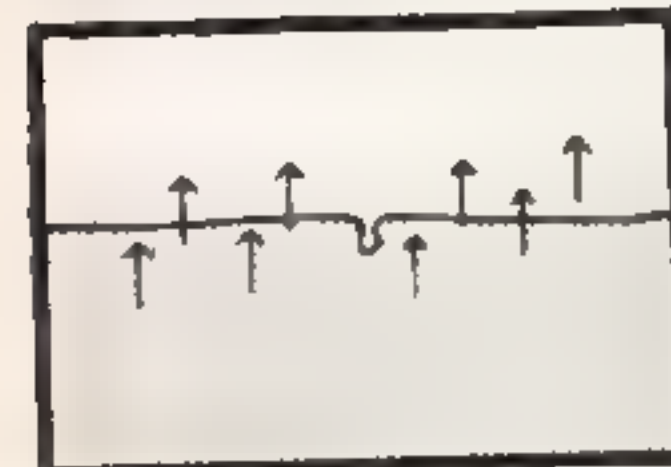
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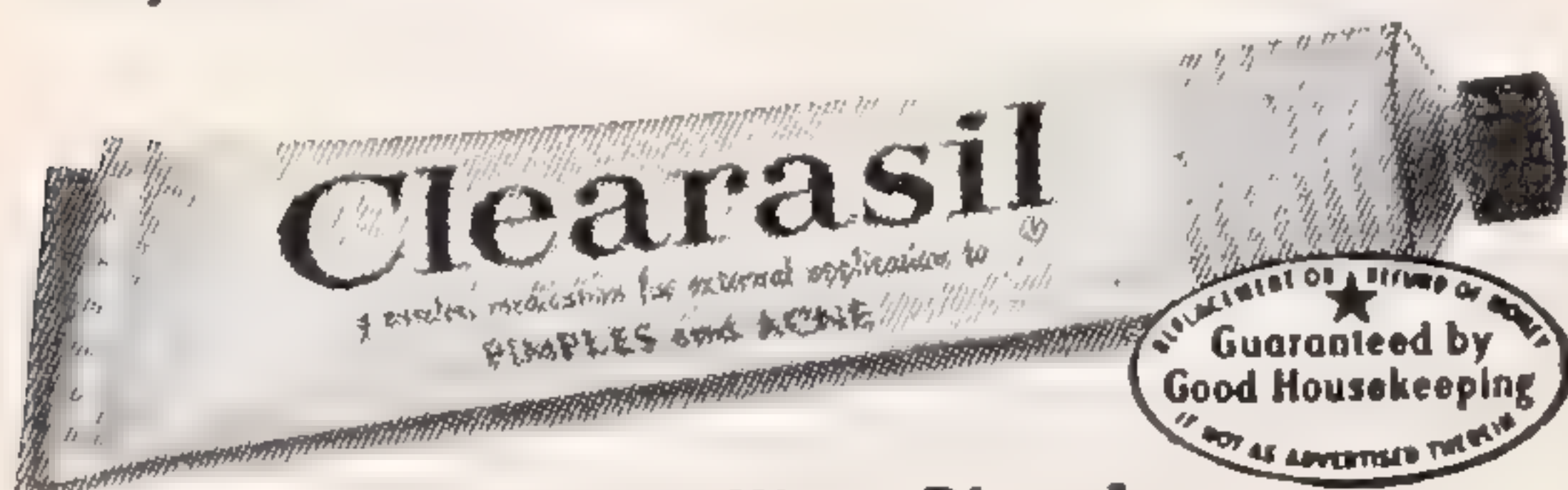
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than the heartbreak of Gene Tierney. This beautiful, mentally brilliant, wonderfully brought-up girl simply cannot recover from having lost the love of Ali Khan.

Currently, Ali is gone on the subject of the lovely French model Bettina. There are even rumors of his marrying her, just as there were with Gene. If Bettina is as worldly as she looks, she probably has sense enough to wait and see, and not get too involved.

Yet poor Gene should have been that worldly, too, educated as she was in Europe, divorced from a Continental, Oleg Cassini, accustomed to Hollywood and stellar personalities of all kinds, and a mother as well.

She wasn't, though. I discovered this personally when I happened to meet her on a plane bound for Mexico City three years ago. I was en route to visit the Burt Lancasters down there during the shooting of "Vera Cruz." The moment I spotted Gene, trying to hide from the photographers, I knew she must be meeting Ali in the Mexican capital. He wasn't entirely free from Rita Hayworth, legally, at that time, and so it was infinitely easier for him to slip into carefree Mexico than into our country.

We were little more than airborne when Gene began talking about Ali. Like any other woman madly in love, she just couldn't keep off the subject. She had to talk about him. She told how, originally, he had tried and tried to date her and she had resisted, afraid of his charm. Finally she had yielded; after that she never saw any other man. I particularly recall how she called Ali "un homme fatal," which even my high-school French could translate into "a fatal man." I said to her that I didn't know the phrase existed. Like everyone, I knew only the "femme fatale" crack as applied to women.

Said Gene, "I don't think it does exist. I think the phrase was made up just for Ali."

This month it is very sad to know that Gene has been moved from the sanatorium where she has been for many weeks, not cured, but to go on to another where they take more serious cases.

### Man in Luck

Do you remember Joe Mantell, who was so good as *Marty's* pal he won an Academy nomination for supporting player? Well, Joe comes up with the best good-luck story of the month. He drove across country late this summer to go into "Beau James" with Bob Hope.

En route, Joe and his wife made a special point of stopping in Abilene, Texas. This was because when they came West for "Marty" Abilene was the point where they had to decide whether they'd eat or buy

gas to go on to California. That's how broke they were before the "Marty" click. They decided to buy gas—and the hit picture, the Academy nomination and all the rest followed.

So this time, flush and prosperous, they pulled up to Abilene's toniest motel. Whereupon the motel manager rushed out to greet them with open arms. Joe was agreeably surprised, not knowing his fate had spread so far. It hadn't. It just happened that the motel had a lucky gut per week, and this time Joe was it. The Mantells were given everything, for free, and when they left Abilene they were paid with the whole town.

But the topper came when they hit Hollywood. First Joe was signed for *Climax* on TV, as well as the Hope picture. Then to top it all, Mrs. Mantell discovered that after three years of very happy marriage she was going to have their first child.

### What's with Katie?

I want to go on record as saying that I think nobody surpasses Katharine Hepburn as an artist before the camera. To my mind there has never been a screen performance that touched hers in "African Queen."

But just because she is so fine, it's beyond me to understand why she chooses to be such a difficult human being. Take her didoes recently while making "The Rainmaker" at Paramount. She wouldn't permit a press agent on the set. She denied any news cameramen to get within meters of her, and as for reporters—well, I was involved in that, quite innocently.

I'd been lunching with Burt Lancaster, her co-star in "The Rainmaker," and Burt asked me to come on the set and see the shooting. Hal Wallis paled at the very idea, and I suggested to Burt it might not be the best way to please Miss Hepburn. Burt just didn't believe it. "Why should she mind you?" he asked.

So I went tiptoeing in and stood quietly at a safe distance. It wasn't enough, however. Katie saw me and immediately ran off the set. Now why? I had no intention of questioning her, as she must have known.

A week later Hepburn performed a well-reported stunt of refusing to let anyone talk to her or make a little publicity copy out of Shirley Booth's luncheon with them. They were lunching in the studio commissary, and Shirley, always a living clown, would have cooperated with the studio boys. But not Hepburn. Then, as a defiant and childish gesture, she insisted upon taking the flowers off the table, took them from the commissary back to her dressing room with her.

A great artist should be above such capers. THE M

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## What Can Money Buy?

(Continued from page 72)

en desperation. It can happen to established film stars. It had happened to Kirk. He was not at peace. He— Well, put it this way: This guy had, as they say, run hungry. He'd started out from a position close to flat on his back, the seventh child of a not too well-off family, and he'd scrambled. He knew shockingly well what an unfilled larder was, and even a full one could not pacify his realization that it could be empty again. He had the bad picture. One boxoffice turkey. One of *anything*—movies and jungles like that—and Kirk Douglas would be back as the little Demsky boy again, the one who peddled papers in the desolate town of Amsterdam, New York.

"I don't know just what the beginning was," Kirk said now. "I know the middle because this is the middle, and I think I know the end. But the beginning—all I can do is remember.

Start with 'Champion.' You remember 'Champion'?" It was Kirk's springboard picture, the Stanley Kramer independent production, the vicious fighter. "All right, after 'Champion' was finished, I was miserable. Absolutely miserable. I thought I'd failed. I didn't think I'd done a job. And there were other things. My friends and admirers hadn't wanted me to do it. I was not for the part of The Gimp in 'Love Me Leave Me' at Metro. I guess I could have had it. But I didn't think it was for me.

Besides, there was this promise to Stanley. Now we'd made the picture, and I thought I'd blown everything. I was like a guy in the picture—fighting, fighting, fighting, with no knowledge of pace, fighting everything and everybody, still swinging when there was no one to fight.

It was a crazy thing. You talk about larders. Mine could never be full enough. No compensation, maybe, for the hungry larder. But there was no peace, no inner serenity. I ate five times a day, like a living man, and that's a psychological problem, you know. It sure wasn't nourishment. I kept right on looking like a guy who lived in a closet. I didn't even know what attainment would look like—I *not* call it 'success,' shall we? I didn't know that the satisfaction, the stability, has come from inside you. I hadn't found that the measure of a larder is not only how many days it would last you. It's out there on the track running with— even knowing where the finish line is.

I had nothing, but nothing. Then 'Champion'—well, it did all right. That was going. It didn't do much more, no matter what's been written, but it got going. It was a point of departure.

After "Champion," there were many pictures. Some were good, and most were parts. "Young Man with a Horn," "The Glass Menagerie," "Detective Story," "Bad and the Beautiful." For Kirk Douglas the actor—fine. For Kirk Douglas the man—nothing much. Anxiety continued to nibble away at him. He fretted never having appeared in a Broadway play (he still does). The larder could not flow onto the lawn and it wouldn't be high. He was alone. He was divorced from his actress-wife, Diana Dill, after years of marriage, and today his friends think that was symptomatic. So what was wrong?

A lot of things," Kirk now thinks. "But the worst was, I didn't believe in myself as an integer, a whole man. I didn't give, I couldn't take. I couldn't recognize my limitations, so I kept on fighting wildly. I suppose I wasn't happy being a part actor, with no control over parts or direction. Even when these were the

best, I had this feeling of being powerless, isolated, no part of anything. I lived in a community, in a little house I'd had my lawyer buy me, but I wasn't *with* the community. I had to live with Kirk Douglas but there was no Kirk Douglas. There was just this figure, who struck me as improbable, if he struck me at all. I went to night clubs. I dated around. Thank God, it seems long ago now.

"Show me a guy who dates a different girl every night and front-rows at Mocambo, and I'll show you a guy who's unhappy and is trying to prove something he can't prove. But I had to find that out the hard way. Then I made the break. I cut loose. I was Kirk Douglas, independent. It could make or break me. But I had to find myself. 'Success,' if you have to call it that, was unimportant now. Or maybe it was important—but I didn't have it. No salary, no fame, no number of filled larders spelled it out for me. It was somewhere within me or it was nowhere."

Kirk stood up and stretched, revealing the flexed musculature of an intercollegiate champion wrestler.

"Now," he continued, "I should be able to say that, at a certain point, everything changed. That's what they say, isn't it? But I can't pinpoint it that way. There was the Europe bit, of course." There had been a European phase for Kirk, which gave him a strong sense of personal and artistic freedom. "And naturally, Anne." Kirk married Parisienne publicist Anne Buydens, whom he had met in Rome, in Las Vegas on May 29, 1954. "And a steady, warm sensation of growth and—and ease, that I'd never had. But nothing all at once. Then we came back here, and—"

Momentarily, he groped. Then he sat down and leaned forward with a kind of athletic intensity.

"Start over again with the larder bit," he said. "This is for real. It's what I'm trying to say, I think. This is what's happened to me because I've found myself. Today it doesn't make a bit of difference if the larder's empty. It doesn't matter what's in it or isn't. Because if it is empty, then I know today that Kirk Douglas can fill it again. I'm sure. That's the peace I've found, or the peace that found me, or however it happened, however you want to say it. If I don't do it acting, I can do it other ways. I can direct or I can teach, or I can go outside the industry and drive a truck. I don't think I'm bound and constricted by doubt and egotism any more, that hopeless deal where 'Kirk is Number One boy and nobody else exists.'

"There's Anne and the children." Kirk has two boys by his former marriage, and a son, Peter, by this one. "They're Numbers One, Two, Three and Four. And we've built our home now in Beverly Hills. Do you realize, by gad, that I'm a citizen! I'm part of the community! I'm—I'm solid! This is everything!"

Then he reconsidered sharply, pulling himself up with a laugh.

"What am I saying?" he said. "No, it isn't everything. But the drive now is the right kind of drive. I know when to swing and when to coast. Sometimes they ask you whether there isn't a point of surfeit, when you've got it made and slap on the brakes and sit back. I've thought of it. I've thought of teaching at some ivy-festooned campus. I'd probably like it—for about a month. But why should I kid myself? When that month was over, I'd have to be back in the main stream of competition or I'd blow a gasket. But I'm not nervous about it any more. You know what I'm going to do when I leave

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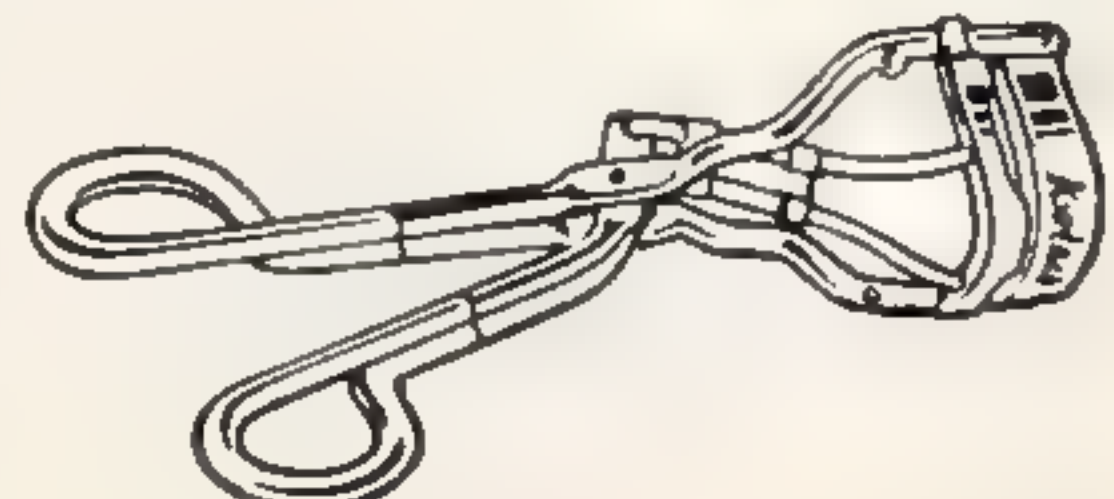
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you? I'm going across the street here and play tennis. That takes concentration. Used to be, I'd forget to change courts from worrying about what I'd just left behind. Always me, me, me. The wonderful thing is the day you find out you really live through others."

For instance?

"Well, for instance, aside from my family, I've got my own company now, and when you're making your own pictures you find you have a couple of slightly divine powers, like dispensing opportunity and happiness. And the people you help, you can see yourself through them, as you were or as you would have wished to be, and that's a real nice feeling. There's this girl Elsa Martinelli. We thought she'd be good in one of the pictures. I called her long distance and identified myself. She thought it was a rib. I had a hard time getting through. But when I did, she sounded very happy, and I know I was. And she turned out fine."

Kirk made the motion of swinging a tennis racket. "You know, in this business, perspective isn't always easy. Since being a celebrity is sometimes a by-product, you can stop seeing your own self. But I know who I am. I'm the guy who hitchhiked to college aboard the load of fertilizer. I've never been anyone else. Nobody knew me then. People do know me now. But only I know that it's the same guy. The big difference is, I've finally found out why I did it. There was a pattern, after all. And the pattern's all mixed in with living and giving and knowing you're man enough to fill that larder. Not much else matters, being a celebrity least of all. That's external and trivial, except to the extent it's good business. Everything else comes from inside. And I thought it came from the supermarket!"

Kirk Douglas, as the fringes of history fairly well reveal now, did indeed ride a load of fertilizer to college, and did indeed have it rough in childhood. He was born of Russian parents, Harry and Bryna Demsky, in Amsterdam, a carpet and rug center, the only boy among seven children. That sounds like a likely set-up but all it got Kirk was a cup of coffee any time he had a nickel to pay for it. The Demskys were wealthy only in their newfound freedom in this country; Kirk's working-and-school day ran approximately fourteen hours.

Amsterdam's Wilbur Lynch High School will not remember him as much of a student, but he did achieve a rather intense brilliance in English and drama, and got to be something of an orator and debater. He also became dedicated to the world of the theatre.

A year of unrelenting work in an Amsterdam department store got him a post-high-school grubstake of \$163, with which he assaulted St. Lawrence University in Canton, New York. The assault was notably successful, although our hero had to work like a thirsty hound to get through. He wound up a grappler of high local fame, as well as president of the student body and head of the National Student Federation of America. But he was still first and last an actor. "I'll always be one," he said recently. "Oh, I'd like to try directing, sure, but I'll always act. That's what I do."

In New York City, Kirk's early experiences made St. Lawrence seem like a hotbed of posh luxury. He waited table, starved in a rather unrefined manner, and tried to learn his business. He did, too, but his business wasn't in very good shape. Broadway had seen better eras and better plays, and those in which Kirk got work had a queasy habit of fainting dead away shortly after birth. There was "Spring

Again," with Grace George and C. Aubrey Smith, in which Hollywood's beefcake-hero-to-be played a singing messenger. In "Three Sisters" with Katharine Cornell, Judith Anderson and Ruth Gordon, he was severely demoted—he was an offstage echo. The war intervened almost momentarily.

Kirk served well and honorably in Navy aboard an anti-sub patrol in the Pacific, and came out a lieutenant, 3.

Then fate perked up some. He got a nice replacement job, stepping into the juvenile lead of "Kiss and Tell," for a departing young man named Richard Widmark. This tossed him into a promising radio career in daytime serials. But the theatre was his love, which in a way was too bad. For he performed commendably in two more far-from-commendable plays, and then in a third, titled "The Winds of Ninety." Whatever the demerits of the last, however, Kirk was so impressive in Hollywood—via a double play from Lauren Bacall to Hal Wallis—brought him out for a look.

There is not a great deal more to say. But what there is has to do with the fact that Kirk, a multi-linguist who plays the banjo for relaxation, lately has been pursuing the personal-appearance trail, a well-worn Hollywood route when a picture is to be sold as well as made. The experience has both exhilarated and bemused him. Within the insular boundaries of the industry itself, stars do not cause much of a ruckus. East of Western Avenue Kirk has found it different.

"It's an education," he recalled. "It's a pretty wonderful one. I think I'll do a treatise on it some time. The picture goes, I mean, when they see you really walk and talk. Naturally their interest is great and you couldn't be happier. Sometimes it's baffling. The kids, the whiz variety, them you love. As far as I can see, it's a perfectly normal reaction just the way I might do it or would hadn't somehow got on the other side of the counter. But some of the others. One night a guy walked all the way across a restaurant to tell me he'd never seen me in a picture and never intended to."

Kirk's favorite admirer, however, one he encountered during the making of "Champion." The man was a member of the crew and an exceptionally savage who definitely was taking no lip from anybody, producer Kramer included. In during his wild and woolly tenure, there wasn't a soul he hadn't insulted—with exception of Kirk, at whom he gazed from a distance, to Kirk's vast relief. But finally the man approached him.

"Mr. Douglas," he said, "you are going to be great in this picture. It's going to make you!"

Kirk staggered briefly, then glowed. This dean of the local critics thought he was so, then it must be so. "Thank you very much," said Kirk, and turned away while his luck was running. But it was too late.

"Not at all," said the man. "And I'll tell you why. This fighter you play is the meanest, most vicious guy who ever lived. And you are the most thoroughgoing actor it's ever been my displeasure to observe. With casting like that, how can you resist?"

For years, Kirk has preserved this memory. "And the guy," he likes to say now, "I have been right, though I shudder to think of it. But it was a long time back when I was running, and I never knew about the larder. So now that I know what's come of me, I often wonder how it is with him. Maybe he's thriving, too. I certainly hope so."

THE

GO SEE: Kirk Douglas in "Lust for Life".



# There Was a Boy

(Continued from page 52)

help protect him from the individuality-debasing influences of the publicity capital of the world.

Jimmy felt deeply that he, like many other enterprising young hopefuls, had suffered too many indignities while running the gamut of the accepted methods of breaking into movies. Too many doors had been slammed in his face. Too many casting directors and agents had treated him with disinterest and disrespect. Too many unpleasant people in positions of influence and authority had demanded of him too much flattering attention. Two years before he had not been wise enough, aware enough, confident enough, to know better than to play along with their degrading games. He had been a hopeful, naive boy who believed in those foolish prescribed methods for getting ahead in movieland. But he had grown a good deal in New York, and he returned to Hollywood much taller and much stronger.

He arrived in Hollywood in an enviable position. He was there to take a starring role in Elia Kazan's newest and most promising masterpiece, "East of Eden." His only desire was to make the picture and return to New York and the Broadway stage. He didn't need Hollywood and, perhaps, Hollywood didn't need him. But he had found it one very important thing about himself which gave him the advantage: He was competent and talented actor and had, as far as Hollywood was concerned, a saleable commodity. If they were willing to pay for his best, he was willing to sell it. But talent was all he intended to sell them. He had established a rigid set of standards and values, most of them adhering passionately to individual integrity and basic honesty. He was determined to have no truck with the dishonest nonsense prevalent in glamorville. There would be no great publicity campaign for James Dean, no star-studded crown to wear as a laurel wreath, no blind acceptance of show standards, no falling into the trap of believing that stardom brought with it filmland and completion. His aim had been for a long time higher than Hollywood and he didn't mean to lose sight of his ultimate goal: to be a fine and accomplished artist. He knew he had a long way to go and a lot to learn before his day of arrival.

The level of Jimmy's standards had been so high that the constant application of them would have been nearly impossible for anyone. He must have known he would falter and stumble, make mistakes, but he would pick himself up again and learn from those mistakes. His ideals were firm and worth fighting for, and he was dedicated to that proposition. And along that way, he would not permit Hollywood to bury him in the permanent grave of stagnation as it had done to so many before him. Hollywood would have to accept him on his terms, or not accept him at all. About this he was adamant.

Early on the morning after he arrived, he came to my apartment and announced that he was taking me with him to the desert where he intended to get a suntan, as per Kazan's instructions. Within an hour we were on the road to my favorite desert retreat, Borrego Springs, about one hundred miles beyond Palm Springs.

Understandably, Jimmy was excited about doing his first movie, especially since it was to be directed by Kazan, for whom he had a great deal of admiration. He told me of the plans for the film and chuckled at the point over a comment Kazan had made. It was the director's feeling that the

role Jimmy was to play could very well put him in the running for an Oscar in the next year's Academy Awards race.

In our younger, more critical days we had often joked about the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and their yearly Oscar presentations as being chauvinistic, heavily influenced by studio prejudices and politics, too often ruled by saccharine sentimentality, and generally lacking the objectivity so necessary in criticizing art. It was natural, therefore, for me to ask him what his reaction would be to winning an Oscar. He admitted that he was not really concerned with the matter, but that he felt he would only win the award as a result of giving a performance that was too obviously good to be ignored. In that instance, he would accept it exactly for what it was—an honest prize won in a fair game.

But he felt strongly that they would dislike him so intensely in Hollywood that they would never vote him an Oscar, unless public opinion, for some reason or other, were to force them. Noting the Academy's decision to grant him an award next March due to the strong public reaction to their neglect of him in last year's race, I can only marvel, though sadly, at Jimmy's astute perception.

Immediately upon our return from the desert we went to Famous Artists, the agency that was to handle Jimmy's affairs on the West Coast. Bearded and shabbily dressed, we were led into Dick Clayton's office, where Jimmy met for the first time the young agent who was to become his friend and adviser. Jimmy had had over a week to mull and brood about the Hollywood situation, so Dick, being his first contact with the town that was a potential threat to him, got the full brunt of his defensive attitude. As best he could, Dick, a charming guy with an easy manner for handling temperaments, tried to show Jimmy that he was on his side, but Jimmy did nothing to ease the strain. After about an hour of discussing the plans and procedures for starting the film, we left Dick, who must have felt he surely had a problem on his hands. Outside Jimmy remarked, "Nice guy. Guess I've got him worried." It was his intention not to give Dick Clayton trouble, but slowly to invest in him his trust and confidence. He was not going to make it easy for anyone. This time they would all have to earn his confidence.

For a while it was as though Hollywood was a new place to Jimmy. There were few, if any, old friends to look up, and no old ties to re-establish. He floundered a bit at first, meeting new people and adjusting to a new life. With the help of Dick Clayton he found a bright red MG, a great improvement over the 1937 car he had owned several years before, and gradually began finding his way around movietown again. He started dating some of the young starlets he met. Karen Sharpe, whom he had known before, and Terry Moore went out with him frequently.

Jimmy spread out and enjoyed himself for a few weeks, as if he were ridding himself in as short a time as possible of a natural desire to sop up some of the old, and once unattainable, superficial glitter of Hollywood. By the time filming started on "Eden," he had had it and seemed ready to settle down to the serious task of creating a character.

It was during the filming of "Eden" that Jimmy met Pier Angeli. The strong fascination they had for one another developed into something fine and beautiful. Jimmy sought her out and tried to spend much of his time with her. When I asked him about

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her, he replied that she was a sensitive girl with a wonderful mind, someone who understood him and with whom he could be at ease, but, he insisted, it did not go beyond that. "Methinks thou dost protest too much" kept running through my mind as he denied the press's implications that there was something more serious than just friendship behind their relationship.

There was something in his manner of underplaying it that indicated a deeper attachment than he would have cared to have had known. About most matters he could be flip, but about matters of consequence he was often shy and guarded. It is a known fact that Pier's mother openly objected to the relationship and made things very difficult for them. They say that when Pier married Vic Damone, Jimmy stood across from the church and cried. I do not know this to be true, but if he loved her, it is something he might have done. When Jimmy loved, he loved completely, and when he lost the object of his love, he suffered completely.

As soon as "Eden" was completed, word started to seep out that Warner Brothers had a great new star in James Dean. The studio screenings and audience previews were drawing the best reactions, and it was becoming a matter of great excitement around town. Hollywood was abuzz with the name of James Dean. Jimmy's anxieties mounted as the release date on the picture drew near. Consequently, he snatched at a chance to return to New York to do a live TV broadcast and to study. He seemed to feel an ominous foreboding of the sensational fame that was to come out of his first picture, and was hoping to maintain a degree of objective sensibility and rationality about the situation by getting away from Hollywood, a place where one can too easily begin to believe what one hears about oneself.

In New York Jimmy touched once again the fibres of those things that were really important to him. He studied acting, singing, dancing, drums, doing occasional roles on TV. Due to contract stipulations, he was not free to leave Hollywood for Broadway, as he had wished, but was being held for more picture work. So, while in New York, he absorbed enough of the creative atmosphere from which he, as an artist, had emerged to last him through the trying days ahead in Hollywood. He was determined, at least, to return to New York after each picture to reaffirm himself. It

was with reluctance again that he left the big city to return for the preparations of his next film, "Rebel Without a Cause."

Jimmy had long been a motorcycle enthusiast, having owned several different bikes in Indiana as a boy. He had a new motorcycle in Hollywood and was proud of it, since it was by far the finest he had ever owned. He was a good cyclist and took pride in demonstrating the fact. Often he could be seen roaring down Sunset Strip in the direction of Googi's, a favorite restaurant with the young film actors.

Kazan and Warner Brothers had warned him to stay off the bike while making picture. The studio's investment was too great to risk an accident which might delay filming for weeks or months at a tremendous cost. But they had no jurisdiction over him when he was not filming, so he mounted his motorcycle and breeze through town, enjoying the sensation of liberation that every cyclist must know and appreciate.

Ella Logan, a close friend of Kazan's who often visited him at work, developed a fear of Jimmy's craze for motorcycling soon after they met on the set of "Eden." Ella is not only a remarkable performer and fascinating personality, but also a woman intensely interested in creative young people. She was immediately drawn to Jimmy and admired in him all the dynamism and sensitive beauty that so many others had misinterpreted as arrogance and an anti-social attitude. It was at one of the impromptu parties at her home in Brentwood, where she often invited young people like Jimmy, Sammy Davis, Jr., Marlon Brando, that she asked Brando to speak to Jimmy about the motorcycle. When he was leaving, Brando advised Jimmy to give up the motorcycle, pointing out that an actor with half a face was no actor at all. Jimmy seemed to shrug the incident off. Ella feared the battle was lost, but a short time later Jimmy informed her that he had disposed of the bike because it was too dangerous. For a time, Ella and many of his close friends were relieved.

Then, just prior to the making of "Rebel," he bought his first real sports car, a German-built Porsche. He took it to Palm Springs one weekend and entered the road races, winning first place in the amateur class the first day, and third place in the professional class the second day. It was the first time he had ever raced a car and he brought his trophies home to Hollywood and displayed them with enthusiasm. It was

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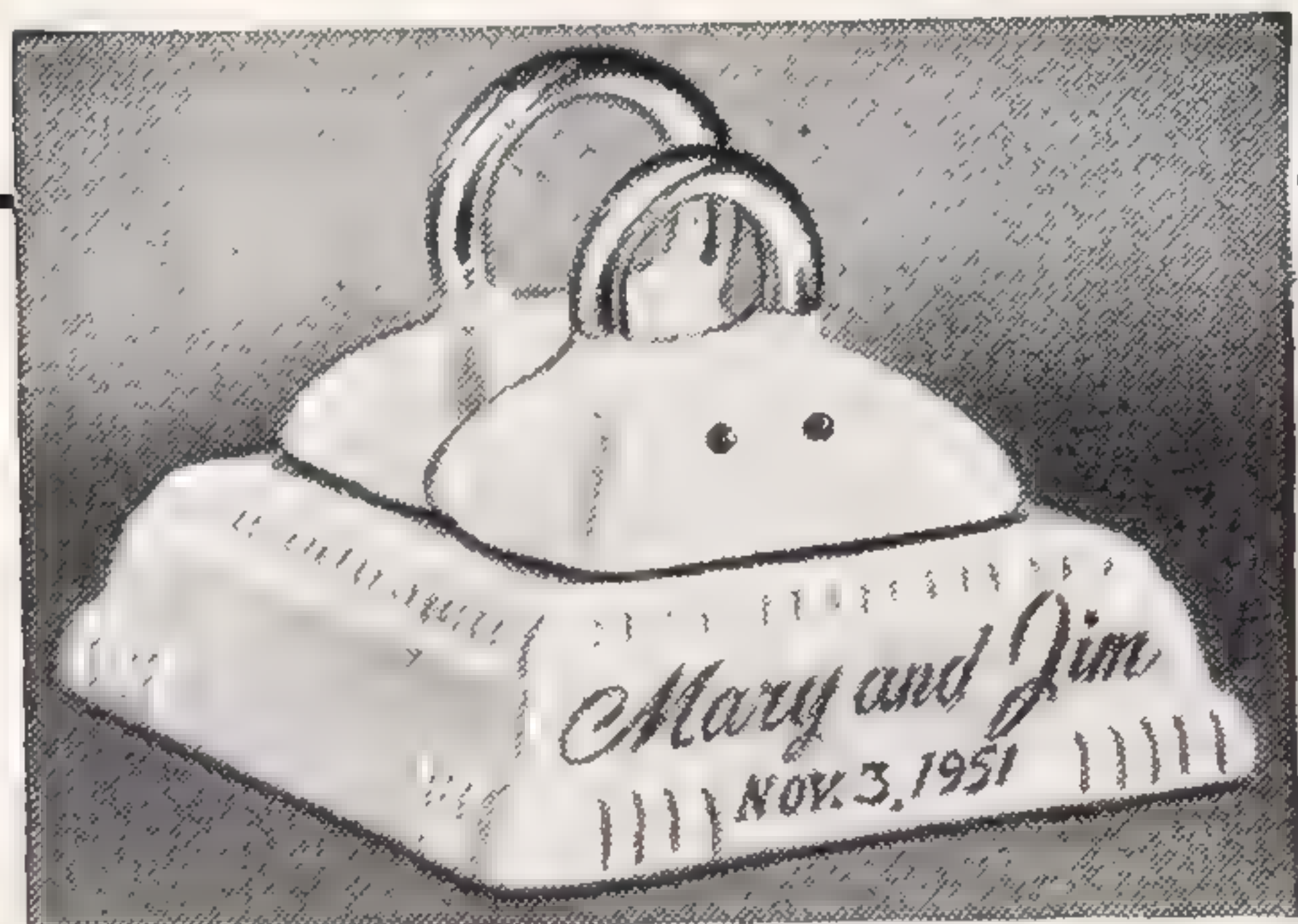
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apparent that sports cars were going to replace motorcycles in his life.

It was at this point that most of Jimmy's friends realized that to make him give up sports cars would be as futile as making him give up motorcycles had been. There would soon be something else, equally dangerous, he would find to take the place of the thrill he got from defying death in racing car.

For a long time Jimmy had been addicted to the ecstatic pleasure he derived from the frenzy of speed and the emotional excitement of taunting death. Although he had a normal degree of the fear of dying, he intellectualized that in death there was great dignity and nobility. He reasoned that death was ultimate and undeniable Truth. It was, he claimed, the only thing he completely respected. And he, like the bullfighter he wished some day to be, seemed to have a morbid fascination for the things he feared the most. There was nothing any of his friends could ever have done to change his attitude.

During the filming of "Rebel," Jimmy slipped into a different way of life. Perhaps this was the essence of the role he was to play, or the mental unrest of the more complex characters of the movie's story that made him want to re-experience the sensations of being lost, unwanted, and different from the norm. Or, perhaps, it was not so much a matter of study and research, but more a definite and strong feeling he had that he, too, belonged partly to that portion of humanity that is lost, alone, and confused. In either case, as he once said it to Ella Logan, "I like you, Ella. You're good. But, you know, I like bad people, too. I guess that's because I'm so damn curious to know what makes them bad."

By "bad" I don't think he meant precisely "evil." People with odd viewpoints and strange modes of existence always intrigued him. It was probably more in the sense of "different" or "unusual" that he used the word "bad," but at some point during his early Quaker background, he must have learned to associate "bad" with those actions not conforming to the normal and accepted patterns of conduct.

He met and befriended Maila Nurmi, famous for her *Vampira* role on TV. Maila was a compassionate girl who understood him and tried to help him where she could. Their relationship, contrary to unfortunate rumor, was strictly one of friendship and intellectual rapport. With Maila and several of their mutual friends Jimmy started what has been dubbed "the night watch." In the cool damp hours of early morning, life in Hollywood, as in any other place, assumes a weird but enticing perspective. The world becomes a place where lonely and frightened souls can be free and secure, living shut out the terrifying life of daytime. It is a place where misery is understood, but forgotten, where sorrow is intense, but ignored. It is an easier place to be, if you are afraid, or if you do not long. From this place, then, was bred the spirit of the character Jimmy was creating in "Rebel Without a Cause."

By the time the filming of "Rebel" was finished, Jimmy was already steeped in preparations for George Stevens' next film, "Giant." He had come to know Stevens as the other people in the office as a result of hanging around during his off-hours at Warners. One day, after reading the "Giant" screenplay which Stevens had given him, Jimmy confided to Stevens that he would like to play the part of *Jett Rink*. He was surprised to learn that he had actually been considered for the role. As Stevens tells it, "Jimmy seemed amazed that we wanted him for the part and didn't seem to expect it." When Stevens asked if he felt he could handle the age change



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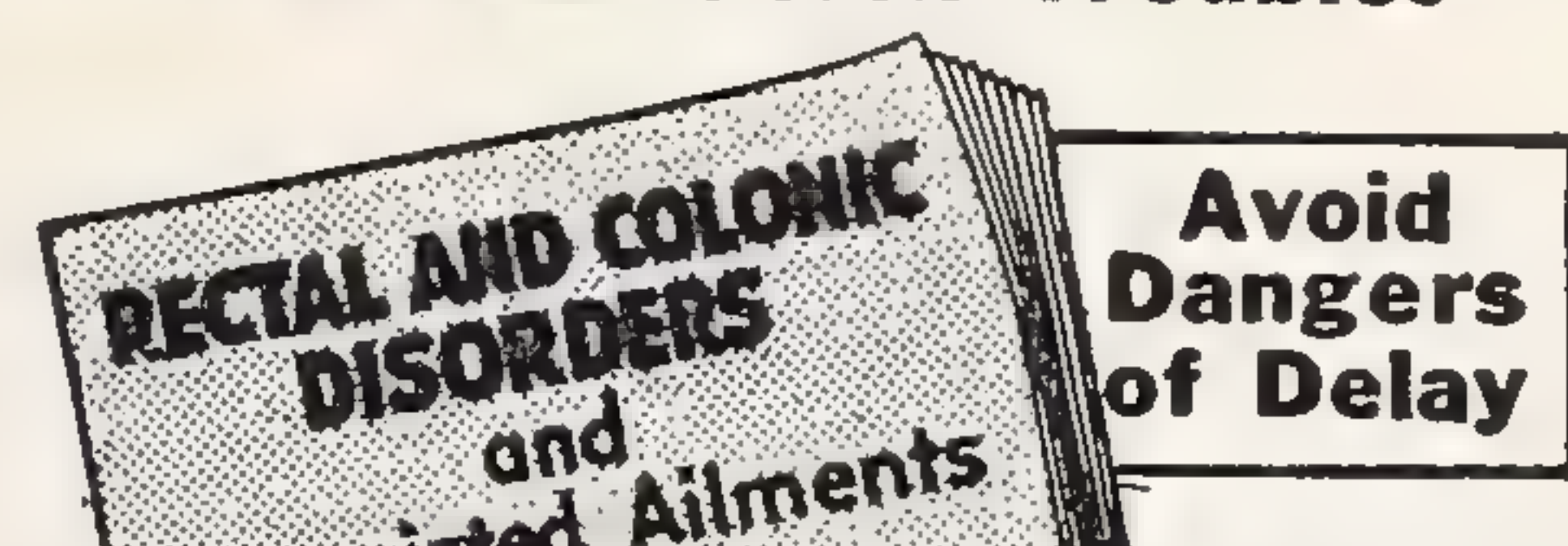
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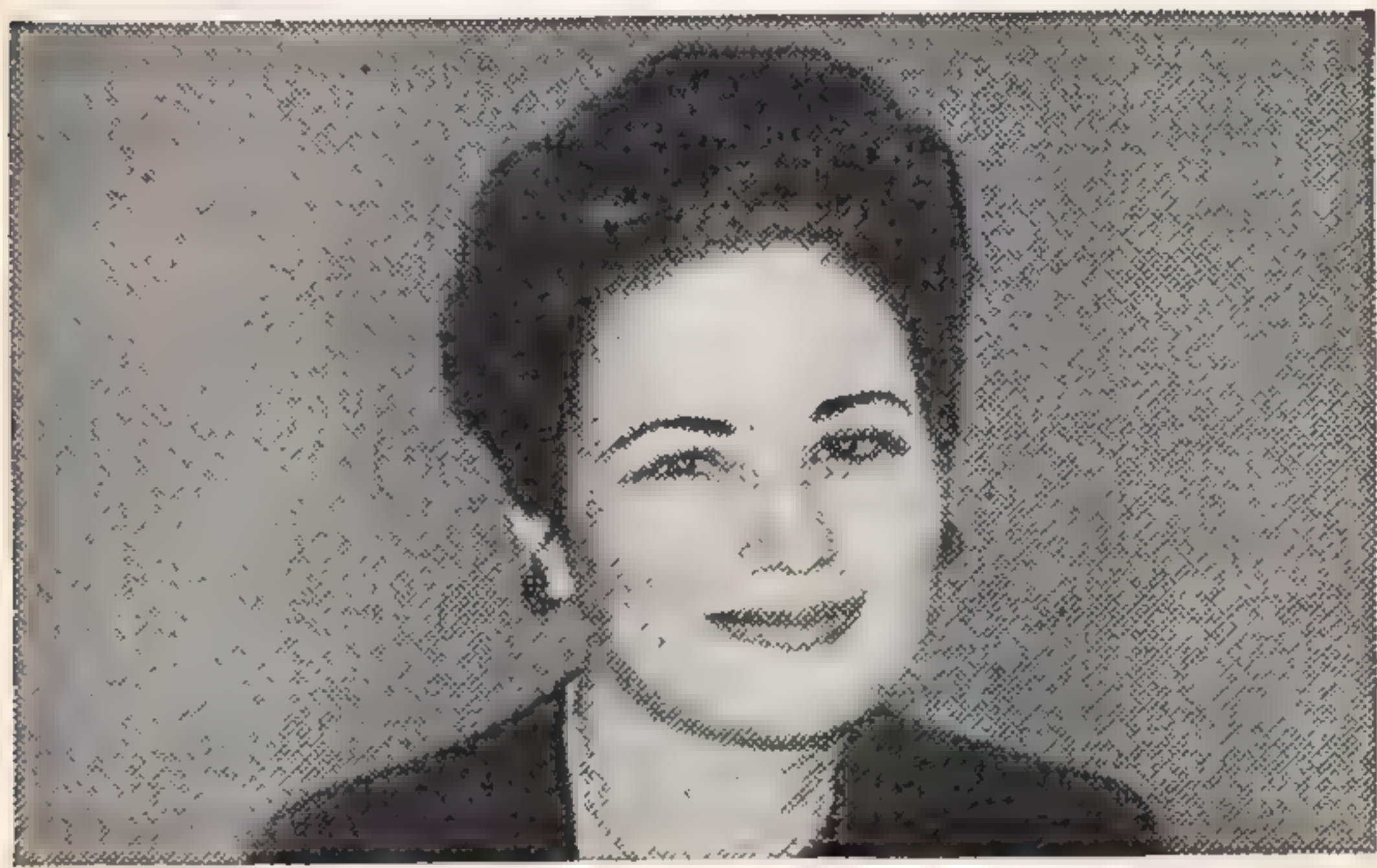
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from eighteen to fifty, Jimmy affirmed that he was sure he could do it well. He was assigned to do the role and began to learn how to be a Texan.

As he was with most people, Jimmy was inconsistent in his attitude toward Elizabeth Taylor when they first met shortly before the start of "Giant." The day they were introduced Jimmy was charming, even to the point of taking Liz for a ride in his new Porsche. His whole approach was contrary to everything she had been braced to expect from him. She went away thinking people were crazy for calling him an anti-social odd-ball. The next time she saw him she approached him in her usual friendly manner, expecting from him the same warm reaction she got the first day. Instead, she was surprised when Jimmy glared at her over the upper rim of his glasses, muttered something to himself, and strode off as though he hadn't seen her. As would anyone, she took this as a personal affront. It was not until they were in Texas on location that she succeeded in finding out the truth about the mystery of Jimmy's behavior.

At dinner in a Texas country club one night, Liz found herself seated at the table alone with Jimmy. After a long, deadly, unbearable pause, she turned to him and pointedly stated, "You don't like me, do you?" Jimmy began to chuckle. "I like that," he replied. The simple directness of her challenge had the kind of honesty he appreciated. For the rest of the evening they talked in a free and easy way and, for the first time since they had met, Jimmy let Liz pass through the tightly guarded protective shell he often put up around himself. After that, Liz stopped taking offense at what he did and stopped feeling hurt when he was moody around her. She had discovered that his moods and actions were simply a part of his complex nature and were not meant to be taken personally by those who were unfortunate enough to be around at the time.

Sanford Roth, the still photographer on "Giant," is an internationally respected artist, having done photographic essays on many of the world's most famous artists and intellects. As he slipped around the set getting shots of the cast, he noticed that Jimmy kept on him the same suspicious, wary eye he kept on Warner Brothers publicity people. Studying Jimmy at close range, Sandy began to see in him the same qualities he had come to know in so many of the other artists with whom he had worked.

Finally Sandy approached Jimmy and informed him that he would like to be his friend. In plain terms Sandy explained that he did not need Jimmy for anything, that he was, in his own right, an artist of some repute, and a man of sufficient means. He made it very clear that he wanted to be a friend solely because he admired Jimmy's talent and respected his way of thinking. Once again the directness of the approach so appealed to Jimmy that he responded almost immediately. It was not long before both Sandy and his wife came to occupy a prominent position in Jimmy's life.

When Jimmy discovered in the Roths a source of intellectual stimulation and growth, he developed a great spiritual need for them; when he discovered in them a source of love and comradeship as well, he developed a great psychological need for them. The Roths are people in their middle years, but their lives are so filled with work and growth that they have and probably will always have a perpetual youth about them. They understood Jimmy's insatiable curiosity and desire for knowledge and they offered him what they had. He began spending much time with them, dropping in at their home, raiding the refrigerator, playing with Luis, their Siamese

cat, and discussing things, all sorts of things, with Sandy and Beulah, who have an abundance of enthusiasm for everything worthwhile. The pattern of the "second mothers" was repeating itself, and little by little he came to regard them as a family.

The work on "Giant" was coming to close. Jimmy was once again thinking of the future. There was another road race at Salinas. There was time to make a trip back to New York before starting on "Somebody Up There Likes Me" at Metropolitan. There were thoughts on his mind of a long-delayed voyage to Europe, of another Broadway play, of all the studying he wanted to do before he could become a director or a writer, of the possibilities of a production company of his own. So many things, and so little time. It seemed to be the story of his life.

A few weeks before the finish of "Giant" Liz Taylor went out and bought Jimmy a tiny Siamese kitten. She had noticed how exceptionally well he got on with the Roths' unusual Siamese cat, Luis, and how well Luis got on with Jimmy, and she wanted to do something nice for Jimmy. She presented it to him in her dressing room on the set and watched as Jimmy speechless with gratitude, fondled the little creature.

In the days that followed Jimmy grew to love little Marcus, as he dubbed him. He had for the first time in many years he had been being he could love and be loved by, without less of a risk of losing that love. He was attentive to the point of driving home from the studio at lunch to feed Marcus and sit with him for a while. He even began getting in at more reasonable hours to be able to spend more time with the pet he loved so much. He rigged a long cord with a knot at the end which hung from the two-story ceiling of his rustic living room and sat by the hour chuckling at his little friend as the kitten would smack the knot with his terrible little paw, stalk it like a lion stalking its prey, cling to it and swing like a miniature feline Tarzan, and be thrown in a tumble to the floor, where he would shake his dazed little head and prepare for another attack. For all the amusement and affection Marcus gave Jimmy, Jimmy, in turn, gave Marcus his love and attention.

It was a shock to the Roths when Jimmy announced, a few days after the finish of "Giant," that he had given Marcus away. When they asked him why, he replied that he was too concerned for his friend and realized that he led such a strange and unpredictable life that some night he might just never come home again. "Then," he asked, "what would happen to Marcus?" Less than a week after he gave Marcus away, Jimmy died near Paso Robles, California, never to return home again.

Jimmy is gone now, and I miss him. Millions of his friends miss him. Millions of his admirers and fans, who came to know him through motion pictures, miss him. There is no need for me to eulogize him or to sing out praises to him. There is no need to extol his virtues, and no need to highlight his errors. He was here with us for a while but now he is gone. Let us be content to have known him, if even for so short a time. Let his art be his memorial. Let his immortality be the tribute to his life. Let the silent love of those who knew him be a lasting symbol of the beauty of his soul.

In his "Divine Comedy" the great Italian poet Dante said, "Sorrow remarries us to God." I am content to know that Jimmy is at peace in the consummation of a marriage that, it seems to me, took place the day he was born.

THE

YOU'LL SEE: James Dean in "Giant," a George Stevens Production for Warner Brothers.



## Dean Suicide Rumors

(Continued from page 53)

That remark would have brought a wry, twisted smile to Jimmy's thin, sensitive artist's face. Because from the first morning when he found himself stuck with the tab right up to the last night of his life, Jimmy Dean viewed his mounting fame with suspicion, distrust and, finally, active dislike.

"My fun days are over," he said more than once, and by that he didn't just mean his days of irresponsibility, when he was accountable for his actions to no one but himself. What he really meant was that the days of struggle were over. He had achieved so many goals, and again the achievement had brought not fulfillment but frustration. In his heart, he didn't believe that he deserved all the adulation he won. Therefore, he thought the people who rushed to tell him how great he was were phonies, seeking to curry favor with a star. His moods deepened as his fame mounted. His reputation for eccentric and even shocking behavior grew in direct proportion to his constantly increasing reputation. He quarreled with close friends. He walked out on dates. He went round, as several people have remarked, looking like a tramp." He would go for days without shaving.

Even Jimmy's sense of humor had a part in shocking his friends. A group of them were not surprised, entering his apartment one night, to find a noose hanging from the ceiling and candlelight casting eerie shadows on the wall. In a similar mood is the set-up he devised for a camera study, in which a kitchen knife in a mirror became a threatening dagger.

Then, there's the often-told fact that Laila Nurmi, otherwise known as Vampira, sent him a picture of herself beside an open grave with the message, "Darling, come and join me." Was that invitation to his mind when, in the picture on the evening spread of this story, he stood transfixed, staring into a yawning ditch? The more he withdrew from this world, the more he seemed drawn to the other world. Jimmy Dean was always intensely interested in the metaphysical. Even as a young boy in Fairmount High School he wrote a composition that said, "Why are we compelled to live in one world, to wonder about the other world?"

His deep attachment to the mother who died so young was undoubtedly at the root of this preoccupation with death and that, if anything, there was after death. The heartbroken young boy's fierce refusal to believe that a beloved parent is gone from him forever is easy enough to understand. When this is heightened by a vivid imagination and fed by a self-imposed loneliness it could, as in many ways it did with Jimmy Dean, become an obsession. An obsession that became part of his endless search for some truth which he could recognize as absolute and which, therefore, he could believe in.

By the time Jimmy had reached Hollywood, he was already steeped in books and philosophies having to do with the occult. He had also begun to build his powers of concentration to a degree that was almost superhuman. Anyone observing Jimmy when he learned to spin a rope better than a rodeo rider, or to master some other needed skill, never failed to comment on his ability to cut himself off completely from everything and everyone around him for those periods of concentration. He would sometimes force himself to stay awake all night, deliberately choosing some trivial task to perform, so that his concentrative powers, not fascinated with the work at hand, would be

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the thing that kept him fully alert around the clock.

What did this have to do with the possibility that Jimmy might have been contemplating suicide at the time of his death? The Hindu philosophy believes that, if we develop our powers of concentration to the fullest, we can penetrate the veil between this world and the next.

Is that what Jimmy hoped to do? And failing that, was he still so obsessed by the will to know all, not only about this world but the next, that the thought of dying slowly took over the more abstract thoughts about death? It is no secret that he was constantly disappointed—in friends, in love, in himself. The number of his friends steadily dwindled. His love of speed increased. He had moved from a one-room apartment to an eccentrically built house in San Fernando Valley, which he had rented from his good friend, Nicco Romanos, maitre d' at Jimmy's favorite restaurant, the Villa Capri. But here, as in his apartment, the dishes were seldom washed, the beds were seldom made, the floor was never swept. And here, as in the apartment, callers were few, the loneliness he sought and then hated was constant and the light burned far into the night as he read or played the drums or made recordings of his voice.

And then, a few weeks before "Giant" was finished, when the ban against driving his racing car was lifted, a great many things happened at once. Things that might be explained by the word "coincidence," although they represent an amazing number of such things to have occurred within so short a time.

Jimmy one day called over good friend and insurance agent Lew Bracker and told him he wanted to take out some insurance. Lew wrote up a one-hundred-thousand-dollar policy and Jimmy gave him a check for the premium. The day before Jimmy left for the ride to Salinas that was to be his last, Lew met him on the Warner Brothers lot and asked him to name a beneficiary. Jimmy scratched his chin, rubbed a finger along his lower lip as he did when he was trying to make up his mind about something, finally said, "Make yourself the beneficiary." Lew explained that he couldn't do that. Jimmy thought again but could come up with no immediate name, no one that close to him. Besides, he was late. He had to meet his mechanic and see that everything on the Porsche was in shape for tomorrow's race.

"I'll think about it," he promised, and drove off.

Lew never saw him alive again. Jimmy's father, to whom the boy never felt close, has sued to be named beneficiary, since he is the next direct relative.

About a week previous to that time, a photographer named Frank Worth who was also a fairly good friend of Jimmy's dropped by to pick up a book on photography which he had loaned Jimmy. He was invited to sit down and have a drink and hear some of Jimmy's recordings.

"They gave me the creeps," Frank remembered of this later. "They were all about death and dying—poems and things he just made up—about what it might be like to die and how it would feel to be in a grave and all that. I didn't wait for my book. I just got out of there, fast."

Even after Jimmy's death, however, Frank found it difficult to believe that, within ten days of that tragic accident, Jimmy might have been thinking of his own grave when he put those things on a tape recorder. The people who went to his home after his death say that the tape recorders were wiped clean. The recorders are all in the possession of

Jimmy's father, and it seems true that they were wiped clean, because a record company has since offered large sums of money for any recording of his voice. Up until now, no such recordings have turned up.

Less than a week before his death, Jimmy parted with something very dear to him—a gold Saint Christopher's medal given to him by Pier Angeli at the height of their friendship. He handed it to Nicco one day with the comment, "Here, I want you to have this. I won't be needing it any more."

Saint Christopher is the patron saint of travelers, and is supposed to keep them from harm on their journeys.

Like everything else about this strange sequence of events, no single thing about it roused any suspicion in anyone's mind. It was only when they were all put together that they seemed to add up to a picture of a man who might have decided that death would be simpler to face than life.

At the end of Mr. Bast's story in this issue, you will find yet another incident which, looking back on it now, lends still further strength to the rumors that began shortly after Jimmy's death, are growing still. And there is just one more conversation between Jimmy and another close friend which might shed more light on this puzzling question. This was a young man whom Jimmy had helped indoctrinate into his own desperate search for truth and a way of life that held dignity and meaning. One afternoon, Jimmy came back from a long absence to report that he had been spending the time with author Christopher Isherwood, who, like Jimmy, also believes in the Hindu philosophy of immortality and the search for an absolute.

"I want you to meet Chris," Jimmy said "because I've given you the idea now, you know what it is we're trying to do, and I think Chris can help you carry it out."

This was three weeks before Jimmy's death. This was about the time he asked Lew Bracker to write out an insurance policy, and around the time he seemed to give up all interest in his friends, in his appearance, in everything but his restlessness to get back to his racing car.

Jim DeWeerd, a chaplain in the Army during World War II, a cultured man, and a man who exerted a strong influence on Jimmy's life, has said, "All of us are lonely and searching, but because he was so sensitive, Jimmy was lonelier and he searched harder. He wanted to find final answers, and I think that I taught him to believe in personal immortality."

And, in a sense, Jimmy has won the personal immortality, though not in the way he might have thought to win it. He has been dead for over a year, and yet he is more loved and more revered than ever. Someone said of him, not long ago, "They just won't let him die—"

What other kind of immortality Jimmy Byron Dean might have found is something we shall never know. Nor shall we know whether, when he started out on that bright, sunny day on a trip that would have no return, there was, in his heart, any thought or hope that he might not come back. Even if he had that thought, or that hope, the chances are pretty good that the actual accident would have welcomed, had he any premonition of it? And if the end hadn't come then, on that dusk-shrouded road, would he have willed or wished it to come another way, in another time?"

Questions that have no answers but questions that refuse to be stilled as the world mourns, and wonders. . . . THE END



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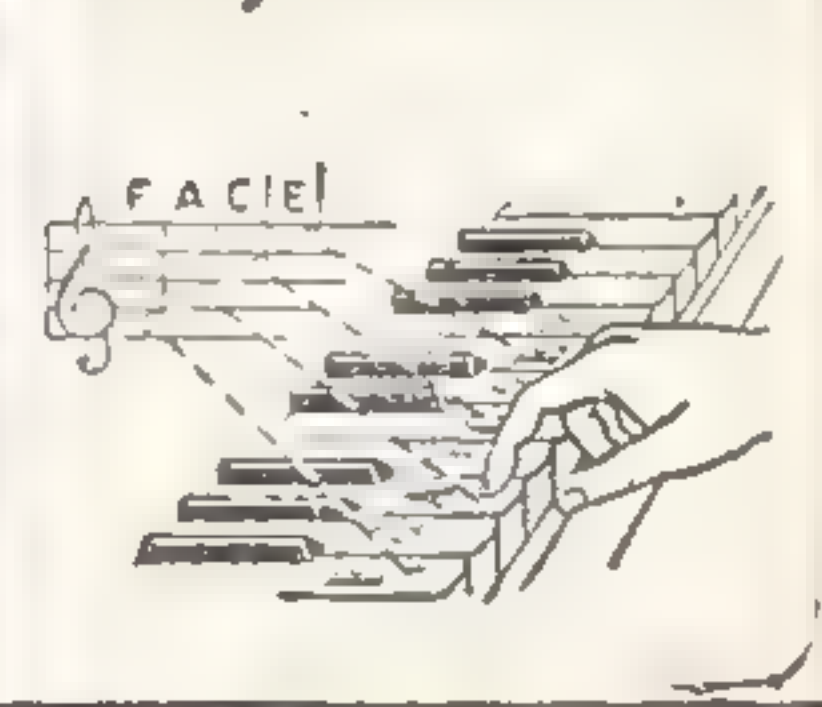
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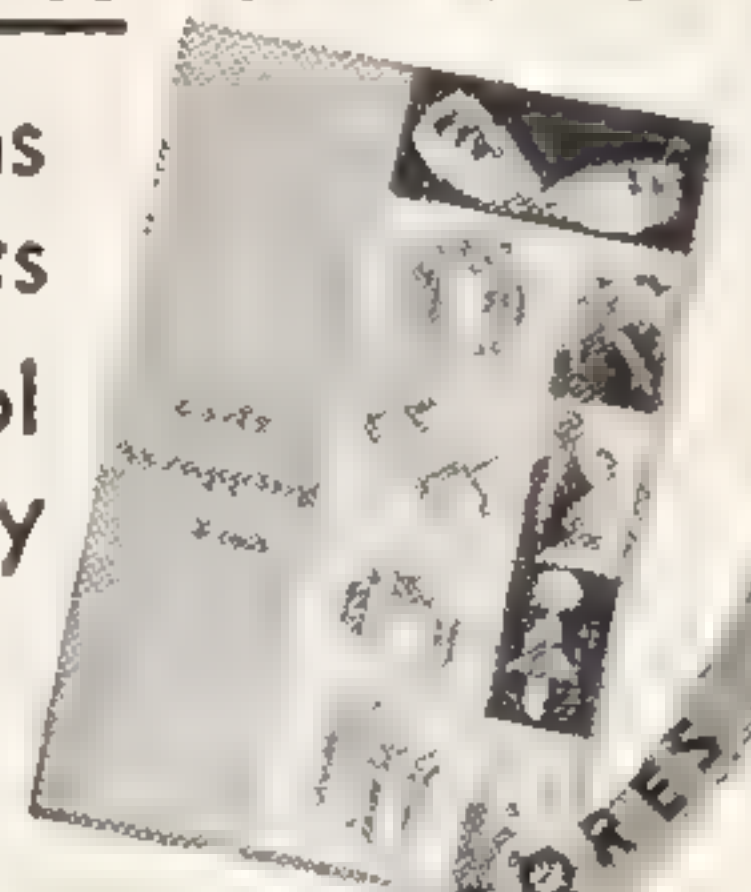
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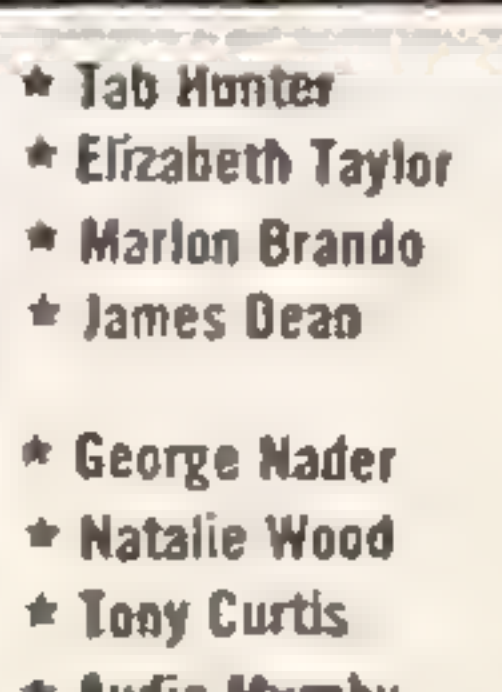
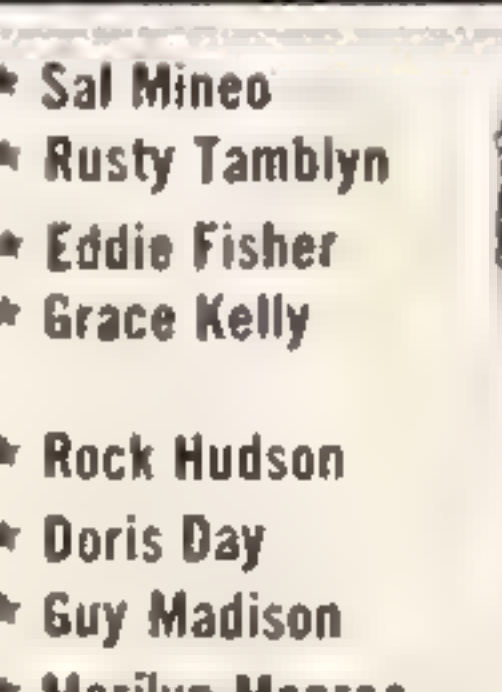
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## You'd Take Him Home to Mother

(Continued from page 47)

"The Lonely Man," a guide explained to a group of visitors.

Two of the actors were veteran scene-stealers Jack Palance and Robert Middleton. Still, it was the third actor who commanded the attention of those who watched. He had no dialogue, but it made no difference. Reminiscent of a stern, young Montgomery Clift, his thin, sensitive face was tense with inner conflict. No words were needed to tell you that he was close to heartbreak—and somehow you had the feeling that when it came, your own heart would break a little too. He was that kind of actor. "Who is he?" A teenager voiced the question for the rest of the onlookers.

"Perkins," whispered the guide. "New boy. Plays Jack's son in the picture."

A pretty blond moved into the scene with a fresh supply of hotcakes. The young man waved them away, carefully avoiding so much as a glance at the girl. "Tony's in love with her, but she's his father's girl," said the guide.

"She's out of her mind," murmured the teenager. "Script or no script!"

When the director stopped the action to give instructions to the actress, the young man's audience was still a captive one. They watched as if compelled to wait for a clue that would separate the real Tony Perkins from the make-believe.

He slouched in his chair, stretching his long legs under the table. But his expression remained unchanged, his mood unbroken. Obviously he was a brooding fellow by nature.

He faced the director attentively, until he suddenly became aware of the spectators. But a brief, sweeping glance wasn't enough for him. His solemn eyes surveyed each of them, and his look was the penetrating kind. For all his brooding, he seemed to miss nothing.

Then, as he caught the eye of the company hairdresser, the intense young man winked one solemn eye. If he'd stepped into a corner to stand on his head, he couldn't have shattered the spell more completely.

For everyone on that drafty sound stage, there was no questioning the future of Tony Perkins. Within the space of a few wordless minutes he had managed to touch the emotions of an informal audience, win the loyalty of a teen-aged stranger, arouse the curiosity of a set full of visitors—and, having lulled the entire group into a serious mood, jolt them out of it with a wink. It is safe to say that, given a few hours on the screen, Tony will become one of Hollywood's biggest stars.

You have to watch him, off the set, as well as on. Today, when there's a tendency to place every newcomer in a category—such as brooder, individualist, rebel, shy-type, cut-up, great lover—Tony defies classification. Approximately one second after you're certain you have him pegged, you find yourself reconsidering.

During a dramatic scene, he can tear your heart out. Then he's apt to amble away from the cameras, grin the lopsided grin and remark, "I'd like to do a comedy. Maybe a musical. You know, I never played any of these complicated, tragic young men until I got into television. . . ."

At this stage of the game, he might well be expected to be totally preoccupied with Tony Perkins and his motion-picture career. But his inquisitive nature makes it impossible. As one of the Paramount publicists can testify. . . .

What the publicist had in mind one day was obtaining vital statistics for a studio biography. With pen and notebook in hand,

she cornered Tony in the commissary. "My mother's Janet Perkins, non-professional," Tony began obligingly. "My father was Osgood Perkins, actor. I don't remember much about him. He died when I was five. I was born in New York, April 4, 1932."

As she wrote, Tony leaned closer. She looked up to find his nose a scant few inches from the top of her pen. "Short-hand. . . ." he said, in the tone that most people use when discovering uranium.

Many questions later, having exhausted the publicist's knowledge of the history, uses and theory of shorthand, Tony slouched in his chair. "I'd give you the name of the hospital," he said thoughtfully. "But it's been torn down."

"What hospital?"

"Where I was born."

Oh, yes, vital-statistics-wise, Tony proved the soul of cooperation. But in the course of the afternoon she followed him around to get the statistics, the publicist also learned about the beauty of Lone Pine, the considerable acting talent of Walter Abel, how to pitch baseball, the weather in Florida, the merits of Chinese restaurants and what was new with a fellow named Jug Smith. Jug's name came up at the two-man college reunion which occurred on the steps of the soundstage when an old school chum happened along.

As the publicist has since said, "It's better to approach Tony Perkins with a rested mind, if you plan to follow his."

It is also helpful to expect the unexpected. While many newcomers take great pains to think up unusual items that will make the columns, the Perkins contributions come as refreshing afterthought. Unaccustomed as he is to publicity, he like a babe in the woods. "I've gotten good breaks in my career," he once told a columnist. "But otherwise nothing very unusual happens."

There was no doubting that Tony believed it. "I meet a lot of interesting people on my way to work," he went on, trying hard to please.

Then, in answer to a raised eyebrow, he casually explained, "I hitchhike."

"You what?" Until that moment the columnist had been under the impression that she'd heard everything.

Star or no, each morning Tony trudges down the hill from his apartment-house, crosses Sunset Boulevard and stands on a convenient corner. Within minutes, he has himself a ride—and invariably his deadpan sense of humor comes into play. Primarily because drivers always follow the same pattern of questioning. It began on his first morning in Hollywood when a low-slung convertible stopped for him.

Surveying the deceptively youthful face and the lanky blue-jeaned figure, the driver inquired, "On your way to school?"

"No," replied Tony. "I work."

"Oh . . . where?"

"In movies."

"And just what do you do in movies?"

Tony mulled the matter and was struck with sudden inspiration. "I'm a stand-in," he said. "For Tony Perkins."

"Hmmm . . ." said the driver. "Don't believe I've ever heard of him."

"That's what I figured," grinned Tony. "But you'll be hearing a lot about Perkins," predicted Perkins. "He's a new actor who's really going places."

When they've seen "Friendly Persuasion" and "The Lonely Man," Tony's benefactors will know that they got the straight from the actor's mouth. "But I guess I'm going to have to stop saying things like that," says Tony.

Although he's going places—and in



hurry—he's never in too much of a rush to lend a helping hand. On the Paramount lot, he's apt to be seen lugging anything from a potted plant to an armful of books—depending upon whom he's run into and under which load they were staggering at the time. In fact, the word's been spread among the studio secretaries that it isn't even necessary to stagger.

On his way to lunch one day, Tony fell into step with an industrious girl trying to turn the pages of a book and juggle a large handbag. "Let me take that," he volunteered and reached for the handbag before she could reply.

He swung it easily as they walked along. "I don't read as much as I ought to," he said, rather apologetically. "Just don't seem to have the time any more."

Then he thoughtfully lapsed into silence so that she could concentrate on the book. "Well, anyway, I tried to concentrate on the book," the girl remarked as she related the story later.

As far as the ladies are concerned, Tony is like the boy next door who grew up to be a prize. And when he dates a girl, she may be sure that she's the one and only. "I've gone steady with almost every girl I've dated," he says. "I've never played the field."

Then comes the grin. "One contributing



Typical of Tony is this unconventional way of "taxiing" Norma Moore to a party

reason may be that I'm a lousy dancer. It takes me about five months to get used to dancing with a girl."

Tony's steady date while making "The Lonely Man" was another New Yorker, Elaine Aiken. She's the pretty blond—and he's very much in her right mind. On one of their first dates, Elaine discovered Tony's enthusiasm for Chinese restaurants. "It's an uncomplicated Chinese restaurant," Tony assured her en route. "So they tell me."

Once seated, they scanned the menu. "Chop suey," said Tony.

The waiter frowned. "Chow mein," he said.

Having ordered to the waiter's satisfaction, they held their appetites hopefully in obeisance for a while. Then for another while, Tony caught sight of the waiter and ventured to inquire when the first course might be arriving. The waiter consulted his watch. "It's ten o'clock," he said, and went away again.

"This is an uncomplicated Chinese restaurant?" said Elaine.

"It's just that we've run into a complicated waiter," Tony consoled her.

If Tony has learned to accept life's little setbacks in stride, it's because he's had practice. Fired with the ambition to become an actor at a very early age, he considered schooling one such setback. Friends claim that he was probably persuaded to attend when someone pointed out that it was the quickest way to learn to read lines. Tony admits, "There were the school plays. I guess I wouldn't have gone to school if I couldn't have been in school plays."

In compliance with his mother's wish and his own good judgment, he wound up with quite an education. It began in a small private school in New York and ended at Columbia University. In between, he attended junior high school in Brookline, Massachusetts, the Browne and Nichols prep school in Cambridge, and Rollins College in Winter Park, Florida.

Career setbacks—and they seemed great ones at the time—he learned to accept philosophically. His first part was a rather minor one, that of an Easter egg in the second row. "But I found out that there were all sorts of things you could do with an Easter egg role," Tony grins.

He was fourteen when he signed for his first season in summer stock. "It was 1947," he recalls. "At that time, summer theatres were having to start all over again after the war, and they were finding it hard to locate apprentices. They began sending representatives to schools to recruit people."

A stock company in Vermont offered him twenty-five dollars a week and Tony accepted, with boyish visions of being discovered. The visions dimmed a bit when the stage manager announced, "Perkins, you can pull the curtain."

He also helped gather props, paint scenery, strike old sets, and put up new ones. A first glimpse of the scenery shop might have discouraged a less dedicated young man. The shop was underground. "Seemed about sixty feet under," he remembers. "Like a coal mine. We'd get up for air once a day, have lunch and then go back to the dungeon. But I was fascinated by the whole business."

One day they handed Tony a role in "Junior Miss." He was to play a character named *Haskel Cummings*, the leading lady's first date. But small as it was, the part meant that Tony would at last be treading the boards in a professional capacity. At least that was what both he and the director had in mind. First, however, he had a taste of near-catastrophe.

Beneath the stage there happened to be a passageway which led to the rear of the theatre. On opening night, Tony ventured back to watch the performance while awaiting his cue. He leaned against the back wall and became engrossed in the action. When the doorbell rang on-stage, his first thought was, "Now who could that be?"

Then it came to him that it was supposed to be Tony Perkins, alias *Haskel Cummings*. "It was one of those experiences that stop you cold," he says. "Time really stood still when I heard that doorbell."

Breathless as he was when he reached the stage, *Haskel* gave a creditable performance. As the season progressed, Tony was assigned other roles. "I was usually somebody's little brother," he recalls. "But I was always on time for my entrances."

The following summer, Tony joined the Robin Hood Theatre, a stock company in Delaware. In all, he was there for five summers. "I had the same job I had in Vermont," he says. "Except that this time the scenery shop was in a cave where they'd formerly kept wine and apples. It was pretty wet—water kept dripping down

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the walls. And for company we had spiders and snakes. But I was still fascinated."

From Delaware, Tony's conversation is likely to jump to Florida. "I was given a chance to play leading men when I went down to Rollins," he says. "Laura, 'Goodbye My Fancy,' 'The Importance of Being Earnest' were some of the shows. And I did winter stock in Winter Park.

"That's where I goofed again. But, you know, I like it when people don't come in on cue. Gives you a chance to take command . . . build some lines . . . save the day. Maybe everybody doesn't feel that way," he adds modestly.

"Anyway, Kay Francis had come down to do a play. There was a love scene at the end of the first act, and I was supposed to interrupt it. But I got my entrance cues confused and was a little late—more than a little late. Eventually I heard Miss Francis ad-libbing, 'Roger, where is that boy? What's he doing out there?'

"It could have been the longest love scene in the history of the theatre," Mr. Perkins says thoughtfully.

At the end of his freshman year at Rollins, Tony decided that it was time to tackle Hollywood. He was prompted by the news that M-G-M had purchased the play "Years Ago." Since he'd done it in summer stock, he could practically hear Culver City calling for him. "So I went out with the general idea of getting myself the part."

He chose to go by way of New Orleans and Arizona and made it in six days. Riding his thumb. "It was a non-stop trip," he recalls. "I slept in the back seats of the cars. Nothing much happened—unless you count the beer-truck incident. . . ."

The beer truck, with Tony as a passenger, was going up a hill when there came a rather deafening noise. The truck came to a quick stop and Tony and the driver jumped out to check the damage. It was considerable. The back of the truck had flown open and the cargo was gone. "There was a whole river of beer down the hill," he recalls. "About all we could do was try and get the broken bottles off the road. And, man, was it a hot day!"

When Tony reached Hollywood, he wangled an introduction to George Cukor, who was to direct "Years Ago." It was then that he discovered that no work was being done on the picture at the time. "But I thought I'd hang around."

He was almost ready to leave when M-G-M executives decided to test a prospective leading lady and remembered the young man who'd been haunting them so effectively. "I was supposed to be on the sidelines," says Tony. "But Mr. Cukor sort of made it my test as well as the girl's. It was a lot of fun to do, though I was sure I'd done very badly."

With this thought in mind, he returned to Rollins. Months later, a telegram arrived from Culver City. He read it. And reread it. The picture was ready to roll and M-G-M was requesting that he report immediately for wardrobe fittings. A leave of absence was arranged and Tony caught a California-bound plane.

His welcome was a little strained. "My fault," grins Tony. "I hadn't heard a word about the picture and my first question was, 'Who's in the cast?'

"They looked at me as if I'd just gotten in from the moon. 'Don't you know?'

"These days they talk about 'New York actors.' Well, the reaction to me was, 'Who's this actor they've imported from Florida?'"

As Tony puts it, the picture—retitled "The Actress"—didn't exactly tear down the walls. However, it did give him a start as a professional. He flew back to Florida to finish out his school year. Then, on the theory that television work would come

his way when the film was released, he transferred to Columbia University in New York.

His reasoning was entirely correct. As a result of "The Actress" he found an agent, MCA. He also won good roles in television. And from television, Elia Kazan chose him to follow John Kerr in Broadway's spectacularly dramatic hit "Tea and Sympathy."

As it turned out, Tony's debut day was a test of both actor and scholar. Asked if he would play a matinee with Deborah Kerr, before Joan Fontaine arrived to take over the part, Tony agreed. However, he hadn't reckoned with examination time at Columbia.

Hopes high, he broached the all-important question. Might he postpone the exam which was scheduled for the same day? "Sorry," said the professor. "No."

But the professor knew his Perkins. "I'm sure you'll manage both," he added, not unkindly.

Tony did, racing from classroom to dressing room. The results of the exam were quietly filed. But word of his outstanding stage performance was spread the length and width of Broadway.

In July of 1955, director William Wyler made a trip to New York to complete the casting job on "Friendly Persuasion." He was searching for a youthful actor who could portray a teen-aged Quaker of the Civil War years. Tony arrived for the audition, took a quick look at the script, read for Wyler and his assistant. He walked out with the part.

It was only a matter of time before Perkins' progress began to set Hollywood on its ear. Actually, he first crept up on the town quietly, as a notice in a trade paper. The item said that he'd been signed for a movie.

Next, he was hearsay. Photographers who can take stars or leave them, mostly without comment, visited the "Persuasion" set to shoot pictures of Gary Cooper. They returned raving—about Tony Perkins.

Then director Wyler, rarely quoted on newcomers, was quoted and requoted, "wish all actors were like Tony."

On the strength of the rushes, he was signed to a long-term contract by Paramount. And the studio, which generally buys properties only for established stars, announced the purchase of "The Jim Pierall Story" and "Joey"—for Tony Perkins. While the scripts were being prepared, Tony created the role of "Joey" on television, and made a record of the song from the show. Then he was given a co-starring role in "The Lonely Man."

On the latter set, it was obvious that Tony had come a long way—and that he acquired a host of rooters. And they were just as enthusiastic as the Theatre Arts professor who had begun to boost Tony back in 1951. "You should interview our leading man, young lady," he told a far magazine writer visiting the Rollins campus. "This boy has what it takes. He's going to be a star."

The writer politely explained that it was customary for fan magazines to run stories on motion-picture personalities.

"He's been to Hollywood," persisted the professor. "He's in 'The Actress.'"

Taking old school ties into account, the writer hedged politely.

"All right," said the professor. "All right. But someday you'll write a story on Tony Perkins." His tone implied that she also eat her vintage 1951 words.

Well, professor, I know what you mean and this is the story. I'd just like to add that words never tasted so good! THE END

BE SURE TO SEE: Tony Perkins in "Friendly Persuasion" and "The Lonely Man."



## Love on the Run

(Continued from page 71)

dawdling. While Don was working in "Bus Stop" in April he was granted a day or so off to get married. A few hours later he was on his way to Arizona for location. Then back to Hollywood. When the picture was done he and Hope flew to New York, had the religious ceremony to seal their mating, had to cut the honeymoon short when Don flew back to the Coast for his next film, "Bachelor Party." Tied up in a melee of unfinished packing and dental appointments, Hope couldn't join him until a week later. And to top it off, the happy pair have discovered that they are headed for parenthood—in February!

Winning and wedding the woman you love, according to Don, can be mighty strenuous when it's combined with landing your first starring roles in the movies. In fact, the career part was, comparatively, a cinch. The way Don had it figured, he was sure to arrive in pictures sooner or later.

You see, this handsome specimen of young manhood really couldn't miss. He grew up in the theatre. His father, Dennis Murray, was and still is a well-known director. His mother, Ethel Cook, belonged to that picked group of the most glamorous females in show business, the Ziegfeld Follies girls. Don was born right in Hollywood, because his father happened to be working as a dance director at Fox at the time. The time was 1929. He was given the full moniker of Donald Patrick Murray. Twenty-six years later, like his father before him, Don signed his first movie contract with 20th Century-Fox. But his life has been full of such coincidences. . . .

When Don was nine months old, the Murray family had trekked back East on account of the depression, and Don got his early schooling wherever his dad found employment—Manhattan, Fort Worth, Cleveland. Finally, the family—there was an older brother, Bill, and a young sister, Ethelyn—settled in East Rockaway out on Long Island, and Don became an average high-school student.

Well, maybe not so average. . . . "I loved to clown," Don confesses. "I'd hate to tell you how many times I was sent to the principal's office for cutting up."

When graduation drew near, the fellows in the football team buttonholed the comic. "Listen, bub," they threatened. "No clowning when we walk up to get that diploma. We're all graduating by a slim margin. If you louse us up, we'll murder you!"

On the big day, Don appeared as serious and as dignified as a professor. His buddies were startled at his unexpected, sober

performance, broke into snickers and snorts and almost wrecked the graduation themselves.

In high school Don had two chief interests—sports and drama. In the first category, he excelled as a long-distance track runner, won his letter in football and played a speedy basketball game. In the second department, he began as early as his freshman year to write and direct skits.

"It was easy," Don relates. "I dug through a lot of scripts my dad had stored in a trunk. I stole a joke from one, another joke from the next, wrote new lyrics to old songs and figured out a simple plot. Overnight, I had myself a show."

The only trouble was that the youthful writer-director didn't feel his fellow students were doing justice to his plays. "So I decided to act in them myself," he concludes.

Of course, this wasn't the first time Don had performed. Many years before, when his three-year-old sister was attending a dancing school, the teacher sent out an SOS for a small boy to appear in the annual school presentation. Don, aged six, was corralled. His job was to hide behind a large umbrella while the little tykes danced merrily away. At the end of the number, the umbrella collapsed, Don stepped forth, grabbed the prima ballerina and ardently kissed her.

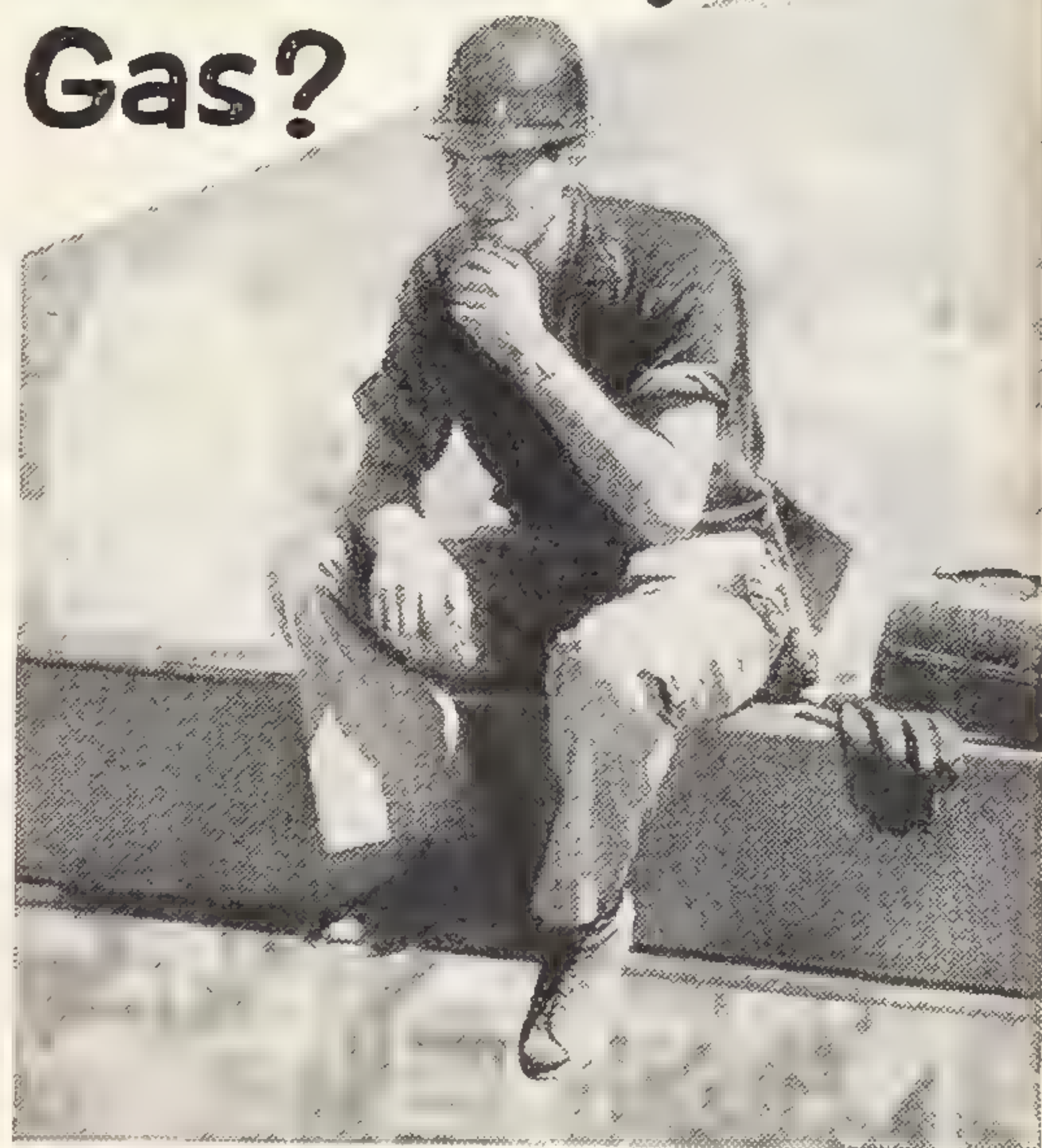
Perhaps Don's parents had been aware of their son's acting talents from that early age, for they loyally attended all of his high-school performances and constantly encouraged him to work toward the theatre.

"When I graduated," says Don, "it was a toss-up whether I'd go to college in order to get into semi-professional basketball or enroll in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York and study acting. But I guess greasepaint was in my blood. The Academy won out."

Two things surprised young Don Murray when he started at the Academy. He was astonished to see the adolescent would-be actors and actresses spending countless hours discussing the theatre, psychoanalyzing themselves and everyone in the profession, and dressing to the hilt, as though they already were great stars. But the biggest surprise was to discover that he, Don Murray, was not a comedian, as he had always believed, but a serious actor.

It happened when he was cast as a tragic Scotsman in "The Hasty Heart." All of a sudden, the directors at the Academy were taking notice of the youth. The well-known drama coach, Paton Price, saw

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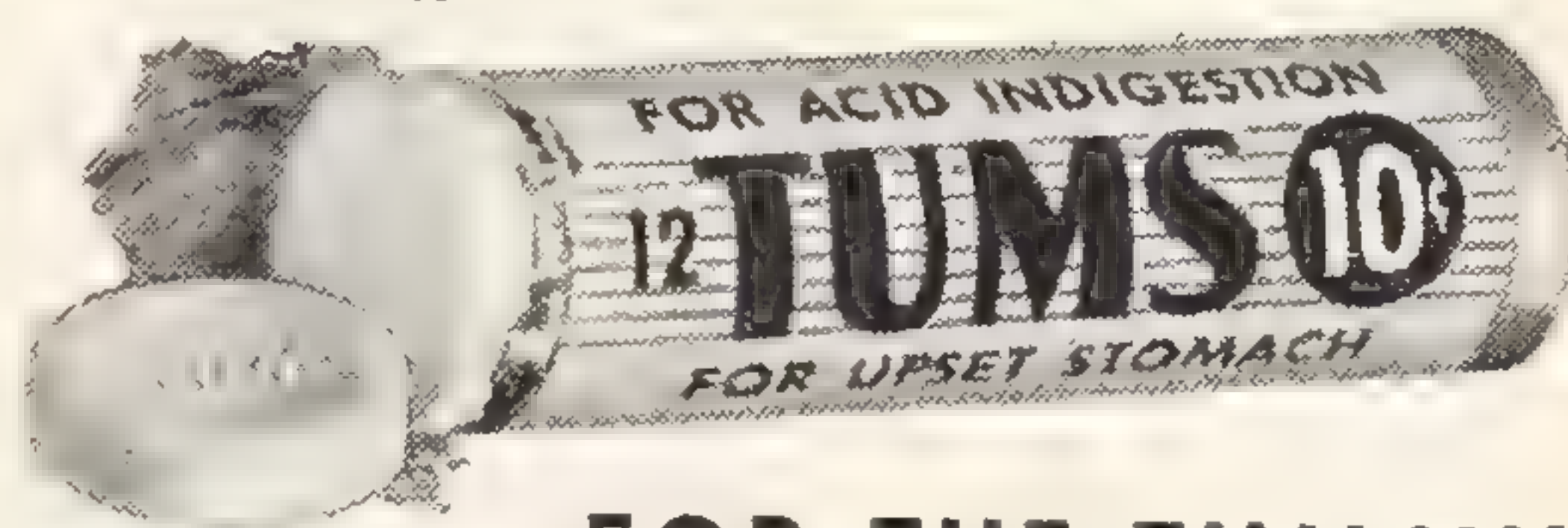


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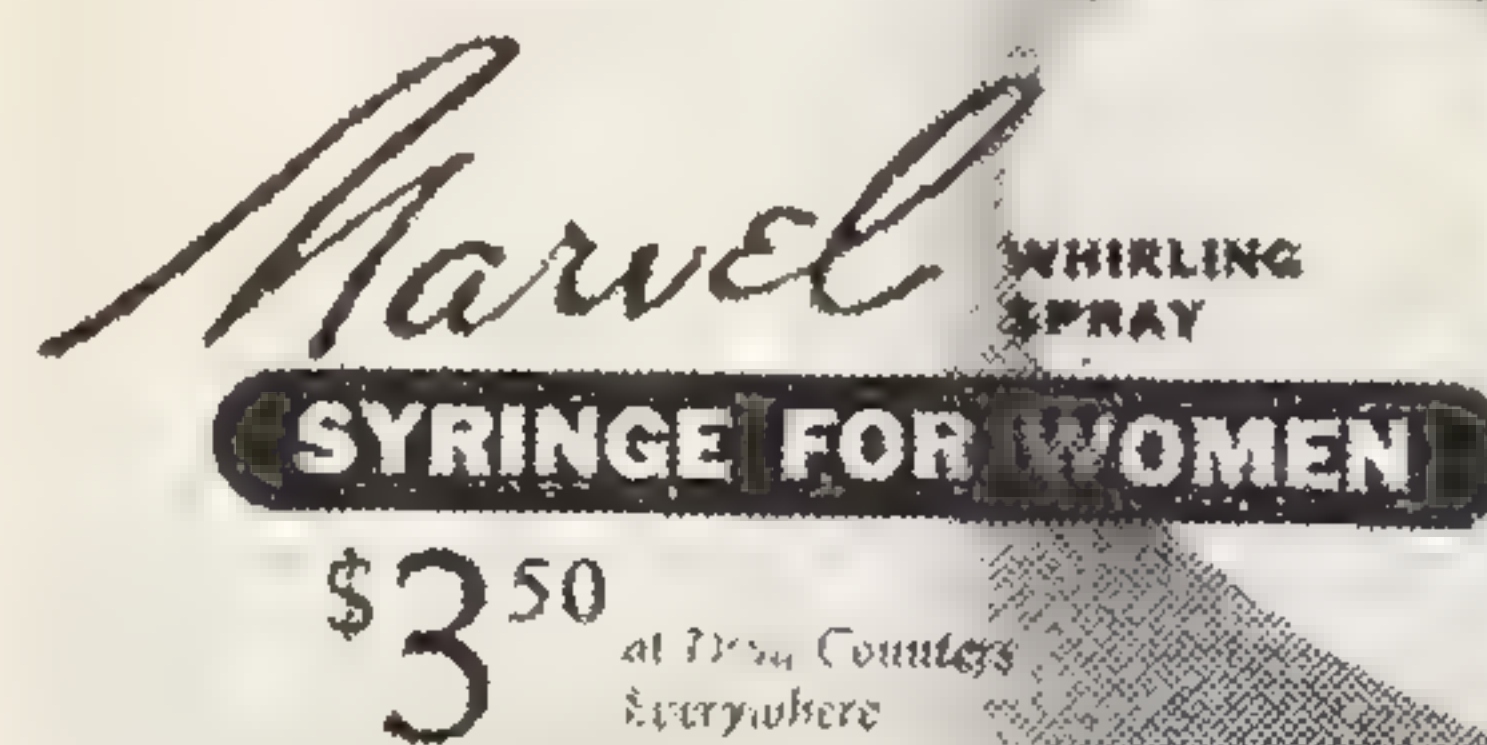
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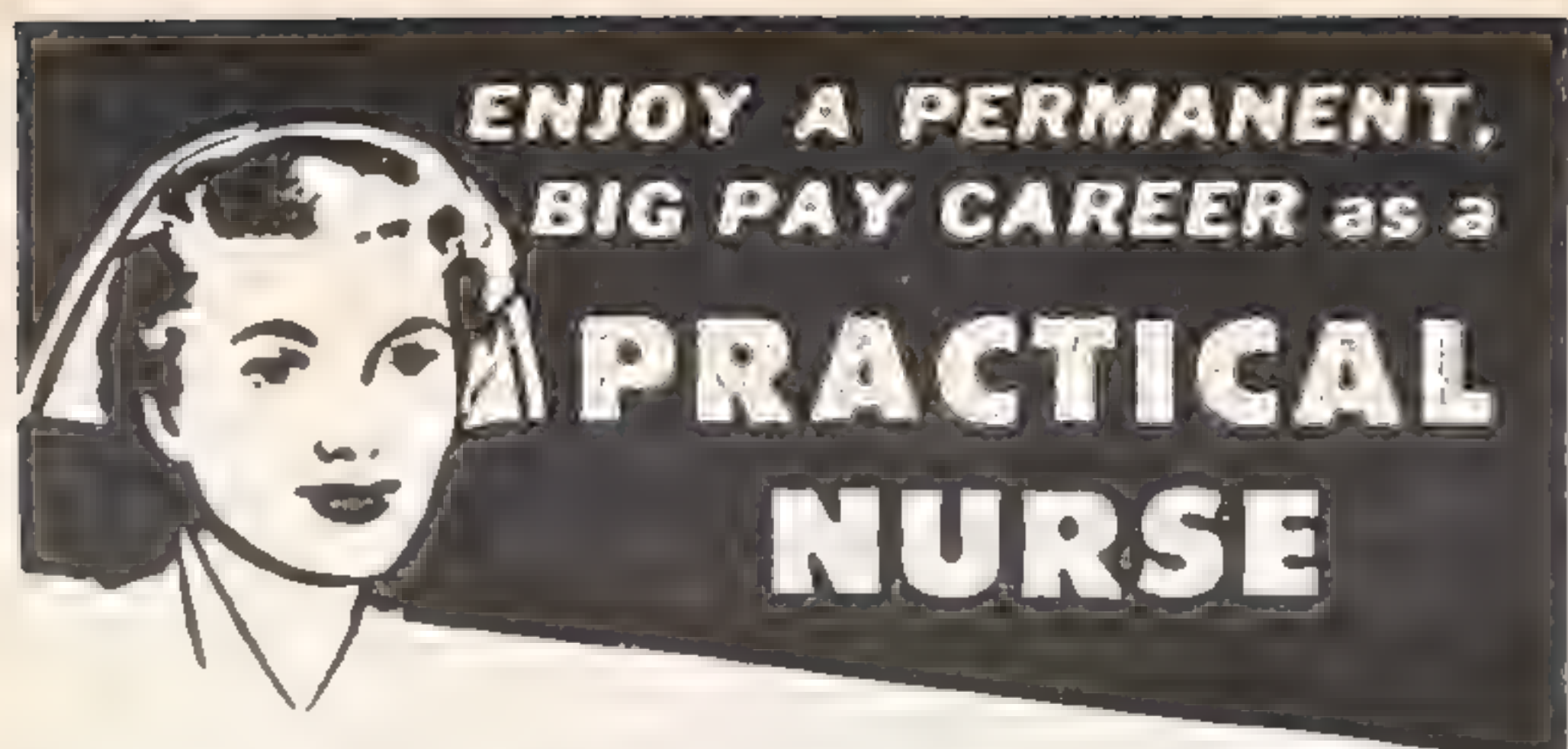
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Murray in "The Hasty Heart" and immediately got him a job in summer stock.

But don't think Don was one of these characters who was completely devoted to his art. No, indeed! While he was studying dramatics, he also worked as an usher at CBS and played semi-pro basketball. In the midst of this hectic routine, a Universal Pictures talent scout caught one of his Academy performances and flew him out to Hollywood to test for a juicy part in "Bright Victory." When the test was over, the studio decided Don, just eighteen, was too young for the role.

"However," said the executives, "we'll give you a contract. A nice ten-year contract. We'll train you, build you up, shape you into something colossal."

Even in those days, Don Murray knew what he wanted. "I don't want to be tied to a cold business deal like that," he brazenly told the bigwigs. "I consider acting an art, not a profession."

"See here," snapped the executives, "you're not Marlon Brando."

"Well," shrugged Don, "I'll go back to New York until I am!"

And thus the proud young man hot-footed it back East, studied some more at the Academy, and wore out several pairs of shoes making the rounds of agents and producers. He landed a few magazine modeling jobs and performed in spot commercials for television. Then one day he had an appointment to read for Tennessee Williams, who was casting "The Rose Tattoo." Williams listened to Don about ten minutes, tossed aside his script and declared, "I'll sign you for the role of the sailor."

It was while Don was playing on Broadway in "The Rose Tattoo" that he and another chap went out on a double date. His friend's date was a pert, petite blond, Hope Lange. A couple of weeks later, Don went to a party. Hope happened to be present. "Would you like to see 'The Rose Tattoo' some time?" Don invited.

"Yes," Hope smiled.

Don got Hope a ticket the very next evening. After the show, he took her out to supper. "We sat up until three o'clock in the morning, talking," Don recalls. Talking about what? "Art!" Don laughs. "But," he confesses, "I knew from that moment on that Hope was going to be my wife. Maybe she didn't realize it. After all, she was still in junior college. I knew I'd have to wait until she grew up."

And wait he did. But when Don decides a thing, brother, that's it! When he went on tour with the Williams play, he barged Hope with letters. She didn't answer many of them, but that didn't make any difference to Don. He had made up his mind.

Like most healthy males, Don received a greeting from his draft board along about then. Because of his religion, he was listed as a conscientious objector and was assigned two grueling years of service as a social worker in European refugee camps.

"That was a great experience," recalls Don. "I can speak German and Italian fairly well and I got to really know the people in the German and Italian camps. My duty was up in Christmas of 1954, but I had just organized a special holiday show for a camp in Naples. The refugees were eagerly anticipating the production, and I didn't have the heart to let them down. I ended up staying another six months."

When Don Murray finally stepped down the gangplank in New York in May 1955, who was there to meet him? Hope, of course!

"He looked terrific and he looked terrible!" remembers Hope. "I was thrilled to see him, but at the same time, he had

been ill in Europe and he was as thin as a rail."

Immediately, Don took up his campaign for marriage. Hope still hedged. "I just wasn't sure of myself," Hope explains. "Don was a wonderful boy, but I couldn't see myself settling down."

Because Hope wouldn't say the magic word, innumerable spats ensued. On each occasion, Don would stalk off, vowing "This is the end! Goodbye, Hope. You'll never see me again!"

After one of these lovers' quarrels, Don suddenly remembered the large French windows in Hope's first-floor apartment. "Why, anybody could just walk in on the street!" he began to conjecture. The more he thought about the windows, the more he worried. With visions of Hope being strangled in the black of the night he sought his dad's aid and, together, they constructed a special lock. "But who will install the lock?" Don pondered. "His brother-in-law? My dad? Or me . . . ?"

Me won out. Don phoned Hope, explaining he wanted to put a lock on the unsafe windows. Hope agreed to let him come over. The lock was duly installed. The lovebirds kissed and made up.

That's the way it went. Two kids in love bickering violently and arriving at peace terms a week later. Then along came a play called "The Hot Corner." Don was signed to a part and he begged, plotted and pulled strings until he got Hope on the payroll as an understudy. "We didn't let the rest of the company know we'd been acquainted for years," says Don. "So when they saw us going out on dates, they thought the play had brought us romantically together."

Without realizing what was happening, Don and Hope got so busy with their roles in "The Hot Corner" that they forgot to argue about marriage. Then the show folded in Boston, and on a cold, rainy February afternoon, the pair returned to New York.

"Say," mentioned Don casually, "don't you think it's about time we got married?" "Maybe," replied Hope.

Don went into one of his filibusters and by four A.M. Hope had weakened and said "Yes."

Coincidences already had been popping up in the young couple's lives. They discovered accidentally that their fathers had known each other in show business years ago. On New Year's Eve, when their families attended "The Hot Corner," Don's leading lady unexpectedly fell ill and Hope got her first chance to act opposite Don in public. "Their love scenes were magnificent!" recalls Hope's sister, Minnie, who was present at this momentous event.

Don and Hope also appeared together in a TV play in New York quite by chance. Movie studios were beginning to sit up and watch them individually. Don had worked in the television version of "The Skin of Our Teeth" and had just done a Kraft show when Joshua Logan singled him out for the role of Bo in the film production of "Bus Stop." Simultaneously, several studios had been negotiating with Hope. Although it sounds stranger than fiction, a 20th Century-Fox talent scout wanted her for the part of Elma in "Bus Stop."

This activity was all happening in the late winter of 1955. Don and Hope were already engaged. The wedding was only a matter of deciding when and where. It was with commitments and contracts flying around fast and furious, the young couple scarcely had time to set the date. Don flew to the coast to act opposite Marilyn Monroe. Hope followed to do TV. Don signed a contract with 20th Century-Fox for the kind of contract he'd always wanted. Two pictures a year and twelve months



every second year to do stage work. When his studio offered Hope the same kind of contract, she happily signed on the dotted line. A few weeks later, both signed another contract—marriage. They had a quiet, civil ceremony in Hollywood on April 14, 1956. Three months later, on June 15th, there was a double-ring church wedding in New York.

"Hollywood was both fascinating and frustrating," admits Don. "I had been accustomed to the theatre and live television here you either do or die. But on a movie set, everything is upside down. You start with a scene in the middle of the script, switch to the last scene in the film, and end up with the opening shot."

"Once," he continues, "I thought I'd played a scene as well as I ever would. But after the director said, 'Cut,' there was a protest from the technicians. 'We didn't get a good snow effect!' So we all waited until the artificial snow was going all blast and then shot the whole scene over again."

Playing opposite Marilyn Monroe, according to Don, was a wonderful experience. "She never went temperamental. She always agreed with the director. And she was the most patient person I've ever met," recalls Murray. "When I happened to muffle a scene, she'd just smile and say, 'Let's try it over, shall we?'"

Actually, it's a miracle that Don ever got through "Bus Stop." He had endured a bad siege of pneumonia while in Italy and, although he didn't know it, fluid was still in his lungs when he went to Hollywood. Two days before shooting began, the old illness acted up—high temperature, dizzy spells, weakness. But, gamely, Don was determined to go on. His drama coach, Paton Price, flew to the Coast to help out, got him dressed and drove him to the studio every morning. Joshua Logan got scenes around him when he was at his worst. Hope arrived at his apartment regularly around six to cook him hot meals and see that he got to bed early.

"Don Murray's a trouper if I ever saw one!" commented Logan, when the picture was in the cans.

In June, Mr. and Mrs. Don Murray returned East for their second wedding ceremony and their first real honeymoon. He was well again, "Bus Stop" was completed and at last, the couple had time to relax. Hope now decided to go on a campaign of her own, determined to fatten up her new hubby and garb him in clothes befitting a leading man.

"Don used to be picky about his food," she explains. "He's six foot, one and a half inches tall and weighs a scant 170. I

stuff him with scrambled eggs, fried tomatoes, bacon and English muffins with plenty of butter at breakfast. I insist he eat a good lunch and at dinner I give him a big, nourishing stew or steak and potatoes and huge hunks of pie."

"She's a good cook," says Don admiringly. "She can take a plain piece of filet of fish and make it taste like a fancy dish at Ciro's."

In the clothes department, Hope reveals, "Don has always been the world's most miserable dresser. Purple socks, worn-out ties, suits that hung on him like sacks. Now I pick out his wardrobe, and I'm slowly getting him into shape."

But slowly. Last July, Hope met her guy at a smart New York restaurant for luncheon. He looked neat and handsome in his tan summer suit, and she was very happy over the progress she had made . . . until they left the restaurant and walked out on the street. Then, to her horror, she saw Don was wearing a shabby old pair of basketball shoes!

The Murrays have one goal, above all others. To have fun! "We swim together, dance, indulge in hectic badminton matches, love to listen to good music," Don declares. "We plan to work together in pictures, if possible. And, surely, we'll do a play together. Maybe even a musical. Hope's a marvelous dancer. My mother was a singer and I've inherited a little of her talent."

They also plan a home and children in the future. Right now, they live in Hope's one-and-a-half-room apartment (the one with the windows) when they're in New York and they rent a larger apartment in Hollywood.

One thing about this gay young pair—they know where they're going and how they're going to get there. As Hope's sister, Minelda, says, "They both have high moral standards. They'll never stoop to anything that isn't right. Don doesn't drink or smoke. In fact, he has a clause in his contract stating he will never endorse a tobacco or alcohol advertisement. Hope smokes a little and takes a cocktail. But I think Don's example will change that."

And, best of all, there isn't the slightest suggestion of professional jealousy between the two. "If Hope wants to act, that's all right with me," Don has said. "All I care about is that she's my wife."

As for Hope . . . "I'm glad Don's becoming famous," she declares in all sincerity. "I'm in love with him and I'm very proud of him."

THE END

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Universal Coffeematic, 10-cup, chrome, from Landers, Frary & Clark  
Trim Tred Shoe wardrobe  
Lady Esther cosmetics  
Toni Viv Tote-Bag

Wear-Ever Hallite Home Set  
Cannon Towel Gift Set  
Year's supply of Coty's Fragrances  
Underwood De Luxe Portable Typewriter  
3/4-oz. bottle of Schiaparelli "Shocking" perfume, enough to last a year  
Sportswear from Pendleton Woolen Mills  
Lady Buxton Gift Set  
Cutex Set case plus year's supply of Cutex products  
Helene Curtis Gift Assortment  
Helene Curtis \$25 Permanent Wave Certificate  
Two pairs of Huskies shoes  
Ten Breck Gift Sets  
Year's supply of Woodbury Shampoo  
Holmes & Edwards DeepSilver 34-piece set, service for eight  
Three Catalina sweaters  
Revere Ware combination egg-poacher-skillet  
G-E Portable Electric Radio  
Meyer Stoll Inc. "Kennie" original coat (woman's)



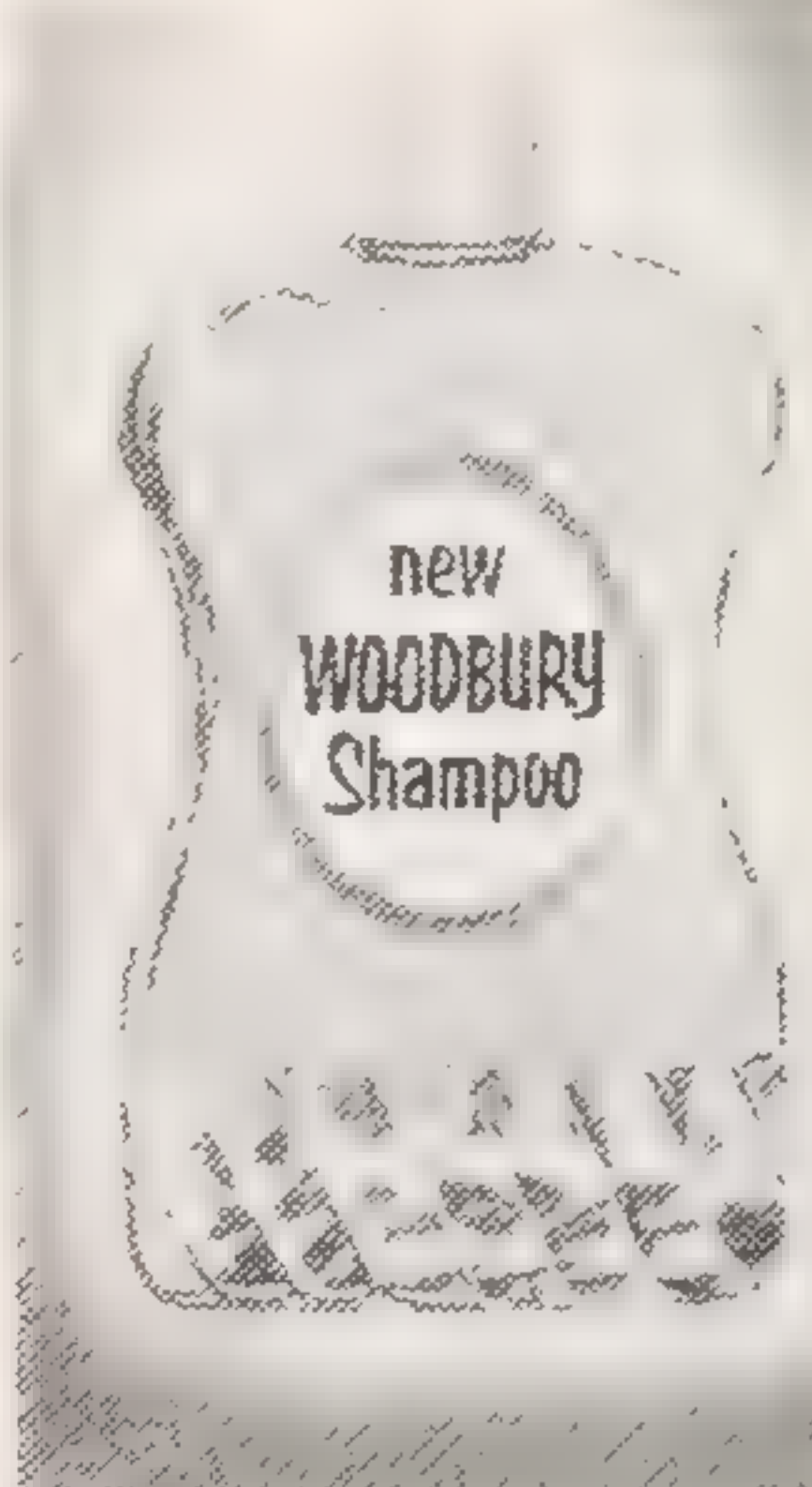
Revolutionary new home cleaner. This Regina Elektrikbroom is lightweight, easy to handle, and does multiple jobs. You'll clean up in no time!



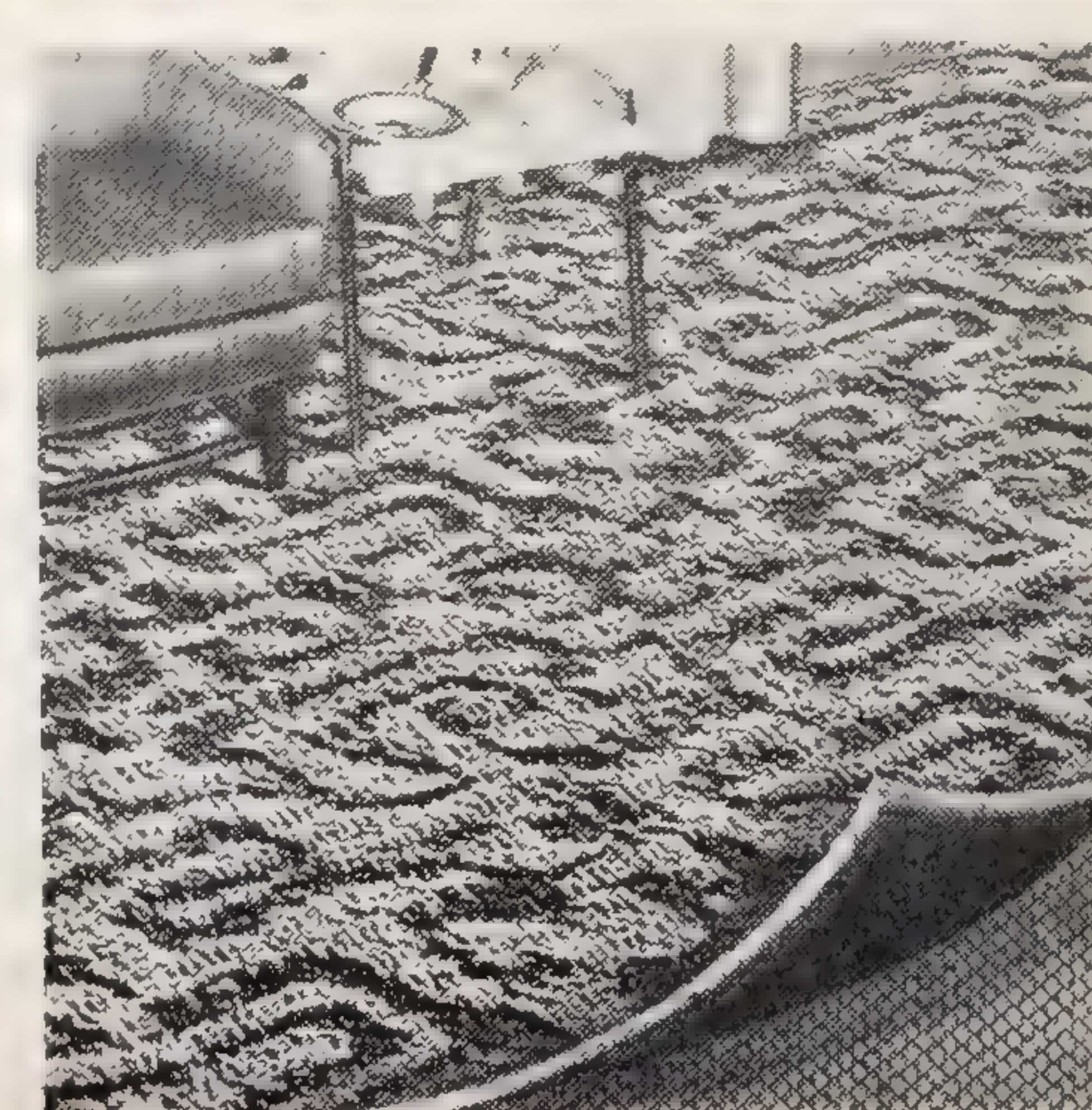
Fabulously beautiful, superbly styled Lucien Piccard wristwatch, set in white precious-metal palladium, with a bracelet of lustrous cultured pearls to adorn your wrist



You'll travel in style with Samsonite's Ultralite Medallion beauty case and wardrobe, in smart two-tone colors, and of light-in-weight magnesium



Yours for lovelier, longer-lasting curls—a whole year's supply of the New Woodbury Shampoo, which always leaves your hair so beautiful and manageable



For the look of beauty in your home—Mohawk "Collingwood" carpet and Foamset carpet cushion size 12' x 18', made of rich, all-wool pile, in the Nordic Texture design



# Why the "Rebel" Craze Is Here to Stay

(Continued from page 60)

steadily grown, until today Presley represents the new type of screen lover. As Cary Grant once remarked thoughtfully in an interview that looked back over his own suave screen life, "Apparently, the way to get a girl to fall in love with you these days is to be insufferably rude, neglect to shave for days at a time, show up for a date wearing blue jeans and a leather jacket and take the young lady for a ride on the back of your motorcycle."

This trend has not only created a new kind of hero, it has made a legend of James Dean, it has provided Elvis Presley with enough money to buy a car for every day in the week, and it has apparently made a memory of the wholesome, clean-cut, well-scrubbed, all-American boy who respected his parents, went to church on Sunday and stood up when an older person entered the room.

What brought about the change? And does this new "heel worship"—this worship of all that is rebellious, unconventional, rude, even brutal—mean that this generation of teenagers is any worse than the teenagers of ten or twenty years ago?

The answer from one expert, psychoanalyst Robert Lindner, author of "Rebel Without a Cause," is a flat and reassuring "Absolutely not."

According to Doctor Lindner the need of the young to rebel is so fundamental as to be called an instinct. He goes on to say, in his book "Must You Conform?" that any scientist would be amazed to find it necessary to defend this instinct, any more than we should need to defend other instincts—such as the instincts to eat when we are hungry or to want to sleep when we are tired.

There are two ways in which this instinct, this need to rebel, is carried out by teenagers today. One is to act out their hostilities by acts of violence and delinquency; the other is to merge, herd-like, with a group and be directed by group mind. This would certainly explain the hysterical frenzy of the crowds that greet Elvis Presley at every performance—a mass hysteria that reaches its peak by ripping off his clothes and, when he was in Miami Beach, Florida, for instance, by actually reaching up and pulling him bodily off the stage. As his young fan wrote in her letter, Presley is acting out the hostilities and the confusions which these teenagers all feel, and so he astersminds, so to speak, their mass rebellions, acts them out on a stage as they would like to do. Thus, he becomes their hero.

That Presley feels and is aware of the power this gives him is shown in one comment he made to an interviewer. Asked whether he minded the unfavorable publicity and critical remarks he often receives in the nation's press, Elvis said gently, "Oh, I don't mind. After all, they criticized Jesus Christ, too, didn't they?"

Another secret of Presley's fantastic success is the fact that the older generation is so violently opposed to him. The more they criticize him, the more his contemporaries are for him, especially since the criticism can't hurt him. In other words, he can defy the authority of which they are the victims, and so they cheer him on. Despite all criticism, the demand—and the price—for his services goes on skyrocketing.

But the admirers of this whole school of young "rebels" overlook one fact: While Presley, Brando, Mineo, Dean and

the others are idolized for appearing to fight against society and against authority, in their private lives every one of these young men is a complete conformist. They are hardworking, church-going and home-loving, ambitious for fame and success. In other words, in their personal lives the rebellious feelings which they share with all young people have taken the perfectly acceptable and even admirable form of working hard in order to become the masters rather than the victims of their environment. It is unlikely that any of them would ever be found in a screaming mob of young people, working themselves into a frenzy while reaching for a torn scrap of an idol's clothing. Each one of these young men, in fact, has an amazingly deep sense of responsibility toward his family and friends, and their rude or shocking behavior is reserved strictly for the occasions when they are in front of a camera or a microphone.

In fact, the wife of the owner of the Crown Electric Company, where Elvis was employed after graduating from high school, says of him, "When I first saw him, with that wild hair and those sideburns, I wouldn't even have given him an interview, much less a job, if a friend hadn't warned me not to let his appearance fool me. Within a week, his good manners, his willingness—like his singing in the stock room—had won our hearts. Like everyone else, we loved that boy." And now David Weisbart, famous as the producer of "Rebel Without a Cause," is producing Presley's first film, "Love Me Tender," for 20th Century-Fox.

With the first important money he earned after fame struck, Elvis bought his mother a car and bought a new home for the family. He vowed they'd never want for anything again. He made his first radio appearances at night, after a full day's work. His other evening hours were spent practicing, trying out new songs, contacting people who might be able to help him. He is a devoted son, and of his younger days his mother says, "He'd be content just to sit in front of the radio or play the phonograph, thumbing on the guitar we'd bought him, trying to learn the songs he heard. I never cared how many kids came over to the house, nor how much noise they made, as long as I knew they were all right—that they weren't getting hurt or into any bad mischief."

Young Sal Mineo comes from the same kind of closely knit, devoted family, and Sal's mother, too, was strict in her insistence on knowing where her children were at all times and what they were doing. Like Presley's mother, she encouraged Sal in his ambition to be an actor. Though his family was far from wealthy, there was money available for Sal's dancing, voice and dramatic lessons. His family was never too busy to be interested in what he was doing and thinking, and that might offer some explanation as to why, in these young people, the instinct to rebel drove them on to fame and fortune.

Mr. Mineo, who is a carpenter and coffin-maker by trade, is very much the head of the house and of the family, and he refuses to accept any money from his famous son, even though Sal's earnings are larger than his.

"That's the kind of father I want to be some day," Sal says, "and I hope my kids will look up to me the way we look up to him. Man, when he says something, he means it!"

As for vices, Sal's only noticeable one is a healthy liking for second helpings of



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dessert. These he can put away with no appreciable effect on his slight but well-put-together frame. His favorite drink is milk, or Seven-Up with a lump of vanilla ice cream added to it.

Like some of the characters he portrays on the screen, Sal was raised in the shadow of the "El" in a crowded, teeming Bronx neighborhood. He shined shoes and sold newspapers for extra spending money, but he never had any time to waste hanging out with the gang on the street corner. He was nine years old when he had his first small part in the Broadway production of "The King and I," playing one of the king's children, and he's been working and rehearsing every spare minute since. When he's in the East for TV appearances or resting between movies, he lives at home with his parents, his brothers and sister. He never misses a Sunday mass at the neighborhood's Catholic church. Although he has proved his ability to hold his own in the street fights all boys get into when they're growing up, he is a soft-spoken, beautifully mannered young boy who stands when an older person enters the room and always gets to the car door ahead of his date to hold it open for her.

Paul Newman, who did such an outstanding job portraying Rocky Graziano in "Somebody Up There Likes Me," is a college graduate who tried going into his father's sporting-goods business before deciding on an acting career instead. He attended the Yale School of Drama, went into summer stock, played the lead in "The Desperate Hours" on Broadway and was then discovered and signed by Hollywood and Warner Brothers. The only signs of a "rebel" about Paul, a married man with two young children, are his liking for T-shirts and his refusal to give interviews on his personal life or to permit anyone to photograph him with his family at home. He lives on Long Island with his wife and children when he's not making pictures. They never accompany him to Hollywood because "It's important for kids to belong," he says, "—to be a part of a community."

Off screen Paul still looks like a young college boy, appearing to be much younger than his thirty-one years. He doesn't drink or smoke. He's restless, tense and so eager to be pushing on to

something else that he gives the impression of moving even when he's standing still. He's tolerant of almost any shortcoming except laziness. If you want to do something, according to Paul Newman, why, you just go ahead and do it, and there are few things you can't achieve by plain hard work.

Paul's first movie role in "The Silver Chalice" is something he prefers to forget. For a while after that it began to seem as though his remarkable resemblance to Marlon Brando would mean the end of his movie career. His role in "Somebody Up There Likes Me" also brought forth a few comments about the similarity between Brando's acting and Paul's, but there is so much about this promising newcomer which isn't at all reminiscent of Brando that the comparison cannot really hurt him. Nor is it apt to last through another picture.

Speaking of that, Paul said, "I happen to be a great admirer of Brando's, and if people want to compare me with him, it's all right with me. But I think that all this 'comparison' stuff is a form of laziness. I mean, a writer can't figure out how to say what somebody has, so he just says, 'He's another Brando' or 'He's another Jimmy Dean.' Actually, no one's another anything. Each of us has something peculiarly our own—and I think that's what a writer ought to try to find out, and write about."

What Paul Newman has that's peculiarly his own is a sort of facial anonymity which will allow him to play a wider range of characters than most actors can handle. He doesn't look like an actor. He could be the boy next door, the prosperous young businessman down the street, the kid home from college, the bully on the street corner, or the young Army officer, which last he portrays in his next movie, "The Rack." Still studying at Actors Studio when he's in New York, Paul is an outwardly gentle, soft-spoken young man, an inwardly intense, restless one. One of the waitresses in the little restaurant near the Studio said admiringly of him to a friend, "I just love that man. I've seen him coming in here from the time when he wasn't anybody until now when he's really famous, and he hasn't changed a bit."

Told about that, Paul smiled and said, "Well, if she means I haven't gotten a

new set of manners, she's right. But, of course, I have changed. There'd be something wrong with me if I hadn't. It's just that I haven't changed in any way that shows, and I don't imagine I will."

He still speaks in a soft voice, goes to small, out-of-the-way, inexpensive restaurants, fixes his own car and is scrupulously punctual for all appointments. Of the rebellious young hoodlum he portrays on the screen, Paul says, "He was just mixed up. From the time Rocky knew that somebody really liked him and cared about what happened to him, he tried to straighten himself out."

Marlon Brando, who disliked his role in "The Wild One" and protested against playing that vicious a character, is one of the gentlest and kindest people in the world. It actually pains him to see anyone suffer, and he will go miles out of his way to help others. He tried several times to get close to Jimmy Dean, to talk to him, to try to help Dean understand himself a little better. Brando also held out a friendly hand to Mario Lanza when Lanza was fighting to make a comeback.

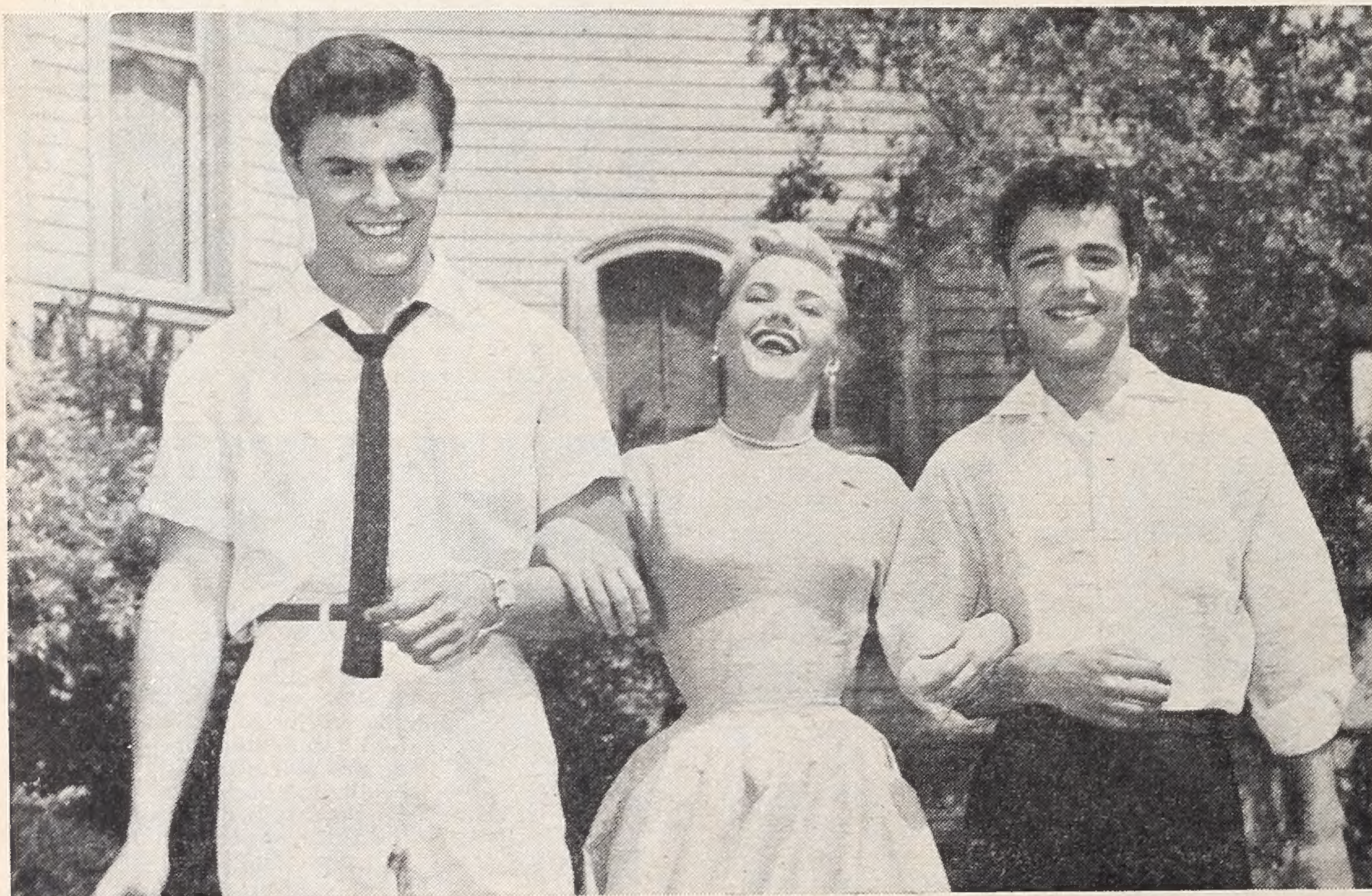
Like the other "rebels," Brando was close to his family, adored his mother and has a warm and close relationship with his father, who is also his business manager. He is devoted and big-brotherly to his lovely sister, Jocelyn. While he got into trouble at school plenty of times and has shocked a good many people since then, Brando's rebellion and shocking behavior—when it is shocking—is generally directed at people who are either rude or stupid or both. He avoids—along with interviews on his personal life—big parties, celebrity hunters and girls who feel a silence is something to be filled with talk, any talk. He asks fabulous sums of money for any and all professional appearances, but will work for nothing if his turn on a stage will help some down-and-out actor friend. His "vices" are a love of classical music, good books and cats. He doesn't drink, and the only time he stays up all night is when he has found someone exciting to talk to.

Jimmy Dean, too, rebelled against many forms of conforming, but this was mostly in connection with himself as a movie star. He hated that part of himself, and of success. He wanted to be an actor, yes; he wanted to be a great actor. But he didn't want to be stared at like a lion in the zoo or questioned about his taste in ties or women. His rebellion, too, took the form of competing, of determining to be better than anyone else at everything.

It is normal for youth to rebel, and it is normal for the ones who lack the courage to rebel themselves to cheer on the ones who do break the mold, those who appear to defy convention—and get away with it. But while they're cheering on their rebel heroes it might be well for today's teenagers to give a little thought to the private lives of these young men. They're rebels, too—all of them. Rebel against failure, against laziness, against staying in the rut or the place or the job you happened to be born into. But instead of rebelling on street corners, where it doesn't do any good, they rebelled by working nights as well as days, by refusing to accept the idea that they couldn't be better than they were. The whole secret of their success can be summed up by something Jimmy Dean was fond of saying:

"When you fail, you try again, that's all. You never let them lick you—never."

Maybe, when the hysteria of the rebel craze dies down, there will be time to heed—and heed—words like those. THE EN



"Rebels" or no, Sal and "The Living End" pal Johnny Saxon like to cavort on a lawn with a pretty girl occasionally, and why not? She's April Kent, also in "End"

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